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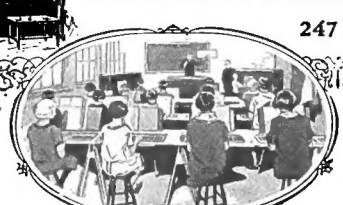

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Number 26

THE

FEBRUARY
1927

GOLDEN BOOK*
MAGAZINE

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Edited by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

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Some Persons of Importance

They have helped the truth along without encumbering it with themselves. ARTEMUS WARD.

IT WOULD not be easy to devise a better epitaph than this of Artemus Ward's for the humourist, considered seriously. Though, really, it seems a bit superfluous to worry about the "importance" of humour: if it's delightful isn't that a better reason for existence than can be ascribed to most of Man's additions to this absorbing world, which he arrogantly insists on "improving"?

For when Mr. A. J. Nock, in introducing a recent volume of Ward's selected work, finds that jester's true justification in his achievement as "critic," he seems to some of us to exalt a part over the whole. Real humour springs only from a perspective; it implies a philosophy of life; it looks shrewdly about at shams and pomposities, and smilingly pricks those fat little balloons with its needle-points of wit. How could one be a humourist and not be the most penetrating kind of critic? As witness Rabelais, Voltaire, Sterne, Swift, Charles Lamb, Meredith, France, and that whole hierarchy.

And Charles Farrar Browne was a vital figure in the development of what we feel to be characteristic American fun. "John Phœnix" (George H. Derby), "Josh Billings" (Henry W. Shaw), "Mark Twain," and many lesser men contributed to giving this form,—as did later Bill Nye, Richard Malcolm Johnston, "Uncle Remus," Eugene Field and "Mr. Dooley," and the whole modern school of "columnists," among whom Don Marquis bulks most permanently. It represents a whole point of view, the comments an everyday American would make if he were clever enough to phrase it so. This is the element which causes the business man to chuckle, and store up the racy titillating phrase: some vague feeling within him has suddenly taken pleasant form, and greets him as potential creator.

Browne was born in 1834, up in that quiet corner of Maine, above the Sebago Lake chain, where Naples and Denmark and Norway and all the Parises and all the Lovells look off westward to the satisfying sweep of the White Mountains. Humbug needs thick ear-tabs through the Maine back-country winters; and his native love of a joke instinctively chose homely "joshing" as its chief expression.

He worked on the *Skowhegan Clarion*, and at fifteen was compositor and occasional contributor to *The Carpet-Bag*, a comic weekly in Boston. Drifting out to Ohio, he tried the *Tiffin Advertiser*, passed on to Toledo, and in 1857 joined the staff of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. Here he invented a lay-figure showman as the mouthpiece of his jokes, and began the ingeniously mis-spelled "Artemus Ward's Sayings," which became locally famous. Just before the Civil War started, he moved to New York, finding his outlet in *Vanity Fair*. Shortly, a Brooklyn lecture, "The Babes in the Wood" was so uproariously successful that he took to the lecture stage, and for some years delighted audiences all over the United States and England—where his enemy, consumption, overcame him in 1867.

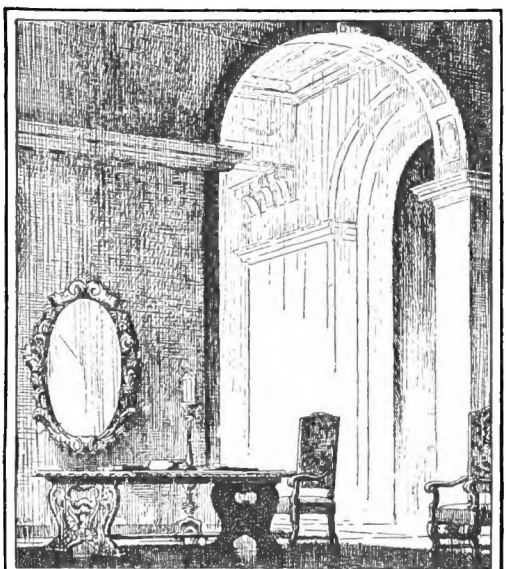
Three volumes, only, represent his literary output; and at the age of thirty-three he was just getting command of his powers. But he left a number of things which rouse as hearty laughs to-day as when they were written; and there are many highly-paid fun-makers of these syndicated times who may well envy the resistance his humour shows to the gnawing tooth of Time.

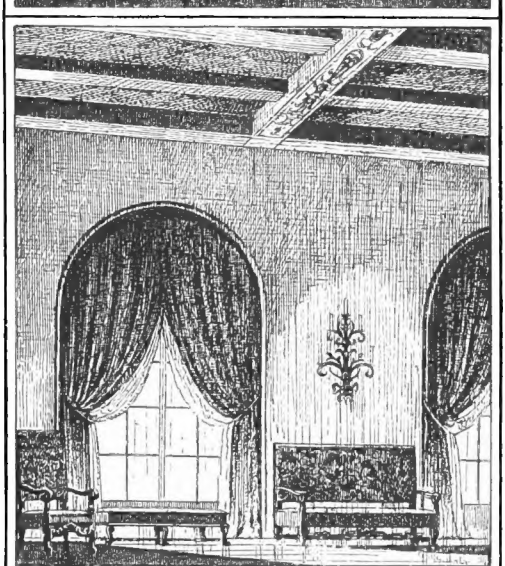
The "High-handed Outrage at Utica," which opens this issue, was a great favourite of Lincoln's: John Drinkwater, in his play, uses the incident when, in a cabinet-meeting just after the news of Antietam, the President insisted on reading this aloud, "to compose us all"—while Hook glowered, and Stanton tried to conceal his impatience at such levity.

Being born in Walnut, Bureau County, Ill., seems almost like a predestination for the newspaper funny columns. And Donald Robert Perry Marquis, who had this initial

(*Continued on page 6*)

In every sense a distinguished hotel





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CARLTON
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(*Continued from page 4*)

experience forty-eight years ago, found out fairly early in his newspaper life that he could fulfill that desirable function of making people laugh.

Indeed, he did this so successfully that the "Column" by Don Marquis became a star feature, to be necessarily paralleled in some fashion by any great newspaper striving for circulation growth. I think there are few more striking changes in the newspaper of to-day, as compared with that of Greeley's or Dana's time, than this migration of the real personalities from the editorial columns to the humourous columns—and of course it is a result of the coming of outstanding personalities into the latter field.

Among all the exceedingly clever men who are performing this arduous job, Don Marquis seems notable for a quality and a mental background that lift his best stuff completely out of the class of ephemeralities. The latest encyclopædias have apparently not discovered his existence—yet I find myself quite willing to assert a conviction that, whatever genius may be, he has some of it.

At its best, his humour is not only convulsingly funny, but it leaves a sense of captured philosophy-of-life when the laugh is done. He has done two volumes of serious poems, some of which combine colour and feeling and thought in a fullness beyond the achievement of any living American. His first published book, "Danny's Own Story," (1912) is the only volume by one of our modern authors which my mind instinctively places alongside of "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer." And such short stories as "Carter" and "Death and Old Man Murtrie" would be enough in themselves to make a literary reputation for a foreigner approaching these receptive shores.

As may be gathered from the range suggested above, there are several Don Marquises, from the creator of the "Old Soak" to the writer of "A Mood of Pavlowa." In "The Revolt of the Oyster" he is just having fun.

G. K Chesterton is always interesting, whether writing his cerebrated detective stories, or starting his "Distributist" League, or explaining why "G. K.'s Weekly" is the only truly independent publication possible, or pouring out his scorn on these United States and their dropsical prosperity. His little "Father Brown" is a highly ingenious addition to that company of man-hunters which includes Dupin, Lecoq and Sherlock Holmes.

Maurice Le Blanc wrote at least one story of his super-lawbreaker, Arsène Lupin, in which this gay adventurer matched himself against Sherlock Holmes—with no resultant glory for the British sleuth. I doubt if the miraculous Arsène would have had so much fun with Father Brown—for this little ministerial amateur finds most of his clues in the human heart instead of the thirty-seven varieties of cigar ashes.

It isn't often that a lifetime, even of eighty-three years, brings to one man distinction in fields so diverse as pure mathematics, economics, politics, and the drama. But José Echegaray y Eizaguirre (1833-1916) made his impress upon everything to which he devoted his brilliant and forceful intellect.

At twenty he graduated at the head of his class of engineers, and was shortly called back to occupy the chair of mathematics at his alma mater. His first literary work (published while our Civil War was raging) was "Problems of Analytical Geometry"; and this was followed by "Modern Theories of the Physical Unity of Material Forces." Joining the Society of Political Economy, he helped to found "The Review" in Madrid, and laboured with his pen and on the lecture platform for Free Trade. If ever a man were marked out for a career as scholar-in-politics, it was he. And the revolution of 1867-8, which drove Queen Isabella into exile, at once brought him forward as minister of education and finance. He held this position through seven troublous years of borrowed kings, of presidents and dictators—when Isabella's son returned as Alphonso XII, and Echegaray's public life stopped short.

But in the very midst of the Carlist war, with street barricades, in Barcelona, Saragossa, and Valencia, there had been produced in Madrid (February 18, 1874) a very successful play by one Jorge Hayaseca (*El Libro talonario*—"The Cheque Book"), followed by another, a triumphant melodrama, "The Avenger's Bride"; and by the time the new-old

(*Continued on page 8*)

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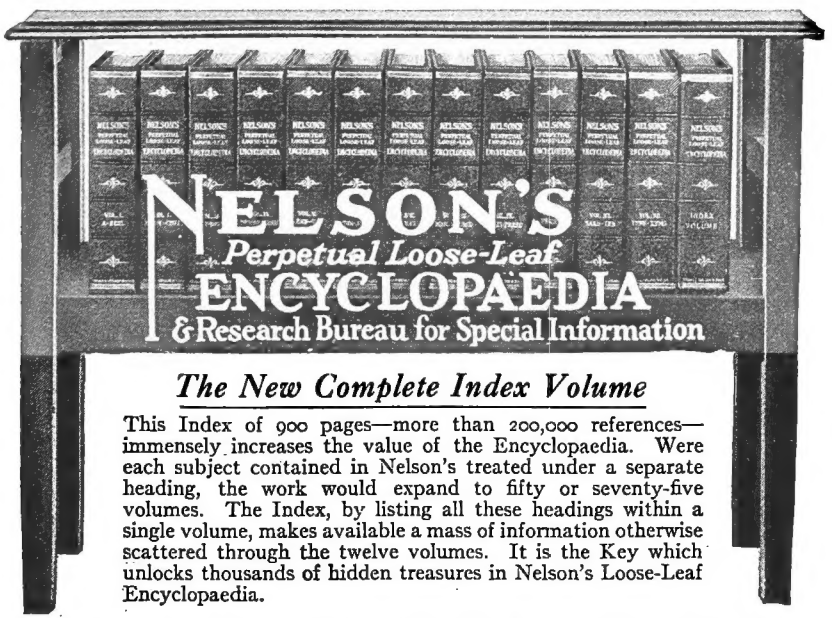

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(*Continued from page 6*)

Bourbon monarch was crowned, it was an open secret that these brilliant new pieces (which to many seemed to promise new life for the Spanish stage) were really by the ex-professor of mathematics and minister of education. Two other dramas, written as early as 1867, appeared in the flood of plays that Echegaray now set loose. These numbered at least seventy in the next thirty years, culminating in that impressive "El gran Galeoto," produced by the Favershams as "The World and His Wife" (and a translation of which would before this have appeared in this magazine had not its length caused delay).

This great productive period of thirty years received world-recognition when the author shared with Mistral the Nobel prize for literature in 1904. The next year he was once more called to the ministry of finance—rounding off his extraordinary career.

Great energy, original ideas, fine stagecraft, and an idealism underlying the least cheerful of his depictions—these qualities must count for permanence whatever the changes of critical fashions. And Echegaray's finest work shows them in striking measure.

Francis Thompson (1860-1907) came of a Lancashire Roman Catholic family, and first studied to follow in his father's footsteps as a physician. But the pull within him toward literary expression was too strong: he went to London and half-starved for five years, till Alice and Wilfrid Meynell discovered him and helped to bring him favourably before the public. Three volumes of poems, a life of Loyola and one of John Baptist de la Galle, and a volume of essays comprise Thompson's output; but a man might well be satisfied to have compassed *one* utterance so poignant, so afire with passion, so cosmic as "The Hound of Heaven." The modern critic, whatever his religious belief or unbelief, starts with a predisposition against "religious poetry"—of course, because of the lack of either poetry or real religion in so much of what has been smugly passed on for acceptance. Were there more like this flaming "Hound of Heaven" and, say, Milton's "Avenge O Lord thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold"—well, some good people would not so often have to accuse their fellows of irreligion for scoffing at well-meant ineptitudes of this nature.

"A Prisoner in the Caucasus" was issued, about 1872, in a volume of "Tales for Children" which Tolstoy wrote with the idea of educating the peasants. When he came to consider his own achievement many years later, he declared (in "What is Art?") that the only writings of Leo Tolstoy worthy of high ranking were "the story 'God sees the Truth, but Waits,' which seeks a place in the first class (religious art), and 'A Prisoner in the Caucasus,' which belongs in the second (universal art)."

And he continues to elaborate his ideas on this point:

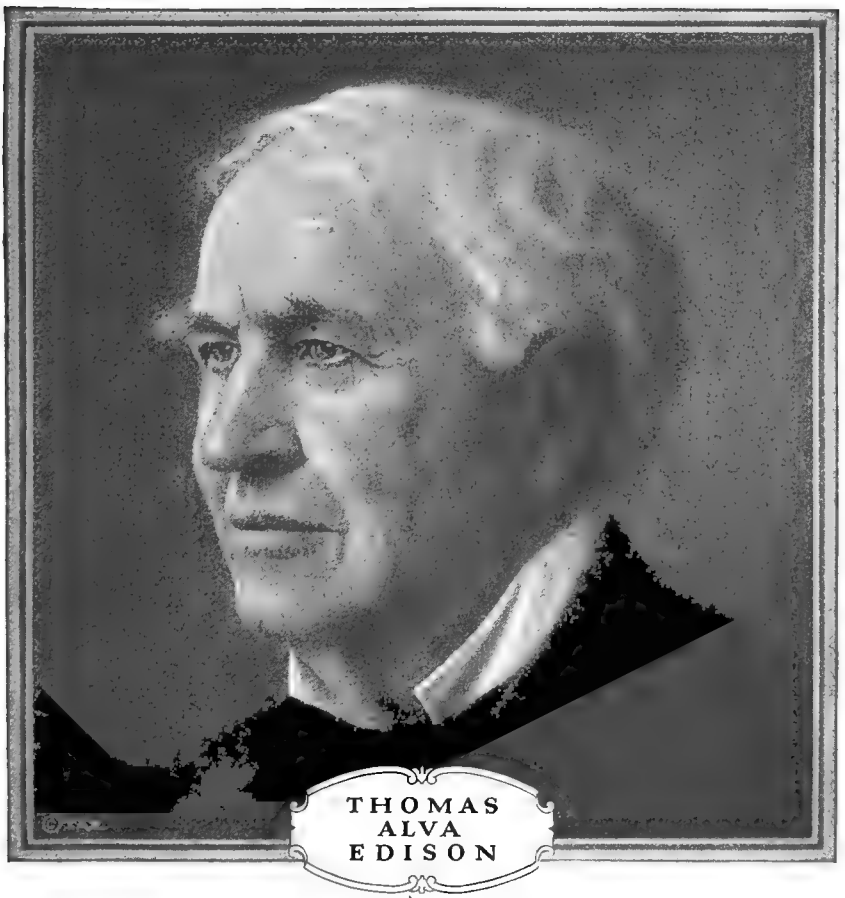
> The artist of the future will understand that to compose a fairy-tale, a little song which will touch, a lullaby or a riddle which will entertain, a jest which will amuse, or to draw a sketch such as will delight dozens of generations or millions of children and adults, is incomparably more important and more fruitful than to compose a novel, or a symphony, or paint a picture, of the kind which diverts some members of the wealthy classes for a short time and is then forever forgotten. The region of this art of the simplest feelings accessible to all is enormous, and it is as yet almost untouched.

Leaving out that matter of "wealthy classes" (which, with all deference to a very great man, has just nothing whatever to do with the case)—there's a lot in the idea. Certain things do touch the universal heart of man infallibly. Of them is adventure, a man matching his wits and muscles against adverse chance, at risk of life, and winning through. That's all there is to this "Prisoner" tale—a straight adventure yarn which one lives as he reads.

Since Mr. H. G. Wells has discovered God, and Mr. Bruce Barton has discovered the Bible, and Mr. Sherwood Anderson has discovered Sex—it seems as if I had a right to discover Nietzsche!

I think I had a not-uncommon, second-hand idea that Nietzsche's philosophy crystallized in a "blond beast" of a Superman, intent on "getting his" from the world, and the

(*Continued on page 10*)



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(*Continued from page 8*)

devil take all weaklings. Then Nietzsche was a neurotic invalid who was insane for the last twelve years of his life. Not so good, as an allure to seek him out in a world full of books.

So, until recently, I think I had never read a thing except scraps, mostly pulled out by somebody to prove something. Hardly an intelligent way to form a judgment, it's true.

Anyhow, I did tackle "*Also sprach Zarathustra*" (impelled largely by a remarkable series of unpublished illustrative decorations done for it by Stephen Haweis). And then "The Genealogy of Morals." And "Beyond Good and Evil."

And I find myself quite amazed that such works could have produced upon millions of English-speaking folk the impact they have actually produced. Just as much amazed as that the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth could have led one set of Protestants to commit the unspeakable barbarities of the Thirty Years' War—and another set of Catholics to the burnings of the Spanish Inquisition.

For "Zarathustra" is surely one of the most stimulating, scourging, passionately *ideal* books produced in our times. (It appeared in Germany, 1883-4, and Georg Brandes first brought it to the general attention of Europe in 1889).

There is already a vast literature on Nietzsche. But if you don't know him, don't read it—anyway, until you have tasted some of himself. "Child and Marriage" in this issue (one chapter from "Zarathustra") is sample enough. If the man who wrote that doesn't deserve careful reading, if we can't permit such a one obscurities, difficult passages, exaggerations, even some bits of wrong-headedness—why, a great, original, fructifying mind must be of less value to the world and to each active-minded human than I estimate.

Walter Pater (1839-1894) is preëminently the writer's writer. Steeped in literature, especially the classics, he devoted most of his life to interpreting to moderns the spirit of the Renaissance. He represents the utmost limits of refinement which English prose reached in the last century—and when refinement becomes an end and not a means, it loses vigour. Few men, however, have been able to convey a subtle thought with such beautiful exactness, in such beautiful language; and portions of "Marius the Epicurean" and of "Imaginary Portraits" are for everybody. "The Golden Book," so appositely titled. is a chapter from the former work.

Two readers call attention to my error in regard to Frank Wedekind—who died during the War. This was due primarily to my own ignorance: I had missed the fact; and then to my consulting only two out of three available cyclopædias—one didn't mention him, another showed him as living, the third, I now find, had the later details. Also the latest *Wer ist's* had nothing; but the former edition (1914) did contain an entry. H. W. L.

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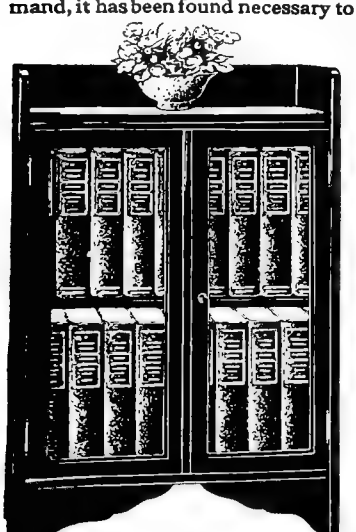

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Hors-d'œuvres from the Newest Books

"Life is not Explained; it is Lived"

What fools all the people are who declare that life is a mystery, wretches who seek to explain by the use of reason what reason is powerless to explain!

To set life before one as an object of study is absurd, because life, when set before one like that, inevitably loses all its real consistency and becomes an abstraction, void of meaning and value. And how after that is it possible to explain it to oneself? You have killed it. The most you can do now is to dissect it.

Life is not explained; it is lived.

Reason exists in life; it can not exist apart from it. And life is not to be set before one, but felt within one and lived. How many of us, emerging from a passion as we emerge from a dream, ask ourselves:

"I? How can I have been like that? How could I do such a thing?"

We are no longer able to account for it; just as we are powerless to explain how other people can give a meaning and a value to certain things which for us have ceased or have not yet begun to have either. The reason, which lies in these things, we seek outside them. Can we find it? Outside life there is nullity. To observe this nullity, with the reason which abstracts itself from life, is still to live, is still a *nullity* in our life: a sense of mystery: religion. It may be desperate, if it has no illusions; it may appease itself by plunging back into life, no longer as of old but there, into that *nullity*, which at once becomes *all*.

How clearly I have learned all this in a few days, since I began really to feel! I mean, since I began to feel *myself also*, for other people I have always felt within me, and have found it easy therefore to explain them to myself and to sympathize with them.

But the feeling that I have of myself, at this moment, is most bitter.

Shoot! Luigi Pirandello.

Man, the Electric Mechanism

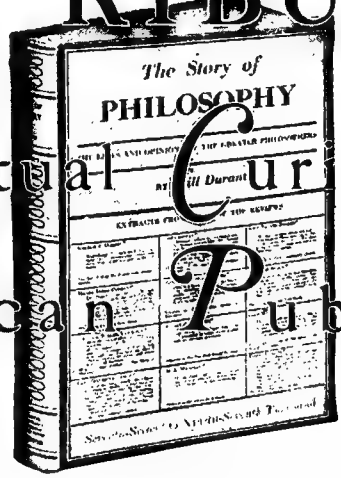
The purpose of this thesis has been to present certain evidence and discussions based upon that evidence in support of the theory that man and animals are bipolar mechanisms, and that the organism not only is driven by electricity but that it was originally created and constructed by electrical forces.

The living and the non-living are chemically identical, the living differing from the non-living not in substance but in the utilization of non-living material for the construction of mechanical devices that have the power of transforming energy and of reproducing themselves.

In accordance with the bipolar theory, these processes which distinguish the living

(*Continued on page 14*)

A TRIBUTE to the Intellectual Curiosity of the American Public



THOUSANDS upon thousands of books are published in this country each year. Most of them run to total editions of less than 3,000 copies. A book of which 10,000 copies are sold is decidedly out of the ordinary. And when a book reaches a sale of 25,000 copies it is considered unusual. This, mind you, refers only to works of fiction. In the non-fiction field books that sell over 5,000 copies are a rarity.

Yet within the last seven months more than 100,000 copies of Will Durant's "Story of Philosophy" have been sold.

Who would have believed this possible a year ago? Philosophy is a subject that had always been "that dear delight"—as Plato called it—to lonely thinkers. But that materialistic Americans, as we had been wont to consider ourselves on the whole, should find any interest, much less delight, in a book on Philosophy was something undreamed of by most people.

Yet in one of the big bookstores of New York not long ago, for every person who asked for a best-selling book of fiction, three came in and asked for a copy of "The Story of Philosophy." Even the publishers confess that they did not dream of such a phenomenal sale. The first edition of this book was 1500 copies. As soon as it appeared, prominent men of letters began to talk about the book as a literary achievement of the first importance. The first edition was quickly sold out. A second edition was published, and quickly absorbed. Since then, *sixteen other editions have followed.* Today, over 100,000 people have purchased the book and the sales continue to grow.

What is the explanation of it? Possibly there are two—first, that deep within every one of us there is a profound wonder about the universe and our place in it; we have known that the great philosophers could guide us in our perplexities, but their ideas heretofore have been wrapped in obscurity. Second, that Will Durant's book at last made these great philosophies *understandable.* Everyone who reads the book agrees that he treats the subject in a way so fascinating and so interesting that people actually read it for hours together like fiction. As Judge Ben. B. Lindsey says: "We fairly romp through its pages." Literally hundreds of prominent people have said the same thing in almost the same words.

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(*Continued from page 12*)

from the non-living are due to electrical forces within the protoplasm, which endow the protoplasm with the essential qualities of irritation, assimilation and reproduction. . . .

Thus the specific characteristic which differentiates the living animal organism from the non-living materials of which it is composed would appear to be the frequency and force of these electric discharges rather than its static structure. An animal, therefore, is an energy phenomenon rather than a form phenomenon.

That the brain and the liver are the organs in which are the centers of positivity and of negativity in the organism would appear to be attested by the facts that the removal of either causes an immediate physical and functional breakdown of the organism; that when either of these has failed there is no known substitute for its function; that clinical experience and experimental research alike show an essential inter-relationship between them which is manifested between no other organs or tissues of the body.

Whether or not man will evolve to higher levels or whether or not conditions will be unfolded which will defeat man's hopes and aims; whether we are passing through protracted phases of organic life as a whole to be followed by long periods of equilibrium and death, after which the process may or may not begin again, it is needless to speculate. The prime point in its relation to our theory is that in spite of the heights to which man has risen and to which we believe he is yet to rise, and in spite of all the infinite structures whereby that height has been attained, man has not changed from the primitive pattern of his primeval unicellular ancestor. *A Bi-Polar Theory of Life.* GEORGE W. CRILE.

BOY OR MAN?

Reluctantly the doctor released his hold. "Very vell! But you should not, if he is such a man, permit him to say things I vould knock down a real man for. See you that?"

"I'm not trying to sass you, Doctor," protested John, taking a hitch at his breeches, which missed the support of his leather belt. "I'm just telling you things for your own good. And I'm going to add another thing. 'Tain't a mite of use for you to plan to marry my mother, 'cause I won't let you. Come on, Catherine and Francis!" And before the grown people had recovered from their shocked surprise, the three children had hurried away.

Dr. Dutch clutched his curly yellow hair with both hands. "Dis is not to be borne! And all you stand there mit not von vort!"

"Licking won't help John now," said the captain. "He's reached the age where any boy should be shut in a barrel for two years and educated through its bung-hole. I suppose he's had a thousand lickings in his life, and look at him!"

On To Oregon. HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW.

PASSION FROM WITHIN AND WITHOUT

All the thoughts which formed his jealousy were dreadful, but there was one which was especially terrible, and which Mitya could not define or even understand. It was that the manifestations of passion, the ones which were so delightful, so voluptuous, more sublime and more beautiful than anything else in the world when Katya and he were together, appeared incredibly repulsive and monstrous when Mitya thought of Katya with another man. At those moments he felt a violent hatred for Katya, an almost physical disgust.

Mitya's Lover. IVAN BUNIN.

HOME-TRUTHS

"Listen, Robert, going to another country doesn't make any difference. I've tried all that. You can't get away from yourself by moving from one place to another. There's nothing to that."

It is awfully easy to be hard-boiled about everything in the daytime, but at night it is another thing.

Everything is on such a clear financial basis in France. It is the simplest country to live in. No one makes things complicated by becoming your friend for any obscure reason. If you want people to like you, you have only to spend a little money. I spent a little money and the waiter liked me. He appreciated my valuable qualities. He would be glad to see

(*Continued on page 16*)

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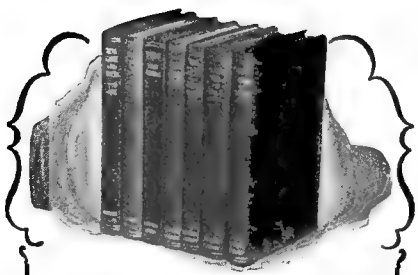

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(*Continued from page 14*)

me back. I would dine there again sometime, and he would be glad to see me, and would want me at his table. It would be a sincere liking because it would have a sound basis.

The Sun Also Rises. ERNEST HEMINGWAY.

MUSCLE *vs.* MAHATMAS

Our visitor looked calmly at us, smiling.

"Any doubt about Rait's handwriting?" asked Grim.

I produced the letter Rait had written me from Lhassa and we compared the two. There was no doubt.

"All right," said Grim. "We'll start at dawn. We'll take you with us. What's your name?"

Our visitor rose very slowly from his squatting posture. It was as if some unseen hand had raised him by the shoulders; there was no apparent effort, no pause, no haste.

"If you knew my name I might fear you," he said pleasantly. "More likely you would fear me."

He took no notice whatever of Narayan Singh's automatic, but the Sikh snapped in the safety catch and put the thing away. (He said afterward that he had done that of his own volition, but I doubt it. I could feel at the time a terrific impulse to step back away from our visitor and leave him a clear way to the door. Thought was being used as a directing force by one who understood the trick. Chullunder Ghose stepped back and went and squatted by the hearth, muttering some sort of mantra as a charm against unseen influences.)

"You understand we will take you with us."

"I think not," said our visitor and took one step forward, straight toward me.

"Seize him, Rammy!" said Grim.

I think that was the only time I ever regretted having acted swiftly on Grim's suggestion. His brain and my weight and muscle have brought the two of us out of many a tight place. I used every ounce of strength to throw the man off balance and lay his shoulders on the floor before he could bring his own strength into play. I was useless against him—helpless.

I don't know exactly what happened. The sensation was of being hurled back on my heels toward the far end of the room, as if I had leaned against a spinning fly-wheel. As I recovered balance I heard Grim's voice:

"Don't shoot!"

I had no intention of shooting. Two murdered servants to account for was enough; if this man's hints had any truth in them we were likely enough to be accused of having murdered Tsang-yang and Tsand-Mondrong. But Grim told me afterward he could not help calling out to me not to shoot; he said that at the moment it appeared to be his own will that directed him, but that the words had hardly left his lips before he knew that the suggestion came to him from some one else.

Our visitor walked from the room without haste, closing the door after him, we staring at one another until our silence was broken by Narayan Singh's gruff laugh—nervously asserting recontrol of nerve.

"There, Sahibs, you have seen a Mahatma!" *The Devil's Guard.* TALBOT MUNDY.

THE HOUSE THAT HARBOURED EVIL

Donald leant forward and plucked absently at the grass at his feet. A flush had crept into his face. It would be so—terrible if she didn't understand.

"I'm going to tell you something, Peggy," he said slowly, "something that I've been trying to tell you for some time. . . . Since I came down here to you, and it's all been so jolly, I've tried to think that it's all imagination, but somewhere right down inside me, I know it isn't. I tell myself that everything that's happened might have happened anywhere, but at the bottom I know I'm right. . . . It's the house—Hanleigh. There's something wrong with it. Everything's gone badly since we went there. It gets hold of you. It's something evil—the twins . . . the Guv'nor—and now Duckkums. The kids are just the same, but if we don't go it'll get hold of them, too. . . . That night, Peggy,

(*Continued on page 18*)

SOME IMPORTANT FACTS ABOUT THE PRICE OF BOOKS

This is an answer to a comment sometimes made about the Book-of-the-Month Club. "If I could buy books cheaper from you," some people write, "I would subscribe." What force is there in this objection?

OVER 40,000 people, in every walk of life, have already become subscribers to the Book-of-the Month Club. This interesting enterprise has engaged a group of five well-known critics to choose each month "the outstanding book of the month." This book is then sent to subscribers *just like a magazine*. They pay the same price for it (no more) that the publisher himself charges.

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Now, why subscribe to this service if one is to pay the same price the books will cost in a bookstore? Because, again and again, by reason of procrastination or busyness, *you fail to obtain and read the really outstanding books*. How many times have you said: "I must read that book!" Then, months later, you confess to someone that "you never got around to it." The Book-of-the-Month Club insures you against this. It puts the book in your hand. You can't miss it. That is the chief reason intelligent people subscribe to this service: not to get "bargains," *but to make sure they will read the books they intend to read.*

"But this need not prevent you," someone will argue, "from offering books at a lower price, like the German societies." Those who make this argument do not understand the radical difference between the Book-of-the-Month Club and the German societies. *The German societies are publishers. Each one publishes its own books, and subscribers must take each book these publishers get out, whether they like it or not.* There is no privilege of exchange.

If the Book-of-the-Month Club made contracts with authors, if it published its own books, *and if it did not give the privilege of exchange*, it might be able to give its subscribers some books at a lower price. But that is not its function: *its function is to choose for its subscribers the outstanding books among all the books that are published*, whoever the author and whoever the publishers, so that its subscribers will not miss those books!

Since we do not publish our own books, since we must scrupulously consider the books of all publishers without favor, we are compelled to sell any book that is chosen at the same price the publisher charges. *For there is not a single publisher of any standing, who will cooperate with us in selling a good new book at one price while book stores are obliged to sell it at a higher price.*

It is true that perhaps, by "shopping" among publishers (something completely foreign to the whole idea), we might occasionally be able to induce publishers to relinquish *some books* that might be sold at a lower price. But the *only* books they could let us have would be "second-rate books." The books by their important authors—*the books that intelligent people do not care to miss*—they will never let us have at a bargain price. Why not? *Because they themselves cannot afford to.* It is a rarity for a good book to sell below $2.00 a copy, simply because it is impossible for the publisher to sell any good book for a smaller sum and yet keep his business alive. The cost of manufacture and the rate of author's royalty forbid it.

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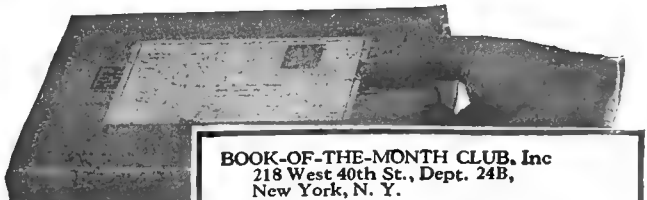

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(*Continued from page 16*)

when you were frightened and came to me," he flushed again—"no, you wouldn't understand. But it's as if—it fastened on to whatever evil there is in all of us—Do you understand?"

"I—think so."

"Do you think it's possible?"

"Yes."

Dread Dwelling. RICHMAL CROMPTON.

UPHILL ALL THE WAY

How long it took her to learn! She was as sentimental and complacent as ever. She had taken for mother-love her enjoyment of Ralph's leaning on her. As if these later, savagely admonitory years and her love for Dick had not taught her that a mother is not a person to lean upon, but a person to make leaning unnecessary.

Her Son's Wife. DOROTHY CANFIELD.

THE VALUE OF THE DOCTOR

Doctors will often tell you that they don't know what the cause of a sickness is, and that they have no cure for it. People who advertise that they have a cure usually have something to sell. There are certain diseases which we can cure, but they are few. We can promise a cure in diphtheria if we catch the patient in the first twenty-four or forty-eight hours of the disease. We can cure syphilis by early and persistent treatment with salvarsan and mercury and certain other substances. We can cure malaria with quinine.

The value of the physician after all is not chiefly in offering you a treatment, but in being able to tell you whether the ailment you have is a matter of importance, or of no moment.

It is a part of the honour of medicine everywhere in the world that whatever is found to be good in diagnosis and treatment of human disease shall be made public. Science is not secret information: it is public truth which must be available for all.

Modern Science and People's Health. Edited by BENJAMIN C. GRUENBERG.

THE EFFECT OF STARK REALITIES

She used the great shallow tray as a sort of shield, edging along to get it against one of the walls. The two girls clutched madly at the tray and it seemed to turn off some of the struggling people round.

The wild fight was still going on. It seemed to Fabia she had been hours here, though she knew it could really be but little more than a quarter of an hour since she had entered the Forbidden Town.

In that time she had located Billy Hawes; had lost George Proudfoot, had taken an unofficial part in a blood sacrifice; had been an unwilling participant in a free fight and had found in the victim the lost member of her own household apparently unharmed.

A feeling of triumph in spite of her desperate anxiety took possession of Fabia. It would be hard if they couldn't win clear now. It filled her with exultation when Alicia's soft little hands touched her face again. And yet—she reminded herself they had a long way to go yet.

Fabia was a woman of one idea. The thing she had to do she gave her mind to. There was a lot to be done yet. But thank God she had Alicia! It gave her courage for the next move.

A man on the other side of the screen was cussing freely in coast English, yelling at the top of his voice, fighting for his freedom; two others were expressing their views of the situation in another tongue. She heard again the clank of chains and Alicia clutched her arm in terror. The coast English gave out and the man simply yelled madly and furiously. Evidently he was fighting with teeth and nails and feet.

"It is absolutely forbidden——"

"It is Randolph," said Alicia in amazement.

And suddenly Fabia wanted to help Randolph.

The Forbidden Town. MARY GAUNT.

(*Continued on page 20*)

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(*Continued from page 18*)

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I was naturally much interested in the invisible, subterranean orchestra of the Beyreuth auditorium, and as the first noble theme of the prelude literally floated into the darkened halls, the great advantage of an invisible conductor was manifest. The division of the music into bars, which are an essential of the conductor's beat, should be seen only by the orchestra, and I still wish it were possible to educate the public to listen to music with their ears only and not with their eyes. But this theory of mine would find violent opposition from the small but select company of "prima donna conductors" who, at that parting of the ways which comes to every conductor, whether he shall make himself an interpreter of the composers' works or a perverter in order to demonstrate his own "tricks of the trade," have chosen the primrose path because a large part of the public are easily gulled and more easily moved if the conductor "dramatizes" the music through his gestures. By the skillful manipulation of his arms and hands, his hips and his hair, he gives the impression that when the 'cellos play a soulful melody, it really drips from his wrists, and when the kettle-drums play a dramatic roll it is really the result of a flash of his eye. *My Musical Memories.*
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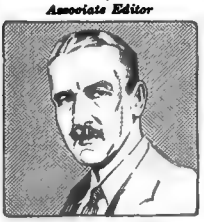

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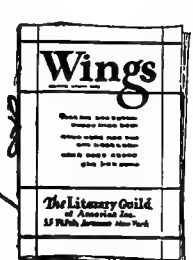

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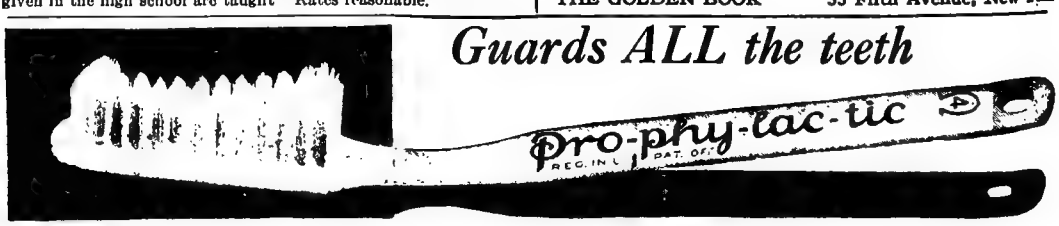

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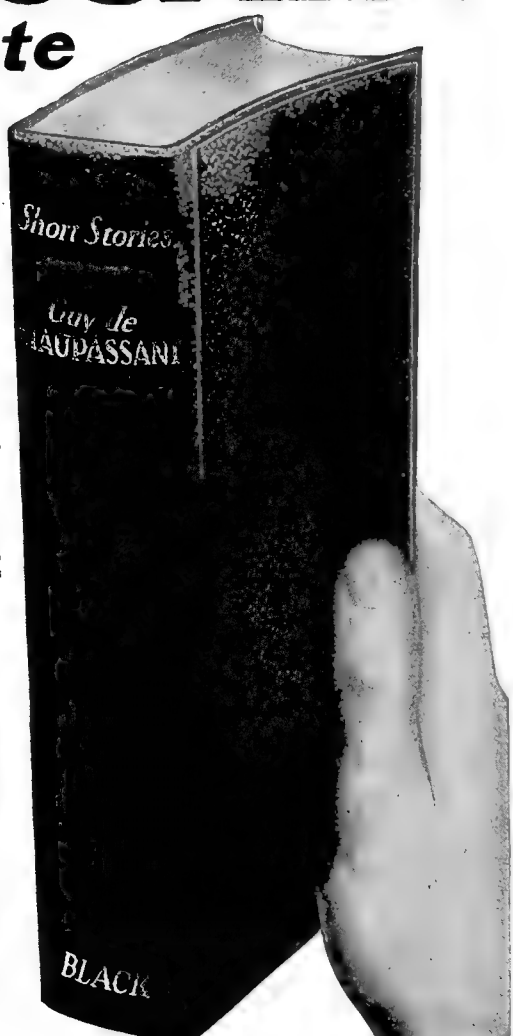

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Why Prohibition Will Win

By VISCOUNT ASTOR

As a member of the British Liquor Control Board, the husband of America's leading British politician has drunk deeply at the well of international experience. This article is based upon his personal observations in our arid land.

And in the same issue—THE AMERICAN TAKES A HOLIDAY, *by Agnes Repplier;* THE CAUSES OF DISEASE, *by Francis Graham Crookshank;* BACK TO DARWIN, *by J. B. S. Haldane;* LINCOLN THE LAWYER, *by Lord Shaw of Dunferline;* MAYAN ART, *by Sylvanus Griswold Morley;* TO THE PRESIDENT'S RESCUE, *by Richard Washburn Child;* WILLA CATHER'S NEW NOVEL; and many other features.

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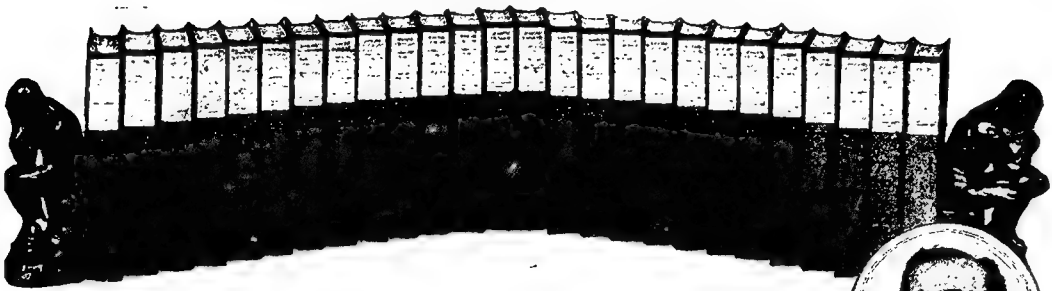

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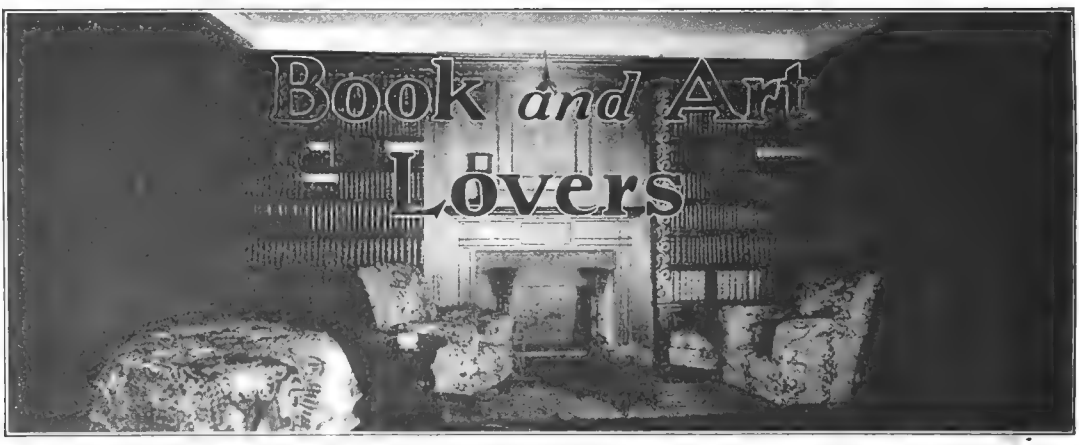

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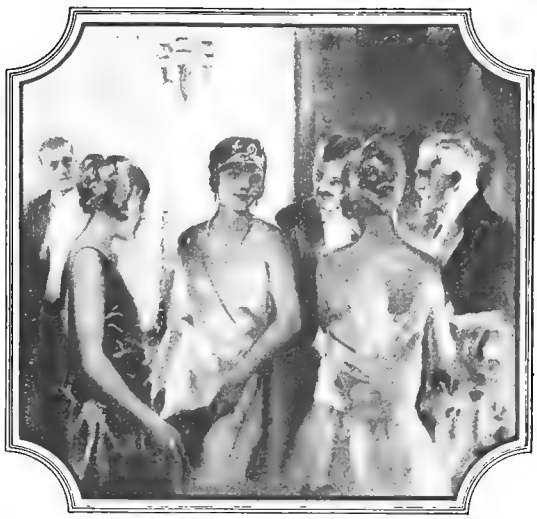

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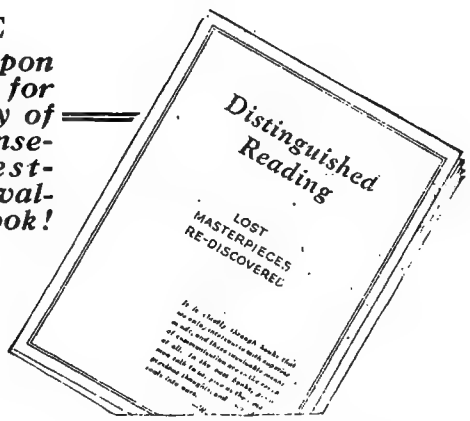

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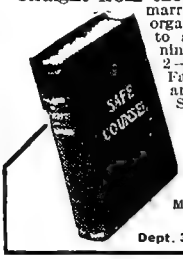

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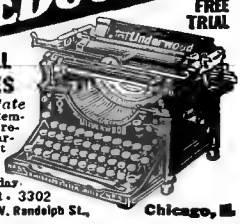

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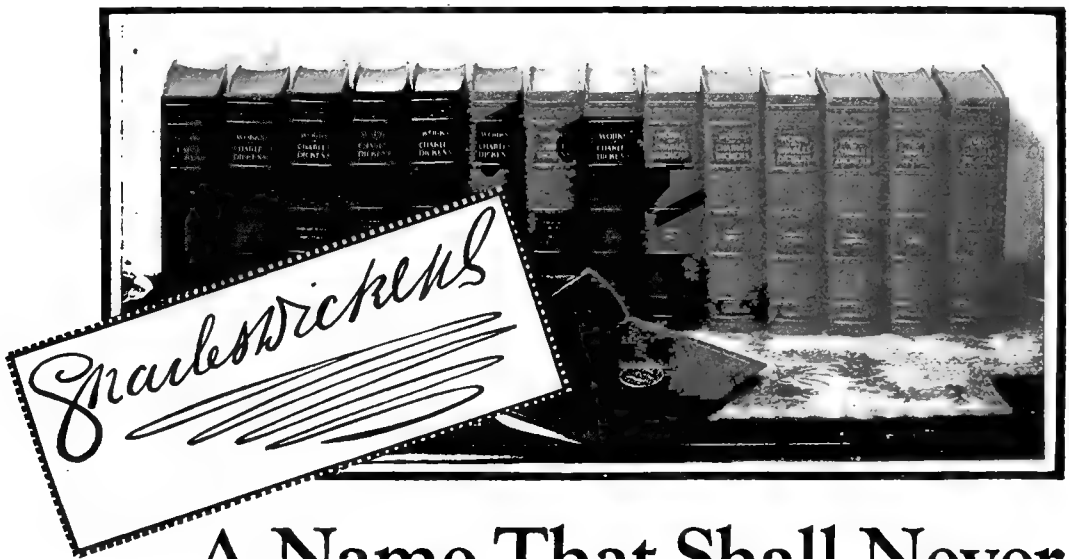

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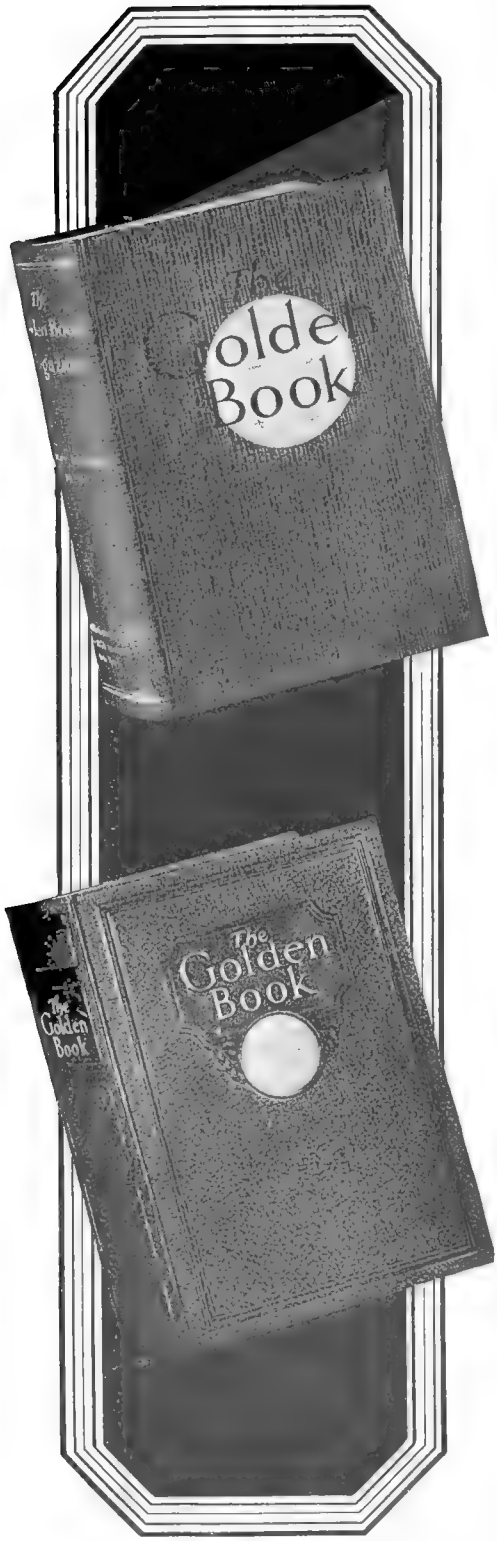

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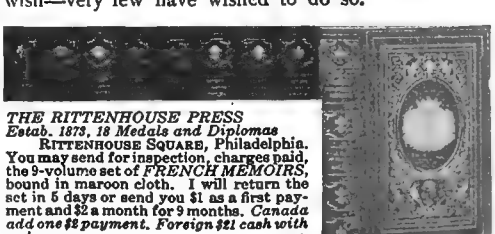

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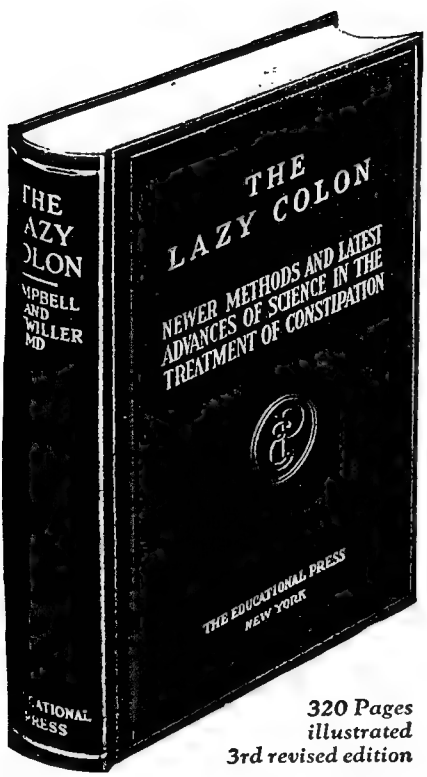
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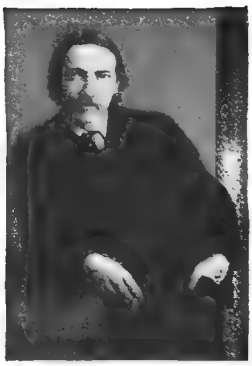

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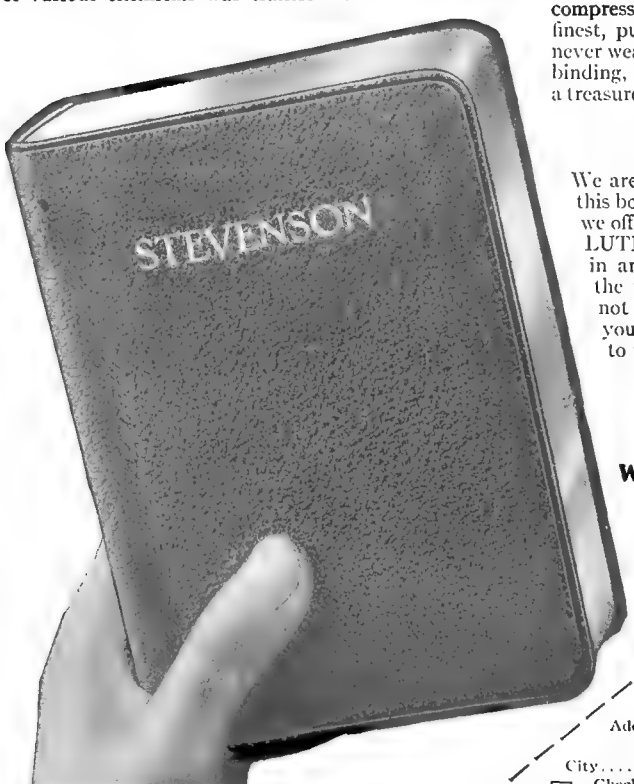

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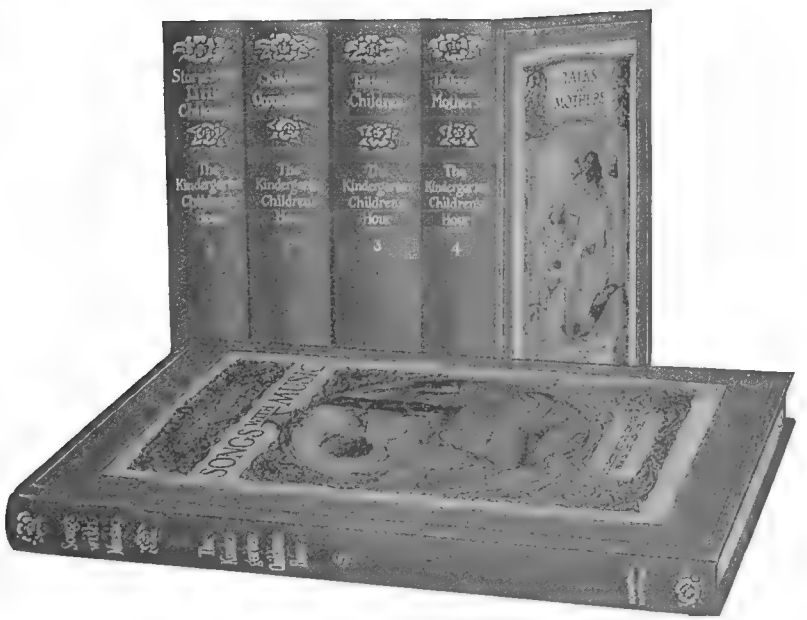

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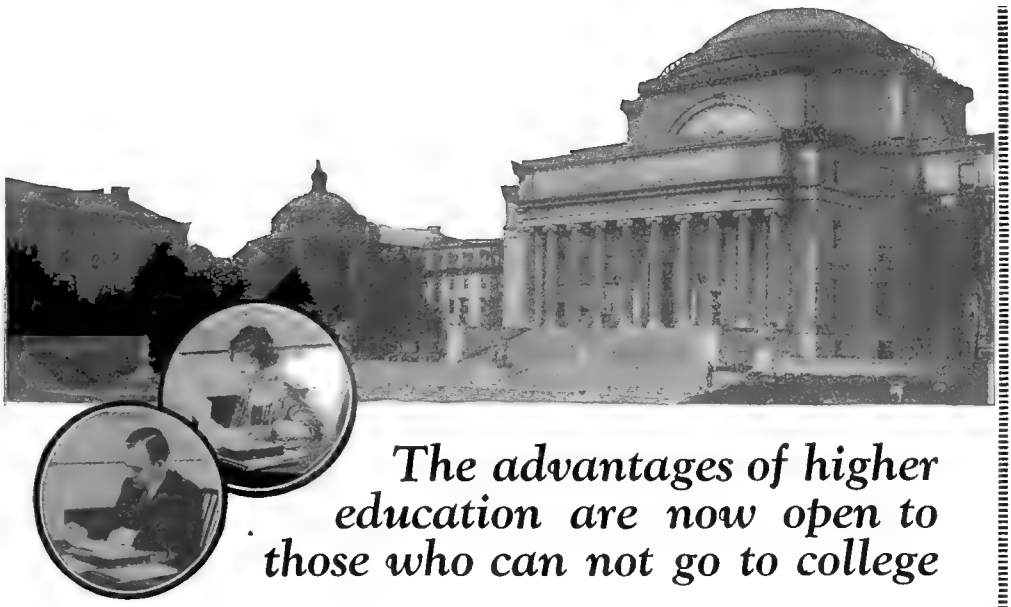

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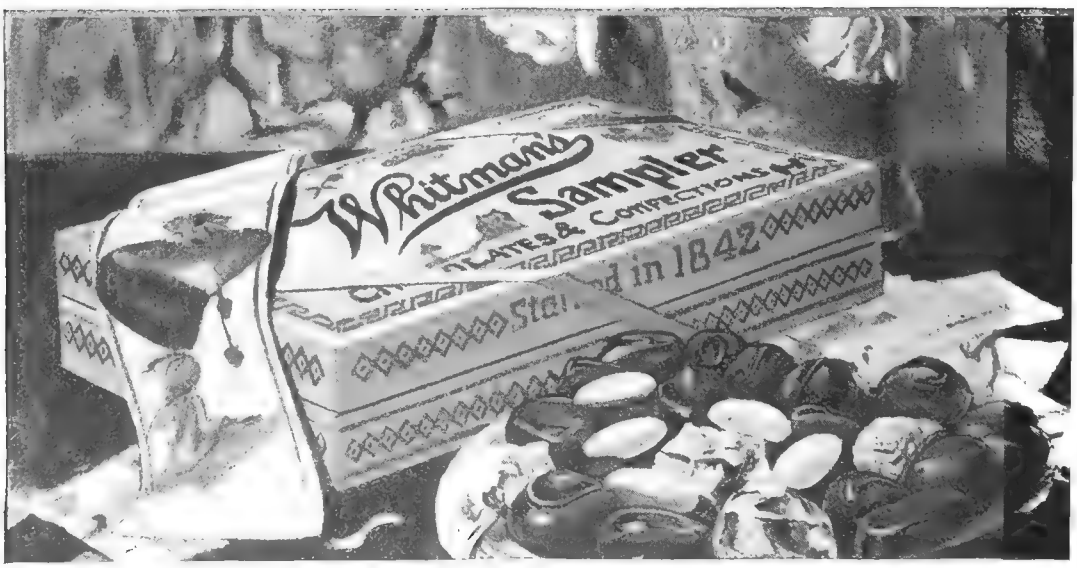
The Sampler –a favored Valentine token

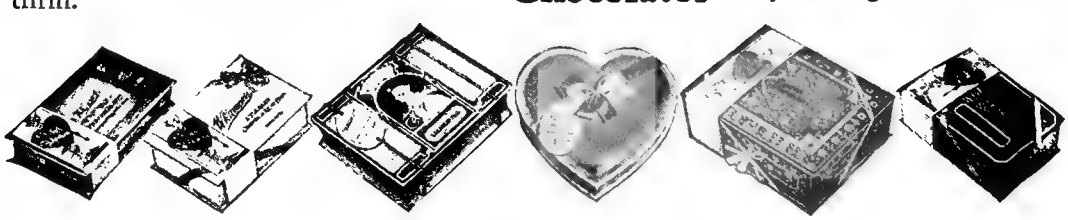


Do you want her to know who sent the Valentine? You don't—*and you do*, especially if it's Whitman's Sampler. There's an air of unusualness about this famous box of sweets that you'll be proud to have her associate with your name. How she will enjoy the delicious chocolates and confections, the selections of the most critical candy tastes in America! Give the Sampler and you give a thrill.

A glance at the mysteriously written address. An air of suspense as the package is opened. Then a real thrill of pleasure when she finds it's a box of

Whitman's Chocolates

Suit the Valentine to the individual taste. Each of the celebrated Whitman packages has its own "personality" and its own admirers. The Sampler, A Fussy Package, Salmagundi, Cloisonné, Bonnybrook Milk Chocolates, The Heart Box. Selection is easy from these beautiful boxes, with their special Valentine bands and the charming variety of their assortments. Every box sent direct from us to our agents in your neighborhood.



High-handed Outrage at Utica

By ARTEMUS WARD

Drawing by E. W. Kemble

IN THE Faul of 1856 I showed my show in Utiky, a trooly grate sitty in the State of New York.

The people gave me a cordyal recepshun. The press was loud in her prases. 1 day, as I was givin a descripshun of my Beests and Snaiks in my usual flowry stile, what was my skorn & disgust to see a big burly feller walk up to the cage containin my wax figgers of the Lord's Last Supper, and cease Judas Iscarrot by the feet and drag him out on the ground. He then commenced fur to pound him as hard as he cood.

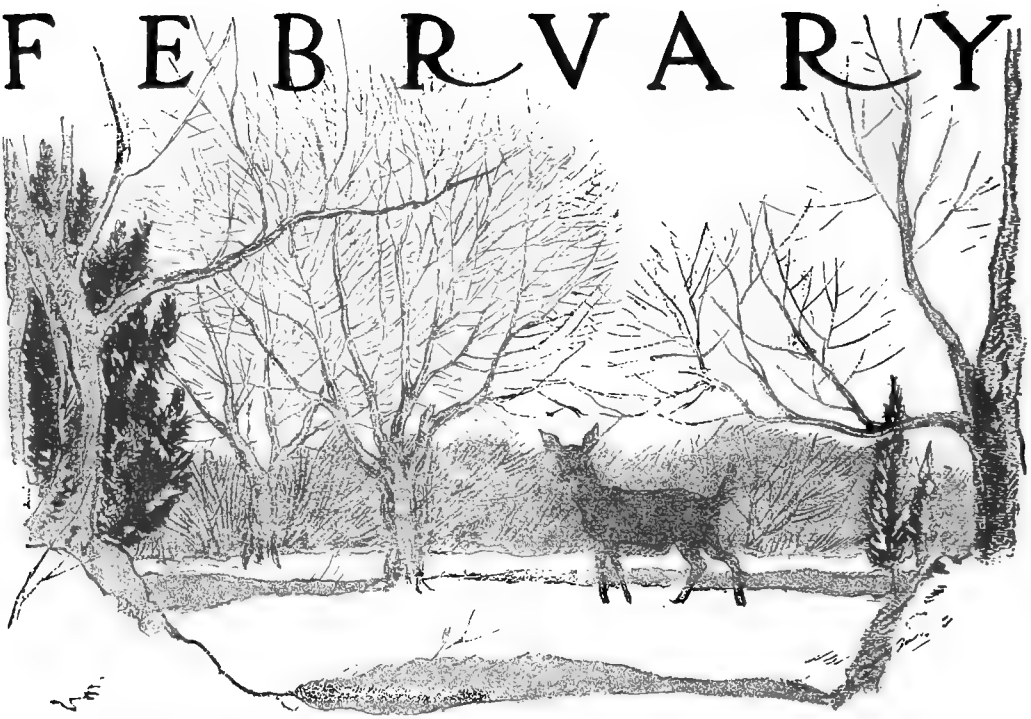
"What under the son are you abowt?" cried I.

Sez he, "What did you bring this pussylanermus cuss here fur?" & he hit the wax figger another tremenjis blow on the hed.

Sez I, "You egrejus ass, that air's a wax figger—a representashun of the false 'Postle."

Sez he, "That's all very well fur you to say, but I tell you, old man, that Judas Iscarrot can't show hisself in Utiky with impunerty by a darn site!" with which observashun he kaved in Judassis' hed. The young man belonged to 1 of the first famerlies in Utiky. I sood him, and the Joory brawt in a verdick of Arson in the 3d degree.

FEBRVARY



The Runaway Love

By MOSCHUS

Translated by J. M. Edmonds

CYPRIS one day made hue and cry after her son Love and said: "Whosoever hath seen one Love loitering at the street-corners, know that he is my runaway, and any that shall bring me word of him shall have a reward; and the reward shall be the kiss of Cypris; and if he bring her runaway with him, the kiss shall not be all. He is a notable lad; he shall be known among twenty: complexion not white but rather like to fire; eyes keen and beamy; of an ill disposition but fair spoken, for he means not what he says—'tis voice of honey, heart of gall; froward, cozening, a ne'er-say-troth; a wily brat; makes cruel play. His hair is plenty, his forehead bold; his baby hands tiny but can shoot a long way, aye, e'en across Acheron into the dominions of Death. All naked his body, but well covered his mind. He's winged like a bird and flies from one to another, women as well as men, and alights upon their hearts. He hath a very little bow and upon it an arrow; 'tis but a small arrow but carries even to the sky. And at his back is a little golden quiver, but in it lie the keen shafts with which he ofttimes woundeth e'en me. And cruel though all this equipage be, he hath something crueller far, his torch; 'tis a little light, but can set the very Sun afire.

"Let any that shall take him bind and bring him and never pity. If he see him weeping, let him have a care lest he be deceived; if laughing, let him still hale him along; but if making to kiss him, let him flee him, for his kiss is an ill kiss and his lips poison; and if he say, 'Here, take these things, you are welcome to all my armour,' then let him not touch those mischievous gifts, for they are all dipped in fire."

1 Night, a black hound, follows the white fawn, day,
Swifter than dreams the white flown feet of sleep;
Will ye pray back the night with any prayers? SWINBURNE.

2 So again, it is said that when Andromeda and Perseus had travelled but a little way from the rock where Andromeda had so long been chained, she began upbraiding him with the loss of her dragon who, on the whole, she said, had been very good to her. The only things we really hate are unfamiliar things. SAMUEL BUTLER.

3 In the youth of Summer
The hills of Cualann
Are two golden horns,
Two breasts of childing,
Two tents of light.
In the ancient Winter
They are two rusted swords,
Two waves of darkness,
Two moons of ice.
JOSEPH CAMPBELL.

4 Another friendship is ended. I do not know what has made my friend doubt me, but I know that in love there is no mistake, and that every estrangement is well-founded. But my destiny is not narrowed, rather, if possible, the broader for it. THOREAU.

5 Hold tight, press closer to me
With your young, rounded arms;
Hold tighter, while your firm heart
Still pulses and still warms.

Too soon we fall asunder
Like berries of the hedges;
Soon disappear, like bubbles
At the brook's pebbly edges.
EMIL AARESTRUP.

6 Noon, 'tis the critical hour of the day; thirty; 'tis the critical age of woman; before noon you cannot affirm that the day will be fine; before thirty you cannot feel that the woman will be honest. DAUDET.

7 It is sometimes suggested, that by letting the clerks of stores have their evenings, they may spend them badly. Similar logic would suggest that by letting a man have the use of his legs he might run off the dock, and get drowned.
WALT WHITMAN.

8 Those who are happy regret the shortness of the day;
Those who are sad tire of the year's sloth.
But those whose hearts are devoid of joy or sadness
Just go on living, regardless of "short" or "long." PO CHÜ-I. (WALEY).

9 Wearing his eyes in his heart, the optimist falls over his own feet, and calls it Progress. BIERCE.

10 It is not Aphrodite; but wild Love, like a child, plays me touch-me-not-with-your-little-reed, treading softly on tiptoe. ALCMAN.

11 I am at this moment ready to hang myself for a young Edinburgh widow, who has wit and wisdom more murderously fatal than the assassinating stiletto of the Sicilian bandit, or the poisoned arrow of the Savage African. ROBERT BURNS.

12 As yet woman is not capable of friendship; women are still cats, and birds. Or at the best, cows. NIETZSCHE.

13 This evening my wife had a great mind to choose Valentines against to-morrow. I Mrs. Clerke or Pierce, she Mr. Hunt or Captain Ferrers, but I would not because of getting charged both to me for mine and to them for her, which did not please her. PEPYS.

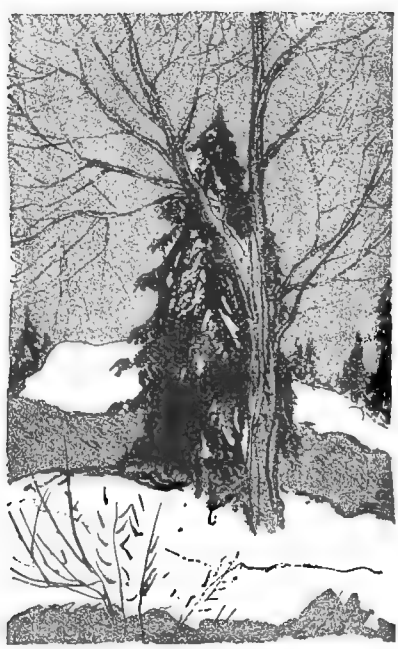
14 It is reading alone that invigorates the understanding; conversation dissipates it; play contracts it. VOLTAIRE.

15 It is, no doubt, a very difficult thing for a lady who has a fine foot to keep it from creeping forth into sight beneath the dress; but let her be sure that the charm is gone the moment the beholder detects it is done designedly.
LOLA MONTEZ.

16 In a maiden's words no one should place faith, nor in what a woman says; for on a turning wheel have their hearts been formed, and guile has been laid in their breasts.
The Elder Edda.

17 Nothing is more difficult to find anywhere than time to sit down with yourself, except the ability to enjoy the time after finding it.
DALLAS LORE SHARP.

18 The severest moralists are those who have never known the pain of temptation.
GEORGE MOORE.



19 "You can't treat a woman so badly as to lose her respect — that is, provided you still show some sort of interest in her." JOHN ERSKINE.

20 Every pleasant moment that cometh to your hand
Score up as an invaluable prize!
HAFIZ.

21 The strict man of honour plays a part that he should not reflect on till about the fall of the curtain, otherwise he will be likely sometimes to feel the shiver of foolishness at his good conduct.
MEREDITH.

22 Old friendships are destroyed by toasted cheese, and hard salted meat has led to suicide. SYDNEY SMITH.

23 It was the sort of afternoon that might induce a couple of elderly gentlemen in a lonely field, to take off their great coats and play at leap-frog, in pure lightness of heart and gaiety.
DICKENS.

24 There are only three classes of men that we in general have no patience with: superiors, inferiors and equals.
LANDOR.

25 I've often thought that headstrong youths
Of decent education
Determine all-important truths
With strange precipitation. W. S. GILBERT.

26 He who seeks a friend that is blameless
Must without a friend remain.
AHMED PASHA.

27 Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which Love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world.
SHELLEY.

28 This day, 1783, George III signed at St. James the statutes constituting the Order of St. Patrick. . . . The saint's day was not chosen . . . and is not celebrated by the order. The Grand Master, though entitled to preside in absence of the sovereign, is not necessarily a member. Further, the secretary has no duties (though he draws fees); the letters patent of foundation are not known to exist (no one can tell if they ever passed the great seal either of England or Ireland); and there are no arrangements for degradation or expulsion.
Orders of Knighthood. NICHOLAS (CHAMBERS).

The Golden Book Magazine

VOLUME V FEBRUARY, 1927 NUMBER 26

The Go-Getter

By PETER B. KYNE

MR. ALDEN P. RICKS, known in Pacific Coast wholesale lumber and shipping circles as Cappy Ricks, had more troubles than a hen with ducklings. He remarked as much to Mr. Skinner, president and general manager of the Ricks Logging & Lumbering Company, the corporate entity which represented Cappy's vast lumber interests; and he fairly barked the information at Captain Matt Peasley, his son-in-law and also president and manager of the Blue Star Navigation Company, another corporate entity which represented the Ricks interest in the American mercantile marine.

Mr. Skinner received this information in silence. He was not related to Cappy Ricks. But Matt Peasley sat down, crossed his legs and matched glares with his mercurial father-in-law.

"*You* have troubles!" he jeered, with emphasis on the pronoun. "Have you got a misery in your back, or is Herbert Hoover the wrong man for Secretary of Commerce?"

"Stow your sarcasm, young feller," Cappy shrilled. "You know dad-blamed well it isn't a question of health or politics. It's the fact that in my old age I find myself totally surrounded by the choicest aggregation of mental duds since Ajax defied the lightning."

"Meaning whom?"

"You and Skinner."

"Why, what have we done?"

"You argued me into taking on the management of twenty-five of those infernal Shipping Board freighters, and no sooner do we have them allocated to us than a near panic hits the country, freight rates go to glory, marine engineers go on strike and every infernal young whelp we send out to take charge of one of our offices in the Orient promptly gets the swelled head and thinks he's divinely ordained to drink up all the synthetic Scotch whiskey manufactured in Japan for the benefit of thirsty Americans.

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In my old age you two have forced us into the position of having to fire folks by cable. Why? Because we're breaking into a game that can't be played on the home grounds. A lot of our business is so far away we can't control it."

Matt Peasley leveled an accusing finger at Cappy Ricks. "We never argued you into taking over the management of those Shipping Board boats. We argued me into it. I'm the goat. You have nothing to do with it. You retired ten years ago. All the troubles in the marine end of this shop belong on my capable shoulders, old settler."

"Theoretically—yes. Actually—no. I hope you do not expect me to abandon mental as well as physical effort. Great Wampus cats! Am I to be denied a sentimental interest in matters where I have a controlling financial interest? I admit you two boys are running my affairs and ordinarily you run them rather well, but—but—ahem! Harumph-h-h! What's the matter with you, Matt? And you, also, Skinner? If Matt makes a mistake, it's your job to remind him of it before the results manifest themselves, is it not? And vice versa. Have you two boobs lost your ability to judge men, or did you ever have such ability?"

"You're referring to Henderson, of the Shanghai office, I dare say," Mr. Skinner cut in.

"I am, Skinner. And I'm here to remind you that if we'd stuck to our own game, which is coastwise shipping, and had left the trans-Pacific field with its general cargoes to others, we wouldn't have any Shanghai office at this moment and we would not be pestered by the Hendersons of this world."

"He's the best lumber salesman we've ever had," Mr. Skinner defended. "I had every hope that he would send us orders for many a cargo for Asiatic delivery."

"And he had gone through every job in this office, from office boy to sales manager in the lumber department and from freight clerk to passenger agent in the navigation company," Matt Peasley supplemented.

"I admit all of that. But did you consult me when you decided to send him out to China on his own?"

"Of course not. I'm boss of the Blue Star Navigation Company, am I not? The man was in charge of the Shanghai office before you ever opened your mouth to discharge your cargo of free advice."

"I told you then that Henderson wouldn't make good, didn't I?"

"You did."

"And now I nave an opportunity to tell you the little tale you didn't give me an opportunity to tell you before you sent him out. Henderson *was* a good man—a crackerjack man—when he had a better man over him. But—I've been twenty years reducing a tendency on the part of that fellow's head to bust his hat-band. And now he's gone south with a hundred and thirty thousand taels of our Shanghai bank account."

"Permit me to remind you, Mr. Ricks," Mr. Skinner cut in coldly, "that he was bonded to the extent of a quarter of a million dollars."

"Not a peep out of you, Skinner. Not a peep. Permit me to remind *you* that I'm the little genius who placed that insurance unknown to you and Matt. And I recall now that I was reminded by you, Matthew, my son, that I had retired ten years ago and please, would I quit interfering in the internal administration of your office."

"Well, I must admit your far-sightedness in that instance will keep the Shanghai office out of the red ink this year," Matt Peasley replied. "However, we face this situation, Cappy. Henderson has drunk and gambled and signed chips in excess of his salary. He hasn't attended to business and he's capped his inefficiency by absconding with our bank account. We couldn't foresee that. When we send a man out to the Orient to be our manager there, we have to trust him all the way or not at all. So there is no use weeping over spilled milk, Cappy. Our job is to select a successor to Henderson and send him out to Shanghai on the next boat."

"Oh, very well, Matt," Cappy replied magnanimously, "I'll not rub it into you. I suppose I'm far from generous, bawling you out like this. Perhaps, when you're my age and have had a lot of mental and moral cripples nip you and draw blood as often as they've drawn it on me you'll be a better judge than I of men worthy of the weight of responsibility. Skinner, have you got a candidate for this job?"

"I regret to say, sir, I have not. All of the men in my department are quite young—too young for the responsibility."

"What do you mean—young?" Cappy blazed.

"Well, the only man I would consider for the job is Andrews and he is too young—about thirty, I should say."

"About thirty, eh? Strikes me you were about twenty-eight when I threw ten thousand a year at you in actual cash, and a couple of million dollars' worth of responsibility."

"Yes, sir, but then Andrews has never been tested——"

"Skinner," Cappy interrupted in his most awful voice, "it's a constant source of amazement to me why I refrain from firing you. You say Andrews has never been tested. Why hasn't he been tested? Why are we maintaining untested material in this shop, anyhow? Eh? Answer me that. Tut, tut, tut! Not a peep out of you, sir. If you had done your Christian duty, you would have taken a year's vacation when lumber was selling itself in 1919 and 1920, and you would have left Andrews sitting in at your desk to see the sort of stuff he's made of."

"It's a mighty lucky thing I didn't go away for a year," Skinner protested respectfully, "because the market broke—like that—and if you don't think we have to hustle to sell sufficient lumber to keep our own ships busy freighting it——"

"Skinner, how dare you contradict me? How old was Matt Peasley when I turned over the Blue Star Navigation Company to him, lock, stock and barrel? Why, he wasn't twenty-six years old. Skinner, you're a dodo! The killjoys like you who have straddled the neck of industry and throttled it with absurd theories that a man's back must be bent like an ox-bow and his locks snowy white before he can be entrusted with responsibility and a living wage, have caused all of our wars and strikes. This is a young man's world, Skinner, and don't you ever forget it. The go-getters of this world are under thirty years of age. Matt," he concluded, turning to his son-in-law, "what do you think of Andrews for that Shanghai job?"

"I think he'll do."

"Why do you think he'll do?"

"Because he ought to do. He's been with us long enough to have acquired sufficient experience to enable him——"

"Has he acquired the courage to tackle the job, Matt?" Cappy interrupted. "That's more important than this doggoned experience you and Skinner prate so much about."

"I know nothing of his courage. I assume that he has force and initiative. I know he has a pleasing personality."

"Well, before we send him out we ought to know whether or no he has force and initiative."

"Then," quoth Matt Peasley, rising, "I wash my hands of the job of selecting Henderson's successor. You've butted in, so I suggest you name the lucky man."

"Yes, indeed," Skinner agreed. "I'm sure it's quite beyond my poor abilities to uncover Andrews' force and initiative on such short notice. He does possess sufficient force and initiative for his present job, but——"

"But will he possess force and initiative when he has to make a quick decision six thousand miles from expert advice, and stand or fall by that decision? That's what we want to know, Skinner."

"I suggest, sir," Mr. Skinner replied with chill politeness, "that you conduct the examination."

"I accept the nomination, Skinner. By the Holy Pink-toed Prophet! The next man we send out to that Shanghai office is going to be a go-getter. We've had three managers go rotten on us and that's three too many."

And without further ado, Cappy swung his aged legs up on to his desk and slid down in his swivel chair until he rested on his spine. His head sank on his breast and he closed his eyes.

"He's framing the examination for Andrews," Matt Peasley whispered, as he and Skinner made their exits.

II

The President emeritus of the Ricks' interests was not destined to uninterrupted cogitation, however. Within ten minutes his private exchange operator called him to the telephone.

"What is it?" Cappy yelled into the transmitter.

"There is a young man in the general office. His name is Mr. William E. Peck and he desires to see you personally."

Cappy sighed. "Very well," he replied. "Have him shown in."

Almost immediately the office boy ushered Mr. Peck into Cappy's presence. The moment he was fairly inside the door the visitor halted, came easily and naturally to "attention" and bowed respectfully, while the cool glance of his keen blue eyes held steadily the autocrat of the Blue Star Navigation Company.

"Mr. Ricks, Peck is my name, sir—William E. Peck. Thank you, sir, for acceding to my request for an interview."

"Ahem! Hum-m-m!" Cappy looked belligerent. "Sit down, Mr. Peck."

Mr. Peck sat down, but as he crossed to the chair beside Cappy's desk, the old gentleman noticed that his visitor walked with a slight limp, and that his left forearm

had been amputated half-way to the elbow. To the observant Cappy, the American Legion button in Mr. Peck's lapel told the story.

"Well, Mr. Peck," he queried gently, "what can I do for you?"

"I've called for my job," the veteran replied briefly.

"By the Holy Pink-toed Prophet!" Cappy ejaculated, "you say that like a man who doesn't expect to be refused."

"Quite right, sir. I do not anticipate a refusal."

"Why?"

Mr. William E. Peck's engaging but somewhat plain features rippled into the most compelling smile Cappy Ricks had ever seen. "I am a salesman, Mr. Ricks," he replied. "I know that statement to be true because I have demonstrated, over a period of five years, that I can sell my share of anything that has a hockable value. I have always found, however, that before proceeding to sell goods I had to sell the manufacturer of those goods something, to wit—myself! I am about to sell myself to you."

"Son," said Cappy smilingly, "you win. You've sold me already. When did they sell you a membership in the military forces of the United States of America?"

"On the morning of April 7th, 1917, sir."

"That clinches our sale. I soldiered with the Knights of Columbus at Camp Kearny myself, but when they refused to let me go abroad with my division my heart was broken, so I went over the hill."

That little touch of the language of the line appeared to warm Mr. Peck's heart considerably, establishing at once a free masonry between them.

"I was with the Portland Lumber Company, selling lumber in the Middle West before the war," he explained. "Uncle Sam gave me my sheepskin at Letterman General Hospital last week, with half disability on my ten thousand dollars' worth of government insurance. Whittling my wing was a mere trifle, but my broken leg was a long time mending, and now it's shorter than it really ought to be. And I developed pneumonia with influenza and they found some T. B. indications after that. I've been at the government tuberculosis hospital at Fort Bayard, New Mexico, for a year. However, what's left of me is certified to be sound. I've got five inches chest expansion and I feel fine."

"Not at all blue or discouraged?" Cappy hazarded.

"Oh, I got off easy, Mr. Ricks I have my head left—and my right arm. I can think and I can write, and even if one of my wheels is flat, I can hike longer and faster after an order than most. Got a job for me, Mr. Ricks?"

"No, I haven't, Mr. Peck. I'm out of it, you know. Retired ten years ago. This office is merely a headquarters for social frivolity—a place to get my mail and mill over the gossip of the street. Our Mr. Skinner is the chap you should see."

"I have seen Mr. Skinner, sir," the erstwhile warrior replied, "but he wasn't very sympathetic. I think he jumped to the conclusion that I was attempting to trade him my empty sleeve. He informed me that there wasn't sufficient business to keep his present staff of salesmen busy, so then I told him I'd take anything, from stenographer up. I'm the champion one-handed typist of the United States Army. I can tally lumber and bill it. I can keep books and answer the telephone."

"No encouragement, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Well, now, son," Cappy informed his cheerful visitor confidentially, "you take my tip and see my son-in-law, Captain Peasley. He's high, low and jack-in-the-game in the shipping end of our business."

"I have also interviewed Captain Peasley. He was very kind. He said he felt that he owed me a job, but business is so bad he couldn't make a place for me. He told me he is now carrying a dozen ex-service men merely because he hasn't the heart to let them go. I believe him."

"Well, my dear boy—my dear young friend! Why do you come to me?"

"Because," Mr. Peck replied smilingly, "I want you to go over their heads and give me a job. I don't care a hoot what it is, provided I can do it. If I can do it, I'll do it better than it was ever done before, and if I can't do that I'll quit to save you the embarrassment of firing me. I'm not an object of charity, but I'm scarcely the man I used to be and I'm four years behind the procession and have to catch up. I have the best of references——"

"I see you have," Cappy cut in blandly, and pressed the push-button on his desk. Mr. Skinner entered. He glanced disapprovingly at William E. Peck and then turned inquiring eyes toward Cappy Ricks.

"Skinner, dear boy," Cappy purred amiably, "I've been thinking over the proposition to send Andrews out to the Shanghai office, and I've come to this conclusion. We'll have to take a chance.

At the present time that office is in charge of a stenographer, and we've got to get a manager on the job without further loss of time. So I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll send Andrews out on the next boat, but inform him that his position is temporary. Then if he doesn't make good out there we can take him back into this office, where he is a most valuable man. Meanwhile—ahem! hum-m-m! Harumph!—meanwhile, you'd oblige me greatly, Skinner, my dear boy, if you would consent to take this young man into your office and give him a good work-out to see the stuff he's made of. As a favour to me, Skinner, my dear boy, as a favour to me."

Mr. Skinner, in the language of the sporting world, was down for the count—and knew it. Young Mr. Peck knew it too, and smiled graciously upon the general manager, for young Mr. Peck had been in the army, where one of the first great lessons to be assimilated is this: that the commanding general's request is always tantamount to an order.

"Very well, sir," Mr. Skinner replied coldly. "Have you arranged the compensation to be given Mr. Peck?"

Cappy threw up a deprecating hand. "That detail is entirely up to you, Skinner. Far be it from me to interfere in the internal administration of your department. Naturally you will pay Mr. Peck what he is worth and not a cent more." He turned to the triumphant Peck. "Now, you listen to me, young feller. If you think you're slipping gracefully into a good thing, disabuse your mind of that impression right now. You'll step right up to the plate, my son, and you'll hit the ball fairly on the nose, and you'll do it early and often. The first time you tip a foul, you'll be warned. The second time you do it you'll get a month's lay-off to think it over, and the third time you'll be out—for keeps. Do I make myself clear?"

"You do, sir," Mr. Peck declared happily. "All I ask is fighting room and I'll hack my way into Mr. Skinner's heart. Thank you, Mr. Skinner, for consenting to take me on. I appreciate your action very, very much and shall endeavour to be worthy of your confidence."

"Young scoundrel! In-fer-nal young scoundrel!" Cappy murmured to himself. "He has a sense of humour, thank God! Ah, poor old narrow-gauge Skinner! If that fellow ever gets a new or unconventional thought in his stodgy head, it'll kill him overnight. He's hopping mad right now because he can't say a word in his own defense, but if he doesn't make hell look like a summer holiday for Mr. Bill Peck, I'm due to be mercifully chloroformed. Good Lord, how empty life would be if I couldn't butt in and raise a little riot every once in so often."

Young Mr. Peck had risen and was standing at attention. "When do I report for duty, sir?" he queried of Mr. Skinner.

"Whenever you're ready," Skinner retorted with a wintry smile. Mr. Peck glanced at a cheap wrist watch. "It's twelve o'clock now," he soliloquized aloud. "I'll pop out, wrap myself around some rations and report on the job at one P. M. I might just as well knock out half a day's pay." He glanced at Cappy Ricks and quoted:

> 'Count that day lost whose low descending sun
> Finds prices shot to glory and business done for fun."

Unable to maintain his composure in the face of such levity during office hours, Mr. Skinner withdrew, still wrapped in his sub-Antarctic dignity. As the door closed behind him, Mr. Peck's eyebrows went up in a manner indicative of apprehension.

"I'm off to a bad start, Mr. Ricks," he opined.

"You only asked for a start," Cappy piped back at him. "I didn't guarantee you a *good* start, and I wouldn't because I can't. I can only drive Skinner and Matt Peasley so far—and no farther. There's always a point at which I quit—er—ah—William."

"More familiarly known as Bill Peck, sir."

"Very well, Bill." Cappy slid out on the edge of his chair and peered at Bill Peck balefully over the top of his spectacles. "I'll have my eye on you, young feller," he shrilled. "I freely acknowledge our indebtedness to you, but the day you get the notion in your head that this office is an old soldier's home——" He paused thoughtfully. "I wonder what Skinner *will* pay you?" he mused. "Oh, well," he continued, "whatever it is, take it and say nothing and when the moment is propitious—and provided you've earned it—I'll intercede with the danged old relic and get you a raise."

"Thank you very much, sir. You are most kind. Good-day, sir."

And Bill Peck picked up his hat and limped out of The Presence. Scarcely had the door closed behind him than Mr.

Skinner reëntered Cappy Ricks' lair. He opened his mouth to speak, but Cappy silenced him with an imperious finger.

"Not a peep out of you, Skinner, my dear boy," he chirped amiably. "I know exactly what you're going to say and I admit your right to say it, but—ah—ahem! Haraumph-h-h!—now, Skinner, listen to reason. How the devil could you have the heart to reject that crippled ex-soldier? There he stood, on one sound leg, with his left sleeve tucked into his coat pocket and on his homely face the grin of an unwhipped, unbeatable man. But you—blast your cold, unfeeling soul, Skinner!—looked him in the eye and turned him down like a drunkard turns down near-beer. Skinner, how *could* you do it?"

Undaunted by Cappy's admonitory finger, Mr. Skinner struck a distinctly defiant attitude.

"There is no sentiment in business," he replied angrily. "A week ago last Thursday the local posts of the American Legion commenced their organized drive for jobs for their crippled and unemployed comrades, and within three days you've sawed off two hundred and nine such jobs on the various corporations that you control. The gang you shipped up to the mill in Washington has already applied for a charter for a new post to be known as Cappy Ricks Post No. 534. And you had experienced men discharged to make room for these ex-soldiers."

"You bet I did," Cappy yelled triumphantly. "It's always Old Home Week in every logging camp and saw-mill in the Northwest for I. W. W.'s and revolutionary communists. I'm sick of their unauthorized strikes and sabotage, and by the Holy Pink-toed Prophet, Cappy Ricks Post. No. 534, American Legion, is the only sort of back-fire I can think of to put the Wobblies on the run."

"Every office and ship and retail yard could be run by a first-sergeant," Skinner complained. "I'm thinking of having reveille and retreat and bugle calls and Saturday morning inspections. I tell you, sir, the Ricks interests have absorbed all the old soldiers possible and at the present moment those interests are overflowing with glory. What we want are workers, not talkers. These ex-soldiers spend too much time fighting their battles over again."

"Well, Comrade Peck is the last one I'll ask you to absorb, Skinner," Cappy promised contritely. "Ever read Kipling's Barrack Room Ballads, Skinner?"

"I have no time to read," Mr. Skinner protested.

"Go up town this minute and buy a copy and read one ballad entitled 'Tommy,'" Cappy barked. "For the good of your immortal soul," he added.

"Well, Comrade Peck doesn't make a hit with me, Mr. Ricks. He applied to me for a job and I gave him his answer. Then he went to Captain Matt and was refused, so, just to demonstrate his bad taste, he went over our heads and induced you to pitchfork him into a job. He'll curse the day he was inspired to do that."

"Skinner! Skinner! Look me in the eye! Do you know why I asked you to take on Bill Peck?"

"I do. Because you're too tender-hearted for your own good."

"You unimaginative dunderhead! You jibbering jackdaw! How could I reject a boy who simply would not be rejected? Why, I'll bet a ripe peach that Bill Peck was one of the doggondest finest soldiers you ever saw. He carries his objective. He sized you up just like that, Skinner. He declined to permit you to block him. Skinner, that Peck person has been opposed by experts. Yes, sir—experts! What kind of a job are you going to give him, Skinner, my dear boy?"

"Andrews' job, of course."

"Oh, yes, I forgot. Skinner, dear boy, haven't we got about half a million feet of skunk spruce to saw off on somebody?" Mr. Skinner nodded and Cappy continued with all the naïve eagerness of one who has just made a marvelous discovery, which he is confident will revolutionize science. "Give him that stinking stuff to peddle, Skinner, and if you can dig up a couple of dozen carloads of red fir or bull pine in transit, or some short or odd-length stock, or some larch ceiling or flooring, or some hemlock random stock—in fact, anything the trade doesn't want as a gift—you get me, don't you, Skinner?"

Mr. Skinner smiled his swordfish smile. "And if he fails to make good—*au revoir*, eh?"

"Yes, I suppose so, although I hate to think about it. On the other hand, if he makes good he's to have Andrews' salary. We must be fair, Skinner. Whatever our faults, we must always be fair." He rose and patted the general manager's lean shoulder. "There, there, Skinner, my boy. Forgive me if I've been a trifle—ah—ahem!—precipitate and—er—harumph-h-h! Skinner, if you put a prohibitive price on that

skunk fir, by the Holy Pink-toed Prophet, I'll fire you! Be fair, boy, be fair. No dirty work, Skinner. Remember, Comrade Peck has half of his left forearm buried in France."

III

At twelve-thirty, as Cappy was hurrying up California Street to luncheon at the Commercial Club, he met Bill Peck limping down the sidewalk. The ex-soldier stopped him and handed him a card.

"What do you think of that, sir?" he queried. "Isn't it a neat business card?"

Cappy read:

RICKS LUMBER & LOGGING COMPANY
Lumber and its products
248 California St.
San Francisco.

Represented by
William E. Peck
If you can drive nails in it—we have it!

Cappy Ricks ran a speculative thumb over Comrade Peck's business card. It was engraved. And copper plates or steel dies are not made in half an hour!

"By the Twelve Ragged Apostles!" This was Cappy's most terrible oath and he never employed it unless rocked to his foundations. "Bill, as one bandit to another—come clean. When did you first make up your mind to go to work for us?"

"A week ago," Comrade Peck replied blandly.

"And what was your grade when Kaiser Bill went A. W. O. L?"

"I was a buck."

"I don't believe you. Didn't anybody ever offer you something better?"

"Frequently. However, if I had accepted I would have had to resign the nicest job I ever had. There wasn't much money in it, but it was filled with excitement and interesting experiments. I used to disguise myself as a Christmas tree or a box car and pick off German sharp-shooters. I was known as Peck's Bad Boy. I was often tempted to quit, but whenever I'd reflect on the number of American lives I was saving daily, a commission was just a scrap of paper to me."

"If you'd ever started in any other branch of the service you'd have run John J. Pershing down to lance corporal. Bill, listen! Have you ever had any experience selling skunk spruce?"

Comrade Peck was plainly puzzled. He shook his head. "What sort of stock is it?" he asked.

"Humboldt County, California, spruce, and it's coarse and stringy and wet and heavy and smells just like a skunk directly after using. I'm afraid Skinner's going to start you at the bottom—and skunk spruce is it."

"Can you drive nails in it, Mr. Ricks?"

"Oh, yes."

"Does anybody ever buy skunk spruce, sir?"

"Oh, occasionally one of our bright young men digs up a half-wit who's willing to try anything once. Otherwise, of course, we would not continue to manufacture it. Fortunately, Bill, we have very little of it, but whenever our woods boss runs across a good tree he hasn't the heart to leave it standing, and as a result, we always have enough skunk spruce on hand to keep our salesmen humble."

"I can sell anything—at a price," Comrade Peck replied unconcernedly, and continued on his way back to the office.

IV

For two months Cappy Ricks saw nothing of Bill Peck. That enterprising veteran had been sent out into the Utah, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas territory the moment he had familiarized himself with the numerous details regarding freight rates, weights and the mills he represented, all things which a salesman should be familiar with before he starts out on the road. From Salt Lake City he wired in an order for two carloads of larch rustic, and in Ogden he managed to inveigle a retail yard with which Mr. Skinner had been trying to do business for years, into sampling a carload of skunk spruce boards, random lengths and grades, at a dollar above the price given him by Skinner. In Arizona he worked up some new business in mining timbers, but it was not until he got into the heart of Texas that Comrade Peck really commenced to demonstrate his selling ability. Standard oil derricks were his specialty and he shot the orders in so fast that Mr. Skinner was forced to wire him for mercy and instruct him to devote his talent to the disposal of cedar shingles and siding, Douglas fir and redwood. Eventually he completed his circle and worked his way home, via Los Angeles, pausing however, in the San Joaquin Valley to sell two more carloads of skunk spruce. When this order was wired in, Mr. Skinner came to Cappy Ricks with the telegram.

"Well, I must admit Comrade Peck can sell lumber," he announced grudgingly.

"He has secured five new accounts and here is an order for two more carloads of skunk spruce. I'll have to raise his salary about the first of the year."

"My dear Skinner, why the devil wait until the first of the year? Your pernicious habit of deferring the inevitable parting with money has cost us the services of more than one good man. You know you have to raise Comrade Peck's salary sooner or later, so why not do it now and smile like a dentifrice advertisement while you're doing it? Comrade Peck will feel a whole lot better as a result, and who knows? He may conclude you're a human being, after all, and learn to love you?"

"Very well, sir. I'll give him the same salary Andrews was getting before Peck took over his territory."

"Skinner, you make it impossible for me to refrain from showing you who's boss around here. He's better than Andrews, isn't he?"

"I think he is, sir."

"Well then, for the love of a square deal, pay him more and pay it to him from the first day he went to work. Get out. You make me nervous. By the way, how is Andrews getting along in his Shanghai job?"

"He's helping the cable company pay its income tax. Cables about three times a week on matters he should decide for himself. Matt Peasley is disgusted with him."

"Ah! Well, I'm not disappointed. And I suppose Matt will be in here before long to remind me that I was the bright boy who picked Andrews for the job. Well, I did, but I call upon you to remember, Skinner, when I'm assailed, that Andrews' appointment was temporary."

"Yes, sir, it was."

"Well, I suppose I'll have to cast about for his successor and beat Matt out of his cheap 'I told you so' triumph. I think Comrade Peck has some of the earmarks of a good manager for our Shanghai office, but I'll have to test him a little further." He looked up humorously at Mr. Skinner. "Skinner, my dear boy," he continued, "I'm going to have him deliver a blue vase."

Mr. Skinner's cold features actually glowed. "Well, tip the chief of police and the proprietor of the store off this time and save yourself some money," he warned Cappy. He walked to the window and looked down into California Street. He continued to smile.

"Yes," Cappy continued dreamily, "I think I shall give him the thirty-third degree. You'll agree with me, Skinner, that if he delivers the blue vase he'll be worth ten thousand dollars a year as our Oriental manager?"

"I'll say he will," Mr. Skinner replied slangily.

"Very well, then. Arrange matters, Skinner, so that he will be available for me at one o'clock a week from Sunday. I'll attend to the other details."

Mr. Skinner nodded. He was still chuckling when he departed for his own office.

V

A WEEK from the succeeding Saturday, Mr. Skinner did not come down to the office, but a telephone message from his home informed the chief clerk that Mr. Skinner was at home and somewhat indisposed. The chief clerk was to advise Mr. Peck that he, Mr. Skinner, had contemplated having a conference with the latter that day, but that his indisposition would prevent this. Mr. Skinner hoped to be feeling much better to-morrow, and since he was very desirous of a conference with Mr. Peck before the latter should depart on his next selling pilgrimage, on Monday, would Mr. Peck be good enough to call at Mr. Skinner's house at one o'clock Sunday afternoon? Mr. Peck sent back word that he would be there at the appointed time, and was rewarded with Mr. Skinner's thanks, via the chief clerk.

Promptly at one o'clock the following day, Bill Peck reported at the general manager's house. He found Mr. Skinner in bed, reading the paper and looking surprizingly well. He trusted Mr. Skinner felt better than he looked. Mr. Skinner did, and at once entered into a discussion of the new customers, other prospects he particularly desired Mr. Peck to approach, new business to be investigated, and further details without end. And in the midst of this conference Cappy Ricks telephoned.

A portable telephone stood on a commode beside Mr. Skinner's bed, so the latter answered immediately. Comrade Peck watched Skinner listen attentively for fully two minutes, then heard him say:

"Mr. Ricks, I'm terribly sorry. I'd love to do this errand for you, but really I'm under the weather. In fact, I'm in bed as I speak to you now. But Mr. Peck is here with me and I'm sure he'll be very happy to attend to the matter for you."

"By all means," Bill Peck hastened to assure the general manager. "Who does

Mr. Ricks want killed and where will he have the body delivered?"

"Hah-hah! Hah-hah!" Mr. Skinner had a singularly annoying, mirthless laugh, as if he begrudged himself such an unheard-of indulgence. "Mr. Peck says," he informed Cappy, "that he'll be delighted to attend to the matter for you. He wants to know whom you want killed and where you wish the body delivered. Hah-hah! Hah! Peck, Mr. Ricks will speak to you."

Bill Peck took the telephone. "Good-afternoon, Mr. Ricks."

"Hello, old soldier. What are you doing this afternoon?"

"Nothing—after I conclude my conference with Mr. Skinner. By the way, he has just given me a most handsome boost in salary, for which I am most appreciative. I feel, however, despite Mr. Skinner's graciousness, that you have put in a kind word for me with him, and I want to thank you—"

"Tut, tut. Not a peep out of you, sir. Not a peep. You get nothing for nothing from Skinner or me. However, in view of the fact that you're feeling kindly toward me this afternoon, I wish you'd do a little errand for me. I can't send a boy and I hate to make a messenger out of you—er—ah—ahem! That is, harumph-h-h—!"

"I have no false pride, Mr. Ricks."

"Thank you, Bill. Glad you feel that way about it. Bill, I was prowling around town this forenoon, after church, and down in a store on Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell Street, on the right hand side as you face Market Street, I saw a blue vase in a window. I have a weakness for vases, Bill. I'm a sharp on them, too. Now, this vase I saw isn't very expensive as vases go—in fact, I wouldn't buy it for my collection—but one of the finest and sweetest ladies of my acquaintance has the mate to that blue vase I saw in the window, and I know she'd be prouder than Punch if she had two of them—one for each side of her drawing room mantel, understand?

"Now, I'm leaving from the Southern Pacific depot at eight o'clock to-night, bound for Santa Barbara to attend her wedding anniversary to-morrow night. I forget what anniversary it is, Bill, but I have been informed by my daughter that I'll be very much *de trop* if I send her any present other than something in porcelain or China or Cloisonné—well, Bill, this crazy little blue vase just fills the order. Understand?"

"Yes, sir. You feel that it would be most graceful on your part if you could bring this little blue vase down to Santa Barbara with you to-night. You have to have it to-night, because if you wait until the store opens on Monday the vase will reach your hostess twenty-four hours after her anniversary party."

"Exactly, Bill. Now, I've simply got to have that vase. If I had discovered it yesterday I wouldn't be asking you to get it for me to-day, Bill."

"Please do not make any explanations or apologies, Mr. Ricks. You have described the vase—no, you haven't. What sort of blue is it, how tall is it and what is, approximately, its greatest diameter? Does it set on a base, or does it not? Is it a solid blue, or is it figured?"

"It's a Cloisonné vase, Bill—sort of old Dutch blue, or Delft, with some Oriental funny-business on it. I couldn't describe it exactly, but it has some birds and flowers on it. It's about a foot tall and four inches in diameter and sets on a teak-wood base."

"Very well, sir. You shall have it."

"And you'll deliver it to me in stateroom A, car 7, aboard the train at Third and Townsend Streets, at seven fifty-five to night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thank you, Bill. The expense will be trifling. Collect it from the cashier in the morning, and tell him to charge it to my account." And Cappy hung up.

At once Mr. Skinner took up the thread of the interrupted conference, and it was not until three o'clock that Bill Peck left his house and proceeded down-town to locate Cappy Rick's blue vase.

He proceeded to the block in Sutter Street between Stockton and Powell Streets, and although he walked patiently up one side of the street and down the other, not a single vase of any description showed in any shop window, nor could he find a single shop where such a vase as Cappy had described might, perchance, be displayed for sale.

"I think the old boy has erred in the co-ordinates of the target," Bill Peck concluded, "or else I misunderstood him. I'll telephone his house and ask him to repeat them."

He did, but nobody was at home except a Swedish maid, and all she knew was that Mr. Ricks was out and the hour of his return was unknown. So Mr. Peck went back to Sutter Street and scoured once more every shop window in the block. Then he scouted two blocks above Powell and two blocks below Stockton. Still the blue vase remained invisible.

So he transferred his search to a corresponding area on Bush Street, and when that failed, he went painstakingly over four blocks of Post Street. He was still without results when he moved one block further west and one further south and discovered the blue vase in a huge plate-glass window of a shop on Geary Street near Grant Avenue. He surveyed it critically and was convinced that it was the object he sought.

He tried the door, but it was locked, as he had anticipated it would be. So he kicked the door and raised an infernal racket, hoping against hope that the noise might bring a watchman from the rear of the building. In vain. He backed out to the edge of the sidewalk and read the sign over the door:

B. Cohen's Art Shop

This was a start, so Mr. Peck limped over to the Palace Hotel and procured a telephone directory. By actual count there were nineteen B. Cohens scattered throughout the city, so before commencing to call the nineteen, Bill Peck borrowed the city directory from the hotel clerk and scanned it for the particular B. Cohen who owned the art shop. His search availed him nothing. B. Cohen was listed as an art dealer at the address where the blue vase reposed in the show window. That was all.

"I suppose he's a commuter," Mr. Peck concluded, and at once proceeded to procure directories of the adjacent cities of Berkeley, Oakland and Alameda. They were not available, so in despair he changed a dollar into five-cent pieces, sought a telephone booth and commenced calling up all the B. Cohens in San Francisco. Of the nineteen, four did not answer, three were temporarily disconnected, six replied in Yiddish, five were not the B. Cohen he sought, and one swore he was Irish and that his name was spelled Cohan and pronounced with an accent on both syllables.

The B. Cohens resident in Berkeley, Oakland, Alameda, San Rafael, Sausalito, Mill Valley, San Mateo, Redwood City and Palo Alto were next telephoned to, and when his long and expensive task was done, Ex-Private Bill Peck emerged from the telephone booth wringing wet with perspiration and as irritable as a clucking hen. Once outside the hotel he raised his haggard face to heaven and dumbly queried of the Almighty what He meant by saving him from quick death on the field of honour only to condemn him to be talked to death by B. Cohens in civil life.

It was now six o'clock. Suddenly Peck had an inspiration. Was the name spelled Cohen, Cohan, Cohn, Kohn or Coen?

"If I have to take a Jewish census again to-night I'll die," he told himself desperately, and went back to the art shop.

The Sign read: B. COHN'S ART SHOP.

"I wish I knew a bootlegger's joint," poor Peck complained. "I'm pretty far gone and a little wood alcohol couldn't hurt me much now. Why, I could have sworn that name was spelled with an E. It seems to me I noted that particularly."

He went back to the hotel telephone booth and commenced calling up all the B. Cohns in town. There were eight of them and six of them were out, one was maudlin with liquor and the other was deaf and shouted unintelligibly.

"Peace hath its barbarities no less than war," Mr. Peck sighed. He changed a twenty-dollar bill into nickels, dimes and quarters, returned to the hot, ill-smelling telephone booth and proceeded to lay down a barrage of telephone calls to the B. Cohns of all towns of any importance contiguous to San Francisco Bay. And he was lucky. On the sixth call he located the particular B. Cohn in San Rafael, only to be informed by Mr. Cohn's cook that Mr. Cohn was dining at the home of a Mr. Simons in Mill Valley.

There were three Mr. Simons in Mill Valley, and Peck called them all before connecting with the right one. Yes, Mr. B. Cohn was there. Who wished to speak to him? Mr. Heck? Oh, Mr. Lake! A silence. Then—"Mr. Cohn says he doesn't know any Mr. Lake and wants to know the nature of your business. He is dining and doesn't like to be disturbed unless the matter is of grave importance."

"Tell him Mr. Peck wishes to speak to him on a matter of very great importance," wailed the ex-private.

"Mr. Metz? Mr. Ben Metz?"

"No, no, no. Peck—p-e-c-k."

"D-e-c-k?"

"No, P."

"C?"

"P."

"Oh, yes, E. E—what?"

"C-K——"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Eckstein."

"Call Cohn to the 'phone or I'll go over there on the next boat and kill you, you damned idiot," shrieked Peck. "Tell him his store is on fire."

That message was evidently delivered, for almost instantly Mr. B. Cohn was puffing and spluttering into the 'phone.

"Iss dot der fire marshal?" he managed to articulate.

"Listen, Mr. Cohn. Your store is not on fire, but I had to say so in order to get you to the telephone. I am Mr. Peck, a total stranger to you. You have a blue vase in your shop window on Geary Street in San Francisco. I want to buy it and I want to buy it before seven forty-five tonight. I want you to come across the bay and open the store and sell me that vase."

"Such a business! Vot you think I am? Crazy?"

"No, Mr. Cohn, I do not. I'm the only crazy man talking. I'm crazy for that vase and I've got to have it right away."

"You know vot dot vase costs?" Mr. B. Cohn's voice dripped syrup.

"No, and I don't give a hoot what it costs. I want what I want when I want it. Do I get it?"

"Ve-ell, lemme see. Vot time iss it?" A silence while B. Cohn evidently looked at his watch. "It iss now a quarter of seven, Mr. Eckstein, und der nexd drain from Mill Valley don't leaf until eight o'clock. Dot vill get me to San Francisco at eight-fifty—und I am dining mit friends und haf just finished my soup."

"To hell with your soup. I want that blue vase."

"Vell, I tell you, Mr. Eckstein, if you got to have it, call up my head salesman, Herman Joost, in der Chilton Apardments—Prospect three—two—four—nine, und tell him I said he should come down right avay qvick und sell you dot blue vase. Good-bye, Mr. Eckstein."

And B. Cohn hung up.

Instantly Peck called Prospect 3249 and asked for Herman Joost. Mr. Joost's mother answered. She was desolated because Herman was not at home, but vouchsafed the information that he was dining at the country club. Which country club? She did not know. So Peck procured from the hotel clerk a list of the country clubs in and around San Francisco and started calling them up. At eight o'clock he was still being informed that Mr. Juice was not a member, that Mr. Luce wasn't in, that Mr. Coos had been dead three months and that Mr. Boos had played but eight holes when he received a telegram calling him back to New York. At the other clubs Mr. Joust was unknown.

"Licked," murmured Bill Peck, "but never let it be said that I didn't go down fighting. I'm going to heave a brick through that show window, grab the vase and run with it."

He engaged a taxicab and instructed the driver to wait for him at the corner of Geary and Stockton Streets. Also, he borrowed from the chauffeur a ball peen hammer. When he reached the art shop of B. Cohn, however, a policeman was standing in the doorway, violating the general orders of a policeman on duty by surreptitiously smoking a cigar.

"He'll nab me if I crack that window," the desperate Peck decided, and continued on down the street, crossed to the other side and came back. It was now dark and over the art shop B. Cohn's name burned in small red, white and blue electric lights.

And lo, it was spelled B. Cohen!

Ex-Private William E. Peck sat down on a fire hydrant and cursed with rage. His weak leg hurt him, too, and for some damnable reason, the stump of his left arm developed the feeling that his missing hand was itchy.

"The world is filled with idiots," he raved furiously. "I'm tired and I'm hungry. I skipped luncheon and I've been too busy to think of dinner."

He walked back to his taxicab and returned to the hotel where, hope springing eternal in his breast, he called Prospect 3249 again and discovered that the missing Herman Joost had returned to the bosom of his family. To him the frantic Peck delivered the message of B. Cohn, whereupon the cautious Herman Joost replied that he would confirm the authenticity of the message by telephoning to Mr. Cohn at Mr. Simon's home in Mill Valley. If Mr. B. Cohn or Cohen confirmed Mr. Kek's story, he, the said Herman Joost, would be at the store sometime before nine o'clock, and if Mr. Kek cared to, he might await him there.

Mr. Kek said he would be delighted to wait for him there.

At nine-fifteen Herman Joost appeared on the scene. On his way down the street he had taken the precaution to pick up a policeman and bring him along with him. The lights were switched on in the store and Mr. Joost lovingly abstracted the blue vase from the window.

"What's the cursed thing worth?" Peck demanded.

"Two thousand dollars," Mr. Joost replied without so much as the quiver of an

eyelash. "Cash," he added, apparently as an afterthought.

The exhausted Peck leaned against the sturdy guardian of the law and sighed. This was the final straw. He had about ten dollars in his possession.

"You refuse, absolutely, to accept my check?" he quavered.

"I don't know you, Mr. Peck," Herman Joost replied simply.

"Where's your telephone?"

Mr. Joost led Peck to the telephone and the latter called up Mr. Skinner.

"Mr. Skinner," he announced, "this is all that is mortal of Bill Peck speaking. I've got the store open and for two thousand dollars—cash—I can buy the blue vase Mr. Ricks has set his heart upon."

"Oh, Peck, dear fellow," Mr. Skinner purred sympathetically. "Have you been all this time on that errand?"

"I have. And I'm going to stick on the job until I deliver the goods. For God's sake, let me have two thousand dollars and bring it down to me at B. Cohen's Art Shop on Geary Street near Grant Avenue. I'm too utterly exhausted to go up after it."

"My dear Mr. Peck, I haven't two thousand dollars in my house. That is too great a sum of money to keep on hand."

"Well, then, come down-town, open up the office safe and get the money for me."

"Time lock on the office safe, Peck. Impossible."

"Well, then, come down-town and identify me at hotels and cafés and restaurants so I can cash my own check."

"Is your check good, Mr. Peck?"

The flood of invective which had been accumulating in Mr. Peck's system all the afternoon now broke its bounds. He screamed at Mr. Skinner a blasphemous invitation to betake himself to the lower regions.

"To-morrow morning," he promised hoarsely, "I'll beat you to death with the stump of my left arm, you miserable, cold-blooded, lazy, shiftless slacker."

He called up Cappy Ricks' residence next, and asked for Captain Matt Peasley, who, he knew, made his home with his father-in-law. Matt Peasley came to the telephone and listened sympathetically to Peck's tale of woe.

"Peck, that's the worst outrage I ever heard of," he declared. "The idea of setting you such a task. You take my advice and forget the blue vase."

"I can't," Peck panted. "Mr. Ricks will feel mighty chagrined if I fail to get the vase for him. I wouldn't disappoint him for my right arm. He's been a dead game sport with me, Captain Peasley."

"But it's too late to get the vase to him, Peck. He left the city at eight o'clock and it is now almost half past nine."

"I know, but if I can secure legal possession of the vase I'll get it to him before he leaves the train at Santa Barbara at six o'clock to-morrow morning."

"How?"

"There's a flying school out at the Marina and one of the pilots there is a friend of mine. He'll fly to Santa Barbara with me and the vase."

"You're crazy."

"I know it. Please lend me two thousand dollars."

"What for?"

"To pay for the vase."

"Now I know you're crazy—or drunk. Why, if Cappy Ricks ever forgot himself to the extent of paying two hundred dollars for a vase he'd bleed to death in an hour."

"Won't you let me have two thousand dollars, Captain Peasley?"

"I will not, Peck, old son. Go home and to bed and forget it."

"Please. You can cash your checks. You're known so much better than I, and it's Sunday night——"

"And it's a fine way you keep holy the Sabbath day," Matt Peasley retorted and hung up.

"Well," Herman Joost queried, "do we stay here all night?"

Bill Peck bowed his head. "Look here," he demanded suddenly, "do you know a good diamond when you see it?"

"I do," Herman Joost replied.

"Will you wait here until I go to my hotel and get one?"

"Sure."

Bill Peck limped painfully away. Forty minutes later he returned with a platinum ring set with diamonds and sapphires.

"What are they worth?" he demanded.

Herman Joost looked the ring over lovingly and appraised it conservatively at twenty-five hundred dollars.

"Take it as security for the payment of my check," Peck pleaded. "Give me a receipt for it and after my check has gone through clearing I'll come back and get the ring."

Fifteen minutes later, with the blue vase packed in excelsior and reposing in a stout cardboard box, Bill Peck entered a restaurant and ordered dinner. When he had dined he engaged a taxi and was driven to the flying field at the Marina. From the

night watchman he ascertained the address of his pilot friend, and at midnight, with his friend at the wheel, Bill Peck and his blue vase soared up into the moonlight and headed south.

An hour and a half later they landed in a stubble field in the Salinas Valley, and, bidding his friend good-bye, Bill Peck trudged across to the railroad track and sat down. When the train bearing Cappy Ricks came roaring down the valley, Peck twisted a Sunday paper with which he had provided himself into an improvised torch, which he lighted. Standing between the rails he swung the flaming paper frantically.

The train slid to a halt, a brakeman opened a vestibule door, and Bill Peck stepped wearily aboard.

"What do you mean by flagging this train?" the brakeman demanded angrily, as he signaled the engineer to proceed. "Got a ticket?"

"No, but I've got the money to pay my way. And I flagged this train because I wanted to change my method of travel. I'm looking for a man in stateroom A of car 7, and if you try to block me there'll be murder done."

"That's right. Take advantage of your half-portion arm and abuse me," the brakeman retorted bitterly. "Are you looking for that little old man with the Henry Clay collar and the white mutton-chop whiskers?"

"I certainly am."

"Well, he was looking for you just before we left San Francisco. He asked me if I had seen a one-armed man with a box under his good arm. I'll lead you to him."

A prolonged ringing at Cappy's stateroom door brought the old gentleman to the entrance in his nightshirt.

"Very sorry to have to disturb you, Mr. Ricks," said Bill Peck, "but the fact is there were so many Cohens and Cohns and Cohans, and it was such a job to dig up two thousand dollars, that I failed to connect with you at seven forty-five last night, as per orders. It was absolutely impossible for me to accomplish the task within the time limit set, but I was resolved that you should not be disappointed. Here is the vase. The shop wasn't within four blocks of where you thought it was, sir, but I'm sure I found the right vase. It ought to be. It cost me enough and was hard enough to get, so it should be precious enough to form a gift for any friend of yours."

Cappy Ricks stared at Bill Peck as if the latter were a wraith.

"By the Twelve Ragged Apostles!" he murmured. "By the Holy Pink-toed Prophet! We changed the sign on you and we stacked the Cohens on you and we set a policeman to guard the shop to keep you from breaking the window, and we made you dig up two thousand dollars on Sunday night in a town where you are practically unknown, and while you missed the train at eight o'clock, you overtake it at two o'clock in the morning and deliver the blue vase. Come in and rest your poor old game leg, Bill. Brakeman, I'm much obliged to you."

Bill Peck entered and slumped wearily down on the settee. "So it was a plant?" he cracked, and his voice trembled with rage. "Well, sir, you're an old man and you've been good to me, so I do not begrudge you your little joke, but Mr. Ricks, I can't stand things like I used to. My leg hurts and my stump hurts and my heart hurts——"

He paused, choking, and the tears of impotent rage filled his eyes. "You shouldn't treat me that way, sir," he complained presently. "I've been trained not to question orders, even when they seem utterly foolish to me; I've been trained to obey them—on time, if possible, but if impossible, to obey them anyhow. I've been taught loyalty to my chief—and I'm sorry my chief found it necessary to make a buffoon of me. I haven't had a very good time the past three years and—and—you can—pa-pa-pass your skunk spruce and larch rustic and short odd-length stock to some slacker like Skinner—and you'd better—arrange—to replace—Skinner, because he's young—enough to—take a beating—and I'm going to—give it to him—and it'll be a hospital—job—sir——"

Cappy Ricks ruffled Bill Peck's aching head with a paternal hand.

"Bill, old boy, it was cruel—damnably cruel, but I had a big job for you, and I had to find out a lot of things about you before I entrusted you with that job. So I arranged to give you the Degree of the Blue Vase, which is the supreme test of a go-getter. You thought you carried into this stateroom a two-thousand-dollar vase, but between ourselves, what you really carried in was a ten-thousand-dollar job as our Shanghai manager."

"Wha—what!"

"Every time I have to pick out a permanent holder of a job worth ten thousand dollars, or more, I give the candidate the Degree of the Blue Vase," Cappy explained. "I've had two men out of a field of fifteen deliver the vase, Bill."

Bill Peck had forgotten his rage, but the tears of his recent fury still glistened in his bold blue eyes. "Thank you, sir. I forgive you—and I'll make good in Shanghai."

"I know you will, Bill. Now, tell me, son, weren't you tempted to quit when you discovered the almost insuperable obstacles I'd placed in your way?"

"Yes, sir, I was. I wanted to commit suicide before I'd finished telephoning all the C-o-h-e-n-s in the world. And when I started on the C-o-h-n-s—well, it's this way, sir. I just couldn't quit because that would have been disloyal to a man I once knew."

"Who was he?" Cappy demanded, and there was awe in his voice.

"He was my brigadier, and he had a brigade motto: It shall be done. When the divisional commander called him up and told him to move forward with his brigade and occupy certain territory, our brigadier would say: 'Very well, sir. It shall be done.' If any officer in his brigade showed signs of flunking his job because it appeared impossible, the brigadier would just look at him once—and then that officer would remember the motto and go and do his job or die trying.

"In the army, sir, the *esprit de corps* doesn't bubble up from the bottom. It filters down from the top. An organization is what its commanding officer is—neither better nor worse. In my company, when the top sergeant handed out a week of kitchen police to a buck, that buck was out of luck if he couldn't muster a grin and say: 'All right, sergeant. It shall be done.'

"The brigadier sent for me once and ordered me to go out and get a certain German sniper. I'd been pretty lucky—some days I got enough for a mess—and he'd heard of me. He opened a map and said to me: 'Here's about where he holes up. Go get him, Private Peck.' Well, Mr. Ricks, I snapped into it and gave him a rifle salute, and said, 'Sir, it shall be done'—and I'll never forget the look that man gave me. He came down to the field hospital to see me after I'd walked into one of those Austrian 88's. I knew my left wing was a total loss and I suspected my left leg was about to leave me, and I was downhearted and wanted to die. He came and bucked me up. He said: 'Why, Private Peck, you aren't half dead. In civil life you're going to be worth half a dozen live ones, aren't you?' But I was pretty far gone and I told him I didn't believe it, so he gave me a hard look and said: 'Private Peck will do his utmost to recover and as a starter he will smile.' Of course, putting it in the form of an order, I had to give him the usual reply, so I grinned and said: 'Sir, it shall be done.' He was quite a man, sir, and his brigade had a soul—his soul——"

"I see, Bill. And his soul goes marching on, eh? Who was he, Bill?"

Bill Peck named his idol.

"By the Twelve Ragged Apostles!" There was awe in Cappy Ricks' voice, there was reverence in his faded old eyes. "Son," he continued gently, "twenty-five years ago your brigadier was a candidate for an important job in my employ—and I gave him the Degree of the Blue Vase. He couldn't get the vase legitimately, so he threw a cobblestone through the window, grabbed the vase and ran a mile and a half before the police captured him. Cost me a lot of money to square the case and keep it quiet. But he was too good, Bill, and I couldn't stand in his way; I let him go forward to his destiny. But tell me, Bill. How did you get the two thousand dollars to pay for this vase?"

"Once," said ex-Private Peck thoughtfully, "the brigadier and I were first at a dug-out entrance. It was a headquarters dug-out and they wouldn't surrender, so I bombed them and then we went down. I found a finger with a ring on it—and the brigadier said if I didn't take the ring somebody else would. I left that ring as security for my check."

"But how could you have the courage to let me in for a two thousand dollar vase? Didn't you realize that the price was absurd and that I might repudiate the transaction?"

"Certainly not. You are responsible for the acts of your servant. You are a true-blue sport and would never repudiate my action. You told me what to do, but you did not insult my intelligence by telling me how to do it. When my late brigadier sent me after the German sniper he didn't take into consideration the probability that the sniper might get me. He told me to get the sniper. It was my business to see to it that I accomplished my mission and carried my objective, which, of course, I could not have done if I had permitted the German to get me."

"I see, Bill. Well, give that blue vase to the porter in the morning. I paid fifteen cents for it in a five, ten and fifteen cent store. Meanwhile, hop into that upper berth and help yourself to a well-earned rest."

"But aren't you going to a wedding an-

niversary at Santa Barbara, Mr. Ricks?"

"I am not. Bill, I discovered a long time ago that it's a good idea for me to get out of town and play golf as often as I can. Besides which, prudence dictates that I remain away from the office for a week after the seeker of blue vases fails to deliver the goods and—by the way, Bill, what sort of a game do you play? Oh, forgive me, Bill. I forgot about your left arm."

"Say, look here, sir," Bill Peck retorted, "I'm big enough and ugly enough to play one-handed golf."

"But, have you ever tried it?"

"No, sir," Bill Peck replied seriously, "but—it shall be done!"

The Chronicle—By ABRAHAM COWLEY

I—Margarita first possest,
If I remember well, my breast,
Margarita first of all;
But when awhile the wanton maid
With my restless heart had played,
Martha took the flying ball.

II—Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine.
Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To Elisa's conquering face.

III—Elisa till this hour might reign
Had she not evil counsels ta'en.
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

IV—Mary then and gentle Ann
Both to reign at once began.
Alternately they sway'd,
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Ann the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obey'd.

V—Another Mary then arose
And did rigourous laws impose.
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas, should I have been,
Under that iron-sceptered Queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

VI—When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me.
But soon those pleasures fled,
For the gracious Princess died
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

VII—One month, three days, and half an hour
Judith held the sovereign power.
Wondrous beautiful her face,
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

VIII—But when Isabella came
Arm'd with a resistless flame
And th' artillery of her eye;
Whilst she proudly marched about
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the by

IX—But in her place I then obeyed
Black-ey'd Bess, her viceroy-maid,
To whom ensu'd a vacancy,
Thousand worse passions then possest
The interregnum of my breast.
Bless me from such anarchy!

X—Gentle Henriette then
And a third Mary next began,
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria.
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Katharine,
And then a long et cætera.

XI—But should I now to you relate,
The strength and riches of their state,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things
That make up all their magazines:

XII—If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts,
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberless, nameless mysteries!

XIII—And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Matchavil the waiting-maid;
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befell)
Than Holinshed or Stow.

XIV—But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
An higher and a nobler strain
My present Emperess dost claim,
Heleonora, first o' the name;
Whom God grant long to reign!

Corazón

By GEORGE PATTULLO

Illustration by Charles M. Russell

A man is as good as his nerves.
Cowboy maxim.

WITH manes streaming in the wind, a band of bronchos fled across the grama flats, splashed through the San Pedro, and whirled sharply to the right, heading for sanctuary in the Dragoons. In the lead raced a big sorrel, his coat shimmering like polished gold where the sun touched it.

"That's Corazón," exclaimed Reb. "Head him, or we'll lose the bunch."

The pursuers spread out and swept round in a wide semi-circle. Corazón held to his course, a dozen yards in advance of the others, his head high. The chase slackened, died away. With a blaring neigh, the sorrel eased his furious pace and the entire band came to a trot. Before them were the mountains, and Corazón knew their fastnesses as the street urchin knows the alleys that give him refuge; in the cañons the bronchos would be safe from man. Behind was no sign of the enemy. His nose in the wind, he sniffed long, but it bore him no taint. Instead, he nickered with delight, for he smelled water. They swung to the south, and in less than five minutes their hot muzzles were washed by the bubbling waters of Eternity Spring.

Corazón drew in a long breath, expanding his well-ribbed sides, and looked up from drinking. There in front of him, fifty paces away, was a horseman. He snorted the alarm and they plunged into a tangle of sagebrush. Another rider bore down and turned them back. To right and left they darted, then wheeled and sought desperately to break through the cordon at a weak spot, and failed. Wherever they turned, a cowboy appeared as by magic. At last Corazón detected an unguarded area and flew through it with the speed of light.

"Now we've got 'em," howled Reb. "Don't drive too close, but keep 'em headed for the corral."

Within a hundred yards of the gate, the sorrel halted, his ears cocked in doubt. The cowboys closed in to force the band through. Three times the bronchos broke and scattered, for to their wild instincts the fences and that narrow aperture cried treachery and danger. They were gathered, with whoops and many imprecations, and once more approached the entrance.

"Drive the saddle bunch out," commanded the range boss.

Forth came the remuda of a hundred horses. The bronchos shrilled greeting and mingled with them, and when the cow-ponies trotted meekly into the corral, Corazón and his band went too, though they shook and were afraid.

For five years Corazón had roamed the range—ever since he had discovered that grass was good to eat, and so had left the care of his tender-eyed mother. Because he dreaded the master of created things and fled him afar, only once during that time had he seen man at close quarters. That was when, as a youngster, he was caught and branded on the left hip. He had quickly forgotten that; until now it had ceased to be even a memory.

But now he and his companion rovers were prisoners, cooped in a corral by a contemptible trick. They crowded around and around the stout enclosure, sometimes dropping to their knees in efforts to discover an exit beneath the boards. And not twenty feet away, the dreaded axis of their circlings, sat a man on a horse, and he studied them calmly. Other men, astride the fence, were uncoiling ropes, and their manner was placid and businesslike. One opined dispassionately that "the sorrel is shore some horse."

"You're damn whistlin'," cried the buster over his shoulder, in hearty affirmation.

Corazón was the most distracted of all the band. He was in a frenzy of nervous fear, his glossy coat wet and foam-flecked. He would not stand still for a second, but prowled about the wooden barrier like a

jungle creature newly prisoned in a cage. Twice he nosed the ground and crooked his forelegs in an endeavour to slide through the six inches of clear space beneath the gate, and the outfit laughed derisively.

"Here goes," announced the buster in his expressionless tones. "You-all watch out, now. Hell'll be poppin'."

At that moment Corazón took it into his head to dash at top speed through his friends, huddled in a bunch in a corner. A rope whined and coiled, and, when he burst out of the jam, the noose was around his neck, tightening so as to strangle him. Madly he ran against it, superb in the sureness of his might. Then he squalled with rage and pain and an awful terror. His legs flew from under him, and poor Corazón was jerked three feet into the air, coming down on his side with smashing force. The fall shook a grunt out of him, and he was stunned and breathless, but unhurt. He staggered to his feet, his breath straining like a bellows, for the noose cut into his neck and he would not yield to its pressure.

Facing him was the man on the bay. His mount stood with feet braced, sitting back on the rope, and he and his rider were quite collected and cool and prepared. The sorrel's eyes were starting from his head; his nostrils flared wide, gaping for the air that was denied him, and the breath sucked in his throat. It seemed as if he must drop. Suddenly the buster touched his horse lightly with the spur and slackened the rope. With a long sob, Corazón drew in a life-giving draught, his gaze fixed in frightened appeal on his captor.

"Open the gate," said Mullins, without raising his voice.

He flicked the rope over Corazón's hind quarters, and essayed to drive him into the next corral, to cut him off from his fellows. The sorrel gave a gasp of dismay and lunged forward. Again he was lifted from the ground, and came down with a thud that left him shivering.

"His laig's done bust!" exclaimed the boss.

"No; he's shook up, that's all. Wait a while."

A moment later Corazón raised his head painfully; then, life and courage coming back with a rush, he lurched to his feet. Mullins waited with unabated patience. The sorrel was beginning to respect that which encircled his neck and made naught of his strength, and when the buster flipped the rope again, he ran through the small gate, and brought up before he had reached the end of his tether.

Two of the cowboys stepped down languidly from the fence, and took position in the center of the corral.

"Hi, Corazón! Go it, boy!" they yelled, and spurred by their cries, the horse started off at a trot. Reb tossed his loop,—flung it carelessly, with a sinuous movement of the wrist,—and when Corazón had gone a few yards, he found his forefeet ensnared. Enraged at being thus cramped, he bucked and bawled; but, before Reb could settle on the rope, he came to a standstill and sank his teeth into the strands. Once, twice, thrice he tugged, but could make no impression. Then he pitched high in air, and——

"NOW!" shrieked Reb.

They heaved with might and main, and Corazón flopped in the dust. Quick as a cat, he sprang upright and bolted; but again they downed him, and, while Reb held the head by straddling the neck, his confederate twined dexterously with a stake-rope. There lay Corazón, helpless and almost spent, trussed up like a sheep for market: they had hog-tied him.

It was the buster who put the hackamore on his head. Very deliberately he moved. Corazón sensed confidence in the touch of his fingers; they spoke a language to him, and he was soothed by the sureness of superiority they conveyed. He lay quiet. Then Reb incautiously shifted his position, and the horse heaved and raised his head, banging Mullins across the ear. The buster's senses swam, but instead of flying into a rage, he became quieter, more deliberate; in his cold eyes was a vengeful gleam, and dangerous stealth lurked in his delicate manipulation of the strands. An excruciating pain shot through the sorrel's eye: Mullins had gouged him.

"Let him up." It was the buster again, atop the bay, making the rope fast with a double half-hitch over the horn of the saddle.

Corazón arose, dazed and very sick. But his spirit was unbreakable. Again and again he strove to tear loose, rearing, falling back, plunging to the end of the rope until he was hurled off his legs to the ground. When he began to weary, Mullins encouraged him to fight, that he might toss him.

"I'll learn you what this rope means," he remarked, as the broncho scattered the dust for the ninth time, and remained there, completely done up.

In deadly fear of his slender tether, yet alert to match his strength against it once more, should opportunity offer, Corazón

followed the buster quietly enough when he rode out into the open. Beside a sturdy mesquite bush that grew apart from its brethren, Mullins dismounted and tied the sorrel. As a farewell he waved his arms and whooped. Of course Corazón gathered himself and leaped—leaped to the utmost that was in him, so that the bush vibrated to its farthest root; and of course he hit the earth with a jarring thump that temporarily paralyzed him. Mullins departed to put the thrall of human will on others.

Throughout the afternoon, and time after time during the interminable night, the sorrel tried to break away, but with each sickening failure he grew more cautious. When he ran against the rope now, he did not run blindly to its limit, but half wheeled, so that when it jerked him back he invariably landed on his feet. Corazón was learning hard, but he was learning. And what agonies of pain and suspense he went through!—for years a free rover, and now to be bound thus, by what looked to be a mere thread, for he knew not what further tortures! He sweated and shivered, seeing peril in every shadow. When a coyote slunk by with tongue lapping hungrily over his teeth, the prisoner almost broke his neck in a despairing struggle to win freedom.

In the chill of the dawn they led him into a circular corral. His sleekness had departed; the barrel-like body did not look so well nourished, and there was red in the blazing eyes.

"I reckon he'll be mean," observed the buster, as though it concerned him but little.

"No-o-o. Go easy with him, Carl, and I think he'll make a good hoss," the boss cautioned.

While two men held the rope, Mullins advanced along it foot by foot, inch by inch, one hand outstretched, and talked to Corazón in a low, careless tone of affectionate banter. "So you'd like for to kill me, would you?" he inquired, grinning. All the while he held the sorrel's gaze.

Corazón stood still, legs planted wide apart, and permitted him to approach. He trembled when the fingers touched his nose; but they were firm, confident digits, the voice was reassuring, and the gentle rubbing up, up between the eyes and ears lulled his forebodings.

"Hand me the blanket," said Mullins.

He drew it softly over Corazón's back, and the broncho swerved, pawed, and kicked with beautiful precision. Whereupon they placed a rope around his neck, dropped it behind his right hind leg, then pulled that member up close to his belly; there it was held fast. On three legs now, the sorrel was impotent for harm. Mullins once more took up the blanket, but this time the gentleness had flown. He slapped it over Corazón's backbone from side to side a dozen times. At each impact the horse humped awkwardly, but, finding that he came to no hurt, he suffered it in resignation.

That much of the second lesson learned, they saddled him. Strangely enough, Corazón submitted to the operation without fuss, the only untoward symptoms being a decided upward slant to the saddle and tucking of his tail. Reb waggled his head over this exhibition.

"I don't like his standing quiet that a-way; it ain't natural," he vouchsafed. "Look at the crick in his back. Jim-in-ee! he'll shore pitch."

Which he did. The cinches were tightened until Corazón's eyes almost popped from his head; then they released the bound leg and turned him loose. What was that galling his spine? Corazón took a startled peep at it, lowered his head between his knees, and began to bawl. Into the air he rocketed, his head and forelegs swinging to the left, his hind quarters weaving to the right. The jar of his contact with the ground was appalling. Into the air again, his head and forelegs to the right, his rump twisted to the left. Round and round the corral he went, blatting like an angry calf; but the thing on his back stayed where it was, gripping his body cruelly. At last he was fain to stop for breath.

"Now," said Mullins, "I reckon I'll take it out of him."

There has always been for me an overwhelming fascination in watching busters at work. They have underlying traits in common when it comes to handling the horses—the garrulous one becomes coldly watchful, the stoic moves with stern patience, the boaster soothes with soft-crooned words and confident caress. Mullins left Corazón standing in the middle of the corral, the hackamore rope strung loose on the ground, while he saw to it that his spurs were fast. We mounted the fence, not wishing to be mixed in the glorious turmoil to follow.

"I wouldn't top ol' Corazón for fifty," confessed the man on the adjoining post.

"Mullins has certainly got nerve," I conceded.

"A buster has got to have nerve." The range boss delivered himself laconically.

"SUDDENLY THE SORREL DUCKED HIS HEAD AND EMITTED A HARSH SCREAM, LEAPING, WITH LEGS STIFF, STRAIGHT OFF THE GROUND"

"All nerve and no brains makes the best. But they get stove up and then——"

"And then? What then?"

"Why, don't you know?" he asked in surprize. "Every buster loses his nerve at last, and then they can't ride a pack-hoss. It must be because it's one fool man with one set of nerves up ag'in a new hoss with a new devil in him every time. They wear him down. Don't you reckon?"

The explanation sounded plausible. Mullins was listening with a faintly amused smile to Reb's account of what a lady mule had done to him; he rolled a cigaret and lighted it painstakingly. The hands that held the match were steady as eternal rock. It was maddening to see him stand there so coolly while the big sorrel, a dozen feet distant, was a-quake with dread, blowing harshly through his crimson nostrils whenever a cowboy stirred—and each of us knowing that the man was taking his life in his hands. An unlooked-for twist, a trifling disturbance of poise, and, with a horse like Corazón, it meant maiming or death. At last he threw the cigaret from him and walked slowly to the rope.

"So you're calling for me?" he inquired, gathering it up.

Corazón was snorting. By patient craft

Reb acquired a grip on the sorrel's ears, and, while he hung there, bringing the head down so that the horse could not move, Mullins tested the stirrups and raised himself cautiously into the saddle.

"Let him go."

While one could count ten, Corazón stood expectant, his back bowed, his tail between his legs. The ears were laid flat on the head and the fore feet well advanced. The buster waited, the quirt hanging from two fingers of his right hand. Suddenly the sorrel ducked his head and emitted a harsh scream, leaping, with legs stiff, straight off the ground. He came down with the massive hips at an angle to the shoulders, thereby imparting a double shock; bounded high again, turned back with bewildering speed as he touched the earth; and then, in a circle perhaps twenty feet in diameter, sprang time after time, his heels lashing the air. Never had such pitching been seen on the Anvil Range.

"I swan, he just misses his tail a' inch when he turns back!" roared a puncher.

Mullins sat composedly in the saddle, but he was riding as never before. He whipped the sorrel at every jump and raked him down the body from shoulder to loins with the ripping spurs. The brute gave no signs of letting up. Through Mullins's tan of copper hue showed a slight pallor. He was exhausted. If Corazón did not give in soon, the man would be beaten. Just then the horse stopped, feet a-sprawl.

"Mullins,"—the range boss got down from the fence,—"you'll kill that hoss. Between the cinches belongs to you; the head and hind quarters is the company's."

For a long minute Mullins stared at the beast's ears without replying.

"I reckon that's the rule," he acquiesced heavily. "Do you want that somebody else should ride him?"

"No-o-o. Go ahead. But, remember, between the cinches you go at him as you like—nowhere else."

The buster slapped the quirt down on Corazón's shoulder, but the broncho did not budge; then harder. With the first oath he had used, he jabbed in the spurs and lay back on the hackamore rope. Instead of bucking, Corazón reared straight up, his feet pawing like the hands of a drowning man. Before Mullins could move to step off, the sorrel flung his head round and toppled backward.

"No, he's not dead." The range boss leaned over the buster and his hands fumbled inside the shirt. "The horn got him here, but he ain't dead. Claude, saddle Streak and hit for Agua Prieta for the doctor."

When we had carried the injured man to the bunk-house, Reb spoke from troubled meditation:

"Pete, I don't believe Corazón is as bad as he acts with Mullins. I've been watching him. Mullins, he didn't——"

"You take him, then; he's yours," snapped the boss, his conscience pricking because of the reproof he had administered. If the buster had ridden him his own way, this might not have happened.

That is how the sorrel came into Reb's possession. Only one man of the outfit witnessed the taming, and he would not talk; but when Reb came to dinner from the first saddle on Corazón, his hands were torn and the nail of one finger hung loose.

"I had to take to the horn and hang on some," he admitted.

Ay, he had clung there desperately while the broncho pitched about the river-bed, whither Reb had retired for safety and to escape spectators. But at the next saddle Corazón was less violent; at the third, recovering from the stunning shocks and bruisings of the first day, he was a fiend; and then, on the following morning, he did not pitch at all. Reb rode him every day to sap the superfluous vigour in Corazón's iron frame and he taught him as well as he could the first duties of a cow-horse. Finding that his new master never punished him unless he undertook to dispute his authority, the sorrel grew tractable and began to take an interest in his tasks.

"He's done broke," announced Reb; "I'll have him bridle-wise in a week. He'll make some roping horse. Did you see him this evening? I swan——"

They scoffed good-naturedly; but Reb proceeded on the assumption that Corazón was meant to be a roping horse, and schooled him accordingly. As for the sorrel, he took to the new pastime with delight. Within a month nothing gave him keener joy than to swerve and crouch at the climax of a sprint and see a cow thrown heels over head at the end of the rope that was wrapped about his saddle-horn.

The necessity of contriving to get three meals a day took me elsewhere, and I did not see Corazón again for three years. Then, one Sunday afternoon, Big John drew me from El Paso to Juarez on the pretense of seeing a grand, an extraordinary, a most noble bull-fight, in which the dauntless Favourita would slay three fierce bulls

from the renowned El Carmen ranch, in "competency" with the fearless Morenito Chico de San Bernardo; and a youth with a megaphone drew us both to a steer-roping contest instead. We agreed that bull-fighting was brutal on the Sabbath.

"I'll bet it's rotten," remarked Big John pessimistically, as we took our seats. "I could beat 'em myself."

As he scanned the list, his face brightened. Among the seventeen ropers thereon were two champions and a possible new one in Raphael Fraustro, the redoubtable vaquero from the domain of Terrazas.

"And here's Reb!" roared John—he is accustomed to converse in the tumult of the branding-pen—"I swan. he's entered from Monument."

Shortly afterwards the contestants paraded, wonderfully arrayed in silk shirts and new handkerchiefs.

"Some of them ain't been clean before in a year," was John's caustic comment. "There's Slim; I KNOW he hasn't."

They were a fine-looking body of men, and two of my neighbours complained that I trampled on their feet. The horses caught the infection of excitement from the packed stands and champed on their bits and caracoled and waltzed sideways in a manner highly unbecoming a staid cow-pony.

There was one that did not. So sluggish was his gait and general bearing, in contrast to the others, that the crowd burst into laughing. He plodded at the tail-end of the procession, his hoofs kicking up the dust in listless spurts, his nose on a level with his knees. I rubbed my eyes and John said, "No, it ain't—it can't be—"; but it was. Into that arena slouched Corazón, entered against the pick of the horses of the Southwest; and Reb was astride him.

We watched the ropers catch and tie the steers in rapid succession, but the much-heralded ones missed altogether, and to John and me the performance lagged. We were waiting for Reb and Corazón.

They came at last, at the end of the list. When Corazón ambled up the arena to enter behind the barrier, the grandstand roared a facetious welcome; the spectacle of this sad-gaited nag preparing to capture a steer touched its risibilities.

"Listen to me," bawled a fat gentleman in a wide-brimmed hat, close to my ear. "You listen to me! They're all fools. That's a cow-horse. No blasted nonsense. Knows his business, huh? You're damn whistlin'!"

Assuredly, Corazón knew his business. The instant he stepped behind the line he was a changed horse. The flopping ears pricked forward, his neck arched, and the great muscles of his shoulders and thighs rippled to his dainty prancing. He pulled and fretted on the bit, his eyes roving about in search of the quarry; he whinnied an appeal to be gone. Reb made ready his coil, curbing him with light pressure.

Out from the chute sprang a steer, heading straight down the arena. Corazón was frantic. With the flash of the gun he breasted the barrier-rope and swept down on him in twenty strides. Reb stood high in the stirrups; the loop whirled and sped; and, without waiting to see how it fell, but accepting a catch in blind faith, the sorrel started off at a tangent.

Big John was standing up in his place, clawing insanely at the hats of his neighbours and banging them on the head with his program.

"Look at him—just look at him!" he shrieked.

The steer was tossed clear of the ground and came down on his left side. Almost before he landed, Reb was out of the saddle and speeding toward him.

"He's getting up. HE'S GETTING UP. Go to him, Reb!" howled John and I.

The steer managed to lift his head; he was struggling to his knees. I looked away, for Reb must lose. Then a hoarse shout from the multitude turned back my gaze. Corazón had felt the slack on the rope and knew what it meant. He dug his feet into the dirt and began to walk slowly forward—very slowly and carefully, for Reb's task must not be spoiled. The steer collapsed, falling prone again, but the sorrel did not stop. Once he cocked his eye, and seeing that the animal still squirmed, pulled with all his strength. The stands were rocking; they were a sea of tossing hats and gesticulating arms and flushed faces; the roar of their plaudits echoed back from the hills. And it was all for Corazón, gallant Corazón.

"Dam' his eyes—dam' his ol' eyes!" Big John babbled over and over, absolutely oblivious.

Reb stooped beside the steer, his hands looping and tying with deft darting twists even as he kept pace with his dragged victim.

"I guess it's—about—a—hour," he panted.

Then he sprang clear and tossed his hands upward, facing the judges' stand. After that he walked aimlessly about, mopping his face with a handkerchief; for to him the

shoutings and the shifting colours were all a foolish dream, and he was rather sick.

Right on the cry with which his master announced his task done, Corazón eased up on the rope and waited.

"Mr. Pee-ler's time," bellowed the man with the megaphone presently, "is twenty-one seconds, ty-ing the world's re-cord."

So weak that his knees trembled, Reb walked over to his horse. "Corazón," he said huskily, and slapped him once on the flank.

Nothing would do the joyous crowd then but that Reb should ride forth to be acclaimed the victor. We sat back and yelled ourselves weak with laughter, for Corazón, having done his work, refused resolutely to squander time in vain parade. The steer captured and tied, he had no further interest in the proceedings. The rascal dog-trotted reluctantly to the center of the arena in obedience to Reb, then faced the audience; but, all the time Reb was bowing his acknowledgments, Corazón sulked and slouched, and he was sulking and shuffling the dust when he went through the gate.

"Now," said John, who is very human, "we'll go help Reb spend that money."

As we jostled amid the outgoing crowd, several cowboys came alongside the grandstand rail, and Big John drew me aside to have speech with them. One rider led a spare horse and when he passed a man on foot, the latter hailed him:

"Say, Ed, give me a lift to the hotel?"

"Sure," answered Ed, proffering the reins.

The man gathered them up, his hands fluttering as if with palsy, and paused with his foot raised toward the stirrup.

"He won't pitch nor nothing, Ed?" came the quavered inquiry. "You're shore he's gentle?".

"Gentler'n a dog," returned Ed, greatly surprized.

"You ain't fooling me, now, are you, Ed?" continued the man on the ground. "He looks kind of mean."

"Give him to me!" Ed exploded. "You kin walk."

From where we stood, only the man's back was visible. "Who is that fellow?" I asked.

"Who? Him?" answered my neighbour. "Oh, his name's Mullins. They say he used to be able to ride anything with hair on it, and throw off the bridle at that. I expect that's just talk. Don't you reckon?"

Loch Donn—By JOSEPH CAMPBELL

BEAUTY has brought me many lovers,
But only to you have I given love.
Your eyes are moonbows,
Your breasts, white sands,
Your thoughts,
Fishes leaping from the silence of brown water.
Tell me your secret,
For love is a secret unmasked.

I am old.
Old?
This rowan mouth?
This sedge-dark hair?
These mists folding you as a queen is folded?
These lilies at your feet?

Older than Cailleach Bhera,
Who knew seven tides of life.
I have known but one, and it has never ebbed:
A stream poured out
From Cradle Top,
By the Cold Inches and the Ford of Cows,
Into the heart of Tethra's Cauldron.
I cannot die.

As beauty cannot.

Nor as love.

There is a Tavern in the Town

By JAMES STEPHENS

I HAD not seen the old gentleman for a long time, and when he entered with one foot in a boot and the other in a carpet slipper, I was overjoyed. When the bubbling tankard which I had ordered was placed before him he seized my two hands, wrung them heartily and dashed into the following subject——

"It must be remembered," said he, "that dancing is not an art but a pastime, and should, therefore, be freed from the too-burdensome regulations wherewith an art is encumbered. An art is a highly-specialized matter hedged in on every side by intellectual policemen; a pastime is not specialized, and never takes place in the presence of policemen, who are well known to be the sworn enemies of gaiety. For example, theology is an art, but religion is a pastime: we learn the collects only under compulsion, but we sing anthems because it is pleasant to do so. Thus, eating oysters is an art by dint of the elaborate ceremonial including shell-openers, lemons, waiters and pepper, which must be grouped around your oyster before you can conveniently swallow him, but eating nuts, or blackberries, or a privily-acquired turnip—these are pastimes.

"The practice of dancing is of an undoubted antiquity. History teems with reference to this custom, but it is difficult to discover what nationality or what era first witnessed its evolution. I myself believe that the first dance was performed by a domestic hen who found an ostrich's egg and bounded before Providence in gratitude for something worthy of being sat upon.

"In all places and in all ages dancing has been utilized as a first-aid to language. The function of language is intellectual, that of dancing is emotional. It is scarcely possible to say anything of an emotional nature in words without adventuring into depths or bogs of sentimentality from which one can only emerge greasy with dishonour. When we are happy we cannot say so with any degree of intelligibility: in such a context the spoken word is miserably inadequate, and must be supplemented by some bodily antic. If we are merry we must skip to be understood. If we are happy we must dance. If we are wildly and ecstatically joyous then we will become creators, and some new and beneficent dance-movements will be added to the repertory of our neighbourhood.

"Children will dance upon the slightest provocation, so also do lambs and goats; but policemen, and puckauns, and advertisement agents, and fish do not dance at all, and this is because they have hard hearts. Worms and Members of Parliament, between whom, in addition to their high general culture, there is a singular and subtle correspondence, do not dance, because the inelastic quality of their environment forbids anything in the nature of freedom. Frogs, dogs, and very young mountains do dance.

"A frog is a most estimable person. He

has a cold body, but a warm heart, and a countenance of almost parental benevolence; and the joy of life moves him to an almost ceaseless activity. I can never observe a frog on a journey without fancying that his gusto for travel is directed by a philanthropic impulse toward the bedside of a sick friend, or a meeting to discuss the Housing of the Working Classes. He has danced all the way to, he will dance all the way from his objective, but the spectacle of many men dancing is provocative of pain.—To them dancing is a duty, and a melancholy one. If one danced to celebrate a toothache one might take lessons from them. They stand in the happy circle, their features are composed to an iron gravity, their hands are as rigid as those of a graven image, and then, the fatal moment having arrived, they agitate their legs with a cold fury which is distinctly unpleasant. Having finished, they dash their partners from their sides and retire to blush and curse in a corner.

"When a man dances he should laugh and crow and snap his fingers and make faces; otherwise, he is not dancing at all, he is taking exercise. No person should be allowed to dance without first swearing that he feels only six years of age. People who admit to feeling more than ten years old should be sent to a hospital, and any one proved guilty of fourteen years of age should be lodged in gaol without the option.

"It is peculiar how often opposite emotions may meet on a common plane of expression. The extremes of love and hate strive to get equally close to kiss or to bite the object of their regard. Work and play may be equally strenuous and equally enthralling. Hunger and satiety unite in a common boredom. A happy person will dance from sheer delight, and the man in whom a pin has been secreted can only by dancing express the exquisite sensibility of his cuticle. Whatever one does or refrains from doing, one must be tired by bed-time —it is a law—but one may be pleasantly tired.

"I will suspect the morals of a man who cannot dance. I will look curiously into his sugar or statecraft. I will impeach his candour or reticence, and sneer at his method of lighting a fire unless he can frolic when he goes out for a walk with a dog—that is the beginning of dancing: the end of it is the beginning of a world. A young dog is a piece of early morning disguised in an earthly fell, and the man who can resist his contagion is a sour, dour, miserable mistake, without bravery, without virtue, without music, with a cranky body and a shrivelled soul, and with eyes incapable of seeing the sunlight.

"I have often thought that dogs are a very superior race of people. They are certainly more highly organized on the affectional plane than man. A dog will love you just for the fun of it—and that is virtue. Pat a dog on the head and he will dance around you in an ecstasy of good-fellowship. Let us, at least, be the equal of these sagacities. Let us put away our false intellectual pride. Let us learn to be unconscious. The average man trembles into a dance imagining that all eyes are rayed upon him wonderingly or admiringly, whereas, in truth, he will only be looked at if he dances very well or very badly. Both of these extremities of perfection ought to be avoided. We should exercise our very bad or very good qualities in solitude, lest average people be saddened by their disabilities in either direction. Let your curses be as private as your prayers, for both are purgative operations. In public we must conform to the standard; in private only may we do our best or our worst. Acting so, we will be freed from false pride and cowardly self-consciousness. Let us be brave. Let us caress the waists of our neighbours without fear. Let everybody's chin be our toy. Let us pat one another on the hats as we pass in the melancholy streets.—Thus only shall we learn to be gay and careless who for so long have been miserable and suspicious. We will be fearless and companionable who have been so timid and solitary. A new, a better, a real police force will arrest people who don't dance as they travel to and from their labour. The world will be happy at last, and civilization will begin to be possible."

Here, in an ecstasy of good-fellowship, the old gentleman seized his pewter with his left hand and my glass with his right hand, and he emptied them both before recognizing his mistake. I had, however, run out of tobacco, whereupon he became very angry, and refused to bid me goodnight.

A faith which does not doubt is dead. MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO.

The Revolt of the Oyster

By DON MARQUIS

Don Marquis

"Our remote ancestor was probably arboreal."
Eminent Scientist.

FROM his hut in the tree-top Probably Arboreal looked lazily down a broad vista, still strewn with fallen timber as the result of a whirlwind that had once played havoc in that part of the forest, toward the sea. Beyond the beach of hard white sand the water lay blue and vast and scarcely ruffled by the light morning wind. All the world and his wife were out fishing this fine day. Probably Arboreal could see dozens of people from where he crouched, splashing in the water or moving about the beach, and even hear their cries borne faintly to him on the breeze. They fished, for the most part, with their hands; and when one caught a fish it was his custom to eat it where he caught it, standing in the sea.

In Probably Arboreal's circle, one often bathed and breakfasted simultaneously; if a shark or saurian were too quick for one, one sometimes was breakfasted upon as one bathed.

In the hut next to Probably Arboreal, his neighbour, Slightly Simian, was having an argument with Mrs. Slightly, as usual. And, as usual, it concerned the proper manner of bringing up the children. Probably listened with the bored distaste of a bachelor.

"I *will* slap his feet every time he picks things up with them!" screamed Slightly Simian's wife, an accredited shrew, in her shrill falsetto.

"It's *natural* for a child to use his feet that way," insisted the good-natured Slightly, "and I don't intend to have the boy punished for what's natural." Probably Arboreal grinned; he could fancy the expression on Old Sim's face as his friend made this characteristically plebeian plea.

"You can understand once for all, Slightly," said that gentleman's wife in a tone of finality, "that I intend to supervise the bringing-up of these children. Just because your people had neither birth nor breeding nor manners——"

"Mrs. S.!" broke in Slightly, with a warning in his voice. "Don't you work around to anything caudal, now, Mrs. S.! Or there'll be trouble. You get me?"

On one occasion Mrs. Slightly had twitted her spouse with the fact that his grandfather had a tail five inches long; she had never done so again. Slightly Simian himself, in his moments of excitement, picked things up with his feet, but like many other men of humble origin who have become personages in their maturity, he did not relish having such faults commented upon.

"Poor old Sim," mused Probably Arboreal, as he slid down the tree and ambled toward the beach to be out of range of the family quarrel. "She married him for his property, and now she's sore on him because there isn't more of it."

Nevertheless, in spite of the unpleasant effect of the quarrel, Probably found his mind dwelling upon matrimony that morning. A girl with bright red hair, into which she had tastefully braided a number of green parrot feathers, hit him coquettishly between the shoulder blades with a handful of wet sand and gravel as he went into the water. Ordinarily he would either have taken no notice at all of her, or else would have broken her wrist in a slow, dignified, manly sort of way. But this morning he grabbed her tenderly by the hair and sentimentally ducked her. When she was nearly drowned he released her. She came out of the water squealing with rage like a wild-cat and bit him on the shoulder.

"Parrot Feathers," he said to her, with an unwonted softness in his eyes, as he clutched her by the throat and squeezed, "beware how you trifle with a man's affections—some day I may take you seriously!"

He let the girl squirm loose, and she scrambled out upon the beach and threw shells and jagged pieces of flint at him, with an affectation of coyness. He chased her, caught her by the hair again, and scored the wet skin on her arms with a sharp stone, until she screamed with the pain, and as he did it he hummed an old love tune, for to-day there was an April gladness in his heart.

"Probably! Probably Arboreal!" He spun around to face the girl's father, Crooked Nose, who was contentedly munching a mullet.

"Probably," said Crooked Nose, "you are flirting with my daughter!"

"Father!" breathed the girl, ashamed of her parent's tactlessness. "How can you say that!"

"I want to know," said Crooked Nose, as sternly as a man can who is masticating mullet, "whether your intentions are serious and honourable."

"Oh, father!" said Parrot Feathers again. And putting her hands in front of her face to hide her blushes she ran off. Nevertheless, she paused when a dozen feet away and threw a piece of drift-wood at Probably Arboreal. It hit him on the shin, and as he rubbed the spot, watching her disappear into the forest, he murmured aloud, "Now, I wonder what she means by that!"

"Means," said Crooked Nose. "Don't be an ass, Probably! Don't pretend to *me* you don't know what the child means. You made her love you. You have exercised your arts of fascination on an innocent young girl, and now you have the nerve to wonder what she means. What'll you give me for her?"

"See here, Crooked Nose," said Probably, "don't bluster with me." His finer sensibilities were outraged. He did not intend to be *coerced* into matrimony by any father, even though he were pleased with that father's daughter. "I'm not buying any wives to-day, Crooked Nose."

"You have hurt her market value," said Crooked Nose, dropping his domineering air, and affecting a willingness to reason. "Those marks on her arms will not come off for weeks. And what man wants to marry a scarred-up woman unless he has made the scars himself?"

"Crooked Nose," said Probably Arboreal, angry at the whole world because what might have been a youthful romance had been given such a sordid turn by this disgusting father, "if you don't go away I will scar every daughter you've got in your part of the woods. Do you get me?"

"I wish you'd look them over," said Crooked Nose. "You might do worse than marry all of them."

"I'll marry none of them!" cried Probably, in a rage, and turned to go into the sea again.

A heavy boulder hurtled past his head. He whirled about and discovered Crooked Nose in the act of recovering his balance after having flung it. He caught the old man half way between the beach and the edge of the forest. The clan, including Crooked Nose's four daughters, gathered round in a ring to watch the fight.

It was not much of a combat. When it was over, and the girls took hold of what remained of their late parent to drag him into the woods, Probably Arboreal stepped up to Parrot Feathers and laid his hand upon her arm.

"Feathers," he said, "now that there can be no question of coercion, will you and your sisters marry me?"

She turned toward him with a sobered face. Grief had turned her from a girl into a woman.

"Probably," she said, "you are only making this offer out of generosity. It is not love that prompts it. I can not accept. As for my sisters, they must speak for themselves."

"You are angry with me, Feathers?"

The girl turned sadly away. Probably watched the funeral cortege winding into the woods, and then went moodily back to the ocean. Now that she had refused him, he desired her above all things. But how to win her? He saw clearly that it could be no question of brute force. It had gone beyond that. If he used force with her, it must infallibly remind her of the unfortunate affair with her father. Some heroic action might attract her to him again. Probably resolved to be a hero at the very earliest opportunity.

In the meantime he would breakfast. Breakfast had already been long delayed; and it was as true then, far back in the dim dawn of time, as it is now, that he who does not breakfast at some time during the day must go hungry to bed at night. Once more Probably Arboreal stepped into the ocean—stepped in without any premonition that he was to be a hero indeed; that he was chosen by Fate, by Destiny, by the Presiding Genius of this planet, by whatever force or intelligence you will, to champion the cause of all Mankind in a crucial struggle for human supremacy.

He waded into the water up to his waist, and bent forward with his arms beneath the surface, patiently waiting. It was thus that our remote ancestors fished. Fish ran larger in those days, as a rule. In the deeper waters they were monstrous. The smaller fish therefore sought the shallows where the big ones, greedy cannibals, could not follow them. A man seldom stood in the sea as Probably Arboreal was doing more than ten minutes without a fish brushing against him either accidentally or because the fish thought the man was something good to eat. As soon as a fish touched him, the man would grab for it. If he were clumsy and missed too many fish, he starved to death. Experts survived because they *were* expert; by a natural process of weeding out the awkward it had come about that men were marvelously adept. A bear who stands by the edge of a river watching for salmon at the time of the year when they run up stream to spawn, and scoops them from the water with a deft twitch of his paw, was not more quick or skillful than Probably Arboreal.

Suddenly he pitched forward, struggling; he gave a gurgling shout, and his head disappeared beneath the water.

When it came up again, he twisted toward the shore, with lashing arms and something like panic on his face, and shouted:

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" he cried. "Something has me by the foot!"

Twenty or thirty men and women who heard the cry stopped fishing and straightened up to look at him.

"Help! Help!" he shouted again. "It is pulling me out to sea!"

A knock-kneed old veteran, with long intelligent-looking mobile toes, broke from the surf and scurried to the safety of the beach, raising the cry:

"A god! A god! A water-god has caught Probably Arboreal!"

"More likely a devil!" cried Slightly Simian, who had followed Probably to the water.

And all his neighbours plunged to land and left Probably Arboreal to his fate, whatever his fate was to be. But since spectacles are always interesting, they sat down comfortably on the beach to see how long it would be before Probably Arboreal disappeared. Gods and devils, sharks and octopi, were forever grabbing one of their number and making off to deep water with him to devour him at their leisure. If the thing that dragged the man were seen, if it showed itself to be a shark or an octopus, a shark or an octopus it was; if it were unseen, it got the credit of being a god or a devil.

"Help me!" begged Probably Arboreal, who was now holding his own, although he was not able to pull himself into shallower water. "It is not a god or a devil. It doesn't feel like one. And it isn't a shark, because it hasn't any teeth. It is an animal like a cleft stick, and my foot is in the cleft."

But they did not help him. Instead, Big Mouth, a seer and *vers libre* poet of the day, smitten suddenly with an idea, raised a chant, and presently all the others joined in. The chant went like this:

"Probably, he killed Crooked Nose,
He killed him with his fists.
And Crooked Nose, he sent his ghost to sea
To catch his slayer by the foot!
The ghost of Crooked Nose will drown his slayer,
Drown, drown, drown his slayer,
The ghost of Crooked Nose will drown his slayer,
Drown his slayer in the sea!"

"You are a liar, Big Mouth!" spluttered Probably Arboreal, hopping on one foot and thrashing the water with his arms. "It is not a ghost; it is an animal."

But the chant kept up, growing louder and louder:

"The ghost of Crooked Nose will drown his slayer!
Drown, drown, drown his slayer,
Drown his slayer in the sea!"

Out of the woods came running more and more people at the noise of the chant. And as they caught what was going on, they took up the burden of it, until hundreds and thousands of them were singing it.

But, with a mighty turn and struggle, Probably Arboreal went under again, as to his head and body; his feet for an instant swished into the air, and everyone but Probably Arboreal himself saw what was hanging on to one of them.

It was neither ghost, shark, god, nor devil. It was a monstrous oyster; a bull oyster, evidently. All oysters were much larger in those days than they are now, but this oyster was a giant, a mastodon, a mammoth among oysters, even for those days.

"It is an oyster, an oyster, an oyster!" cried the crowd, as Probably Arboreal's head and shoulders came out of the water again.

Big Mouth, the poet, naturally chagrined,

and hating to yield up his dramatic idea, tried to raise another chant:

"The ghost of Crooked Nose went into an oyster,
The oyster caught his slayer by the foot
To drown, drown, drown him in the sea!"

But it didn't work. The world had seen that oyster, and had recognized it for an oyster.

"Oyster! Oyster! Oyster!" cried the crowd sternly at Big Mouth.

The bard tried to persevere, but Slightly Simian, feeling the crowd with him, advanced menacingly and said:

"See here, Big Mouth, we know a ghost when we see one, and we know an oyster! Yon animal is an oyster! You *sing* that it is an oyster, or shut up!"

"*Ghost, ghost, ghost,*" chanted Big Mouth, tentatively. But he got no farther. Slightly Simian killed him with a club, and the matter was settled. Literary criticism was direct, straightforward, and effective in those days.

"But, oh, ye gods of the water, *what* an oyster!" cried Mrs. Slightly Simian.

And as the thought took them all, a silence fell over the multitude. They looked at the struggling man in a new community of idea. Oysters they had seen before, but never an oyster like this. Oysters they knew not as food; but they had always regarded them as rather ineffectual and harmless creatures. Yet this bold oyster was actually giving battle, and on equal terms, to a man! Were oysters henceforth to be added to the number of man's enemies? Were oysters about to attempt to conquer mankind? This oyster, was he the champion of the sea, sent up out of its depths, to grapple with mankind for supremacy?

Dimly, vaguely, as they watched the man attempt to pull the oyster ashore, and the oyster attempt to pull the man out to sea, some sense of the importance of this struggle was felt by mankind. Over forest, beach, and ocean hung the sense of momentous things. A haze passed across the face of the bright morning sun; the breeze died down; it was as if all nature held her breath at this struggle. And if mankind upon the land was interested, the sea was no less concerned. For, of a sudden, and as if by preconcerted signal, a hundred thousand oysters poked their heads above the surface of the waters and turned their eyes—they had small fiery opalescent eyes in those days—upon the combat.

At this appearance, mankind drew back with a gasp, but no word was uttered. The visible universe, perturbed earth and bending heavens alike, was tense and dumb. On their part, the oysters made no attempt to go to the assistance of their champion. Nor did mankind leap to the rescue of Probably Arboreal. Tacitly, each side, in a spirit of fair play, agreed not to interfere; agreed to leave the combat to the champions; agreed to abide by the issue.

But while they were stirred and held by the sense of tremendous things impending, neither men nor oysters could be expected to understand definitely what almost infinite things depended upon this battle. There were no Darwins then. Evolution had not yet evolved the individual able to catch her at it.

But she was on her way. This very struggle was one of the crucial moments in the history of evolution. There have always been these critical periods when the two highest species in the world were about equal in intelligence, and it was touch and go as to which would survive and carry on the torch, and which species would lose the lead and become subservient. There have always been exact instants when the spirit of progress hesitated as between the forms of life, doubtful as to which one to make its representative.

Briefly, if the oyster conquered the man, more and more oysters, emboldened by this success, would prey upon men. Man, in the course of a few hundred thousand years, would become the creature of the oyster; the oyster's slave and food. Then the highest type of life on the planet would dwell in the sea. The civilization which was not yet would be a marine growth when it did come; the intellectual and spiritual and physical supremacy held by the biped would pass over to the bivalve.

Thought could not frame this concept then; neither shellfish nor tree-dweller uttered it. But both the species felt it; they watched Probably Arboreal and the oyster with a strangling emotion, with a quivering intentness, that was none the less poignant because there was no Huxley or Spencer present to interpret it for them; they thrilled and sweat and shivered with the shaken universe, and the red sun through its haze peered down unwinking like the vast bloodshot eye of life.

An hour had passed by in silence except for the sound of the battle, more and more men and more and more oysters had gathered about the scene of the struggle; the strain was telling on both champions.

Probably Arboreal had succeeded in dragging the beast some ten feet nearer the shore, but the exertion had told upon him; he was growing tired; he was breathing with difficulty; he had swallowed a great deal of salt water. He too was dimly conscious of the importance of this frightful combat; he felt himself the representative of the human race. He was desperate but cool; he saved his breath; he opposed to the brute force of the oyster the cunning of a man. But he was growing weaker; he felt it.

If only those for whom he was fighting would fling him some word of encouragement! He was too proud to ask it, but he felt bitterly that he was not supported, for he could not realize what emotion had smitten dumb his fellow men. He had got to the place where a word of spiritual comfort and encouragement would have meant as much as fifty pounds of weight in his favour.

He had, in fact, arrived at the Psychological Moment. There were no professing psychologists then; but there was psychology; and it worked itself up into moments even as it does to-day.

Probably Arboreal's head went under the water, tears and salt ocean mingled nauseatingly in his mouth.

"I am lost," he gurgled.

But at that instant a shout went up—the shrill, high cry of a woman. Even in his agony he recognized that voice—the voice of Parrot Feathers! With a splendid rally he turned his face toward the shore.

She was struggling through the crowd, fighting her way to the front rank with the fury of a wildcat. She had just buried her father, and the earth was still dark and damp upon her hands, but the magnificent creature had only one thought now. She thought only of her lover, her heroic lover; in her nobility of soul she had been able to rise above the pettiness of spirit which another woman might have felt; she knew no pique or spite. Her lover was in trouble, and her place was nigh him; so she flung a false maidenly modesty to the winds and acknowledged him and cheered him on, careless of what the assembled world might think.

She arrived at the Psychological Moment.

"Probably! Probably!" she cried. "Don't give up! Don't give up! For my sake!"

For her sake! The words were like fire in the veins of the struggling hero. He made another bursting effort, and gained a yard. But the rally had weakened him; the next instant his head went under the water once more. Would it ever appear again? There was a long, long moment, while all mankind strangled and gasped in sympathetic unison, and then our hero's dripping head did emerge. It had hit a stone under the water, and it was bleeding, but it emerged. One eye was nearly closed.

"Watch him! Watch him!" shouted Parrot Feathers. "Don't let him do that again! When he had you under water he whacks your eye with his tail. He's trying to blind you!"

And, indeed, these seemed to be the desperate oyster's tactics. If he could once destroy our hero's sight, the end would soon come.

"Probably—do you hear me?"

He nodded his head; he was beyond speech.

"Take a long breath and dive! Do you get me? Dive! Dive at your own feet! Grab your feet in your hands and roll under water in a bunch! Roll toward the beach!"

It was a desperate manœuver, especially for a man who had already been under water so much that morning. But the situation was critical and called for the taking of big chances. It would either succeed—or fail. And death was no surer if it failed than if he waited. Probably Arboreal ceased to think; he yielded up his reasoning powers to the noble and courageous woman on the sand; he dived and grabbed his feet and rolled.

"Again! Again!" she cried. "Another long breath and roll again!"

Her bosom heaved, as if she were actually breathing for him. To Probably Arboreal, now all but drowned, and almost impervious to feeling, it also seemed as if he were breathing with her lungs; and yet he hardly dared to dive and roll again. He struggled in the water and stared at her stupidly.

She sent her unusual and electric personality thrilling into him across the intervening distance; she held him with her eyes, and filled him with her spirit.

"Roll!" she commanded. "Probably! Roll!"

And under the lash of her courage, he rolled again. Three more times he rolled . . . and then . . . unconscious, but still breathing, he was in her arms.

As he reached the land half a million oysters sank into the sea in the silence of defeat and despair, while from the beaches rose a mighty shout.

The sun, as if it gestured, flung the mists from its face, and beamed benignly.

"Back! Back! Give him air!" cried Parrot Feathers, as she addressed herself

to the task of removing the oyster from his foot.

The giant beast was dying, and its jaws were locked in the rigour of its suffering. There was no way to remove it gently. Parrot Feathers laid her unconscious hero's foot upon one rock, and broke the oyster loose with another.

Incidentally she smashed Probably Arboreal's toe.

He sat up in pained surprise. Unthinkingly, as you or I would put a hurt finger into our mouths, he put his crushed toe into his mouth. At that period of man's history the trick was not difficult. And then——

A beatific smile spread over his face!

Man had tasted the oyster!

In half an hour, mankind was plunging into the waves searching for oysters. The oyster's doom was sealed. His monstrous pretension that he belonged in the van of evolutionary progress was killed forever. He had been tasted, and found food. He would never again battle for supremacy. Meekly he yielded to his fate. He is food to this day.

Parrot Feathers and Probably Arboreal were married after breakfast. On the toes of their first child were ten cunning, diminutive oyster shells. Mankind, up to that time, had had sharp toe-nails like the claws of birds. But the flat, shell-like toe-nails, the symbols of man's triumph over, and trampling down of, the oyster were inherited from the children of this happy couple.

They persist to this day.

The Bishop Offers Saints for Valentines

TOWARDS the end of January (1603) the Bishop (Francis de Sales) began a campaign against abuses connected with St. Valentine's day. It was the custom that on February 14 the young people of both sexes should gather together, and that the names of those present should be written in gold letters upon laurel leaves or slips of satin. These were placed in urns. Then, by means of a system of drawing, the names of the young men were matched with those of the girls. The two people thus drawn together contracted for the rest of the year an alliance of particular friendship. The gold-lettered tickets were worn as a sort of talisman on heart or arm. It became the business of the swain during that year to serve his valentine in every possible way, to escort her at balls, to accompany her on walks, to go with her to their various social functions, and to show his devotion by the offering of suitable presents.

A good deal of this might have been innocent enough: unfortunately, experience proved that it often led to the breaking down of those *convenances* which are the safeguard of good conduct. In Annecy there was a particular harm in the custom, because its observance had even spread amongst married people, and not infrequently led to jealousies and quarrels between man and wife. Accordingly, in order to take the matter in time, the Bishop attacked the custom in a vehement sermon which he preached on January 26, 1603. Naturally there were many who took umbrage at this action.

In order to supplant the custom which he wished to destroy, the Bishop informed his people that he himself would undertake to supply them with valentines. In fulfilment of this promise, he sent round to every family a number of tickets, bearing the names of different saints, and, accompanying the name, some striking sentence from Scripture, or from the writings of the fathers. These tickets were drawn by lot, and the saint indicated by the ticket became the patron for that year, while the quotation was to be used as a motto or rule of conduct. REV. HAROLD BURTON.

So They Say

JACK KEARNS:
former manager and partner of the ex-heavyweight champion, who brought suit against Dempsey before the latter lost his title to Tunney

"Dempsey is a bum, a vagrant, a tramp, a safe-cracker and a strangler of children.

"I made him what he is to-day."

STANLEY M. BRUCE:
Premier of Australia, at an American Chamber of Commerce luncheon in London

"In Australia we regard ourselves as the inheritors of all that was won by the American forefathers. . . . We are alike in looking with horror on the ancient hatreds and animosities which divide the peoples of Europe."

ALLAN CRAIG:
M.D., Associate Director, American College of Surgeons

"The total value of the 'drugstore' ingredients (of a 150-pound man's body) is 98 cents. . . . Yet the insurance companies place the economic value of a man at $5,000. . . . It is the spirit within him that makes the man supreme in the world."

ELSIE JANIS:
American stage and vaudeville favourite since 1897

"Men? Yes, I love them. They fall for me and I fall for them. It's all a game, but it's fun."

MRS. MABELLE G. KIDD:
Suing for a separation from her husband

"He treated me as if he were living with me only on sufferance. On many occasions when I appealed to him to put his arm about me and show some sign of affection, he would get up and leave the room."

ANDREW KIDD:
Answers in court to this charge

"She is five feet, five inches tall, and weighs 180 pounds. Her muscles are soft and flabby because she takes no exercise. She has nothing to occupy her mind, for many years slept till noon daily, and is very fond of sweets and starchy foods."

POLITICAL PROPAGANDA DEPARTMENT:
of the 11th Division, 4th Canton Army, lately sweeping all before it in the Chinese Civil War—in a handbill

"The imperialist nations, America particularly, have resorted to many clever means to destroy us, but the most ingenious of all has been the use made of the Christian church. Christianity is nothing but the vanguard of greedy, invading imperialism. . . . We should regard the missionary as we would the plague or a serious case of cholera."

EDWARD F. ALBEE:
Head of a great chain of vaudeville theatres

"Vaudeville has accepted Christ's teachings. For the past eight years they have been lived up to by the managers and artists in this branch of the theatrical profession."

GODFREY DEWEY:
of Harvard University

"Revise the alphabet and save a billion dollars a year."

HUGH WALPOLE:
English novelist and lecturer

"The whole secret of life is to be interested in one thing profoundly and in a thousand other things as well."

GEORGE B. WEHNER:
medium, through whom Rudolph Valentino has been communicating with his ex-wife "Natacha Rambova"

"You see, it takes some time to find your way about on 'the other side.' Fortunately Rudy had valuable and influential friends awaiting him. Caruso, Wallace Reid, and Sarah Bernhardt were particularly kind. These spirits do the same things they did on earth, but, of course, in a different way—more soul. Caruso sings, Wallace Reed is in the movies, and Sarah Bernhardt plays her immortal tragic rôles. As soon as Rudy becomes accustomed to his surroundings (he is still a novice on the Astral Plane), he will go on with his film work, and perhaps later go on the legitimate stage."

PADDY RYAN:
Rodeo rider in a New York exhibition

"There are more 'two-gun' men right on little old Manhattan to-day than there ever were in all parts of the West, even in the old days."

HUDSON MAXIM:
D.Sc., LL.D., Inventor, engineer, member of Naval Consulting Board

"Nothwithstanding all of the delights of youthful osculation, it is, nevertheless, loaded with noxious germs, especially with germs of influenza, sore throat, and particularly tonsilitis."

JOHN B. WATSON:
Psychologist and champion of the theory of "behaviourism": author, editor, and vice-president of a great advertising agency

"The managers of any big company who hire concerns to measure the heads of prospective employees, to report on the colour of their hair, the shape of their noses, and the general stype of their features, need to be examined themselves."

W. G. MCADOO:
twice a candidate for the Democratic nomination, and former member of President Wilson's Cabinet

"There is no office I want less than that of President of the United States."

A. LAWRENCE LOWELL:
President of Harvard University

"The answer to the question, 'How much money can a university use profitably?' is the same as to the question, 'How much whiskey can a Scotchman drink?'—'Any given quantity.'"

MR. *and* MRS. WILLIAM JOHNSON:
of Wichita, Kansas, celebrating their sixty-fifth wedding anniversary, at the ages of 91 and 89

"My wife's good cooking is the reason we have always been happy."

"A happy married life just takes hard work—there is no other secret."

VLADIMIR SOLTZ:
of the Commissariat of Justice in the Russian Soviet Government

"Legalizing unregistered marriage creates a situation where many men will have three or four wives."

A CATHOLIC DIGNITARY:
when asked about Bishop Manning's reproof of the papal annulment of the Duke of Marlborough's marriage

"Manning? Oh, yes, he's some New York Protestant minister, isn't he?"

A. FORREST WALKER:
"Economist" of a big department store—minimizing Professor Ripley's recent strictures on corporation statements

"The intricacies of modern corporate enterprise defy the analysis of the ordinary shareholder. The balance sheet is never more than an instantaneous picture; and the income account is only a record of past performance."

CECIL G. HARVEY:
Home service director for the Westchester Lighting Company

"I make this statement in refutation of the accusation that dish-wiping now and then tends to degrade, or cultivates an inferiority complex in married men."

NIKOLA TESLA:
Inventor, who makes it part of his life work to feed the pigeons in front of the New York Public Library

"The pigeons cost me $1,000 a year. I spend $3 every night on peanuts, and they must be unsalted."

MR. *and* MRS. FRITZ WORATSCHECK:
of Kalkberge, near Berlin, Germany, communicate via the newspapers

"I warn my friends not to lend my wife any money. I will not be responsible for her debts."

"Dear Fritz: Don't worry. I have borrowed enough. All you have to do is to pay the bills."

CARL SNYDER:
Statistician, Federal Reserve Bank

"When commercial journals talk about business being absolutely dead, it is going at 90 per cent plus. In great booms it goes up 12 per cent. above normal growth; that's all the difference."

OLGA PETROVA:
whose play, "What Do We Want?" was forbidden in London, the final objection being to a heroine who called God a "bully"

"I mentioned Job and Saul of Tarsus as precedents—but the Lord Chamberlain (the censor) replied that those two men lived centuries ago when people did not know any better."

THE "TAILOR AND CUTTER":
the London trade authority on "What the Well-dressed Man Must Wear"

"And why does Premier Bruce wear spats? They are not an Australian fashion. Neither are they worn nowadays by smartly dressed men in London. Spats are essentially a dandy article of attire, but they belong to the vogue of yesteryear."

A MEXICAN EDITOR:
in "The Excelsior," Mexico City

"Many Americans admit that hate for the United States is increasing in all countries of the world, and it is time for the American people to understand that when an opinion becomes so unanimous, it is because something has been done to deserve it."

WALTER STABLER:
Comptroller of Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

"There should be a slowing down in all branches of the building program. While there has been a wonderful absorption of all kinds of space, there are . . . a number of storm signals in evidence that should be regarded."

IVOR LYKKE:
Premier of Norway—which has recently repealed its Prohibition law

"All of us agree the nation must be sober, but we disagree widely regarding the means of reaching that ideal."

THOMAS A. EDISON:
Inventor

"Any money intelligently devoted to teaching people how to live this life rightly will also help to teach them how to get the best out of whatever life may be beyond."

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON:
militant English author, editor and "Distributist"

"Mr. Edison says . . . that the proof of the superiority of mechanical civilization, as compared with an old civilization like that of China, is to be found in the sort of American who is alert and eager and inventive; that is, in the sort of American that he is himself. How on earth is one to answer that, except by saying pointblank that we do not think quite as much of him as he thinks of himself?"

D. C. ANDERSON:
Chairman of the Hoboes' Convention

"It's the young kids who do the murdering and robbing along the road. They don't know how to bum and they get desperate. I don't know of a typical hobo who was ever convicted of robbing a motorist."

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW:
British dramatist and mental stormy petrel

"It would be far more sensible to refuse to allow any woman to become a teacher unless she had at least one baby and looked after it properly."

BRUCE BLIVEN:
In "The New Republic"

"Most important of all, I think, is the wide-spread feeling that the Hall-Mills murder case has taken the lid off a fairly typical respectable American town."

LOUIS FRANCK:
Former Colonial Minister of Belgium

"Our aim is to make Central Africa a land not for third-class whites but for first-class blacks."

PRIMO DE RIVERA:
Spanish Dictator

"A nation is governed not by those who would but by those who can."

A JAPANESE NOTABLE:
described as "one of the most prominent persons in Japan"—discussing the Navy's Pacific war scare featured in the oil conspiracy trials

"I am convinced that the evidence actually developed by witnesses or resulting from interpretation of official silence is based upon wicked fabrications. It is the duty of the American and Japanese Governments to lay before the public the exact situation in 1921, together with the original source of the report that Japan ordered mobilization for war with America. The whole thing is an act of vandalism against the structure of good understanding carefully erected in recent years."

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN:
who tells the dramatic folk where they get off—in "American Mercury"

"The wisecrack . . . is the species of repartee that from time immemorial has been accompanied on the vaudeville and burlesque stages either by a boot applied to the sponsor's seat, or by a newspaper applied to his nose. . . . And it is to-day the worst handicap under which American comedy writing is labouring."

MRS. ANNA R.:
of Brooklyn, in her bill of particulars asking for divorce

"In the midst of my sleep and for no reason whatever, my husband would hold my nose, closing my nostrils and pinching them so as to awaken me. He did this to me frequently, causing me uneasiness."
(*He said he was merely trying to stop the snoring.*)

LILY IMELDA COOK:
who decided at nineteen to leave high school and get married, though her parents threatened to take away her "new fur coat and best horse" unless she waited five years

"Charles is worth more to me than any fur coat and horse, no matter how valuable."

JOSEPH S. MCCOY:
Actuary, U. S. Treasury—commenting on the disappearance of 2,800 American "millionaires" from the lists since war times

"You simply can't be green and expect to remain one of the 11,000 who are entitled to be called American millionaires, and you can't very well stay in that class if you don't keep driving."

MRS. E. M. MORTENSEN:
of Armour, S. D., explaining why she set fire to an "ungodly" restaurant

"I was doing God a favour."

JOHN MACMURRAY:
Fellow of Baliol College

"Christianity . . . must choose: either it must be scientific or it must be pagan. If one is to judge by the account it gives of itself, and by the way in which it organizes its activities, it is for the most part pagan."

THE CROWN MARQUIS OF NORMANDY:
the only Marquis in holy orders

"Women have grown worse in the last fifty years, while the attitude of men toward religion has improved."

FRANK A. VIZETELLY:
American editor

"What can be done to stop promiscuous osculation? I observe the most wasteful and conspicuous use of this token of affection in public places. In taxis, street cars, subway trains, restaurants, night clubs, the theater and the Public Library steps. Everyone seems to be publicly illustrating the aphorism: the acme of human happiness is that we may kiss whom we please and please whom we kiss. It seems to me that such a purely personal ceremony should be restricted to the seclusion of privacy."

STELLA BENSON:
English novelist

"The dancing of a geisha has the Japanese quality of gentle, rippling precision. Not a fingertip, not a wrinkle of her kimona ever gives for a second the slightest impression of fumbling or hurrying or abruptness. The body of the dancer is like nothing more than an exquisite machine."

JOHN H. POLLEY:
Vermont sheriff at ninety-two; New York policeman of sixty years back; revisiting the city

"Young ladies have never dressed so tasty as they do to-day. Some of them go to extremes. Dresses two inches above the knees! Don't it look slovenly, I ask you? But two inches below the knees looks very nice, very tasty."

The Dagger With Wings

By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

FATHER BROWN, at one period of his life, found it difficult to hang his hat on a hat-peg without repressing a slight shudder. The origin of this idiosyncrasy was indeed a mere detail in much more complicated events; but it was perhaps the only detail that remained to him in his busy life to remind him of the whole business. Its remote origin was to be found in the facts which led Dr. Boyne, the medical officer attached to the police force, to send for the priest one frosty morning in December.

Dr. Boyne was a big dark Irishman, one of those rather baffling Irishmen to be found all over the world, who will talk scientific skepticism, materialism and cynicism at length and at large; but who never dream of referring anything touching the ritual of religion to anything except the traditional religion of their native land. It would be hard to say whether their creed is a very superficial varnish or a very fundamental substratum; but most probably it is both, with a mass of materialism in between. Anyhow, when he thought that matters of that sort might be involved, he asked Father Brown to call, though he made no pretense of preference for that aspect of them.

"I'm not sure I want you, you know," was his greeting. "I'm not sure about anything yet. I'm hanged if I can make out whether it's a case for a doctor or a policeman or a priest."

"Well," said Father Brown with a smile, "as I suppose you're both a policeman and a doctor, I seem to be rather in a minority."

"I admit you're what politicians call an instructed minority," replied the doctor. "I mean I know you've had to do a little in our line as well as your own. But it's precious hard to say whether this business is in your line or ours, or merely in the line of the Commissioners of Lunacy. We've just had a message from a man living near here, in that white house on the hill, asking for protection against a murderous persecution. We've gone into the facts as far as we could, and perhaps I'd better tell you the story as it is supposed to have happened, from the beginning.

"It seems that a man named Aylmer, who was a wealthy landowner in the West Country, married rather late in life and had three sons, Philip, Stephen and Arnold. But in his bachelor days, when he thought he would have no heir, he had adopted a boy whom he thought very brilliant and promising, who went by the name of John Strake. His origin seems to be vague; they say he was a foundling; some say he was a gipsy. I think the last notion is mixed up with the fact that Aylmer in his old age dabbled in all sorts of dingy occultism, including palmistry and astrology, and his sons say Strake encouraged him in it.

"But they said a great many other things besides that. They say, or said, that Strake was an amazing scoundrel and especially an amazing liar; a genius in inventing lies on the spur of the moment and telling them so as to deceive a detective. But that might very well be a natural prejudice, in the light of what happened. Perhaps you can more or less imagine what happened.

"The old man left practically everything to the adopted son, and when he died the three real sons disputed the will. They said their father had been frightened into surrender, and, not to put too fine a point on it, into gibbering idiocy. They said Strake had the strangest and most cunning ways of getting at him in spite of the nurses and the family, and terrorizing him on his death-bed. Anyhow, they seemed to have proved something about the dead man's mental condition, for the courts set aside the will and the sons inherited.

"Strake is said to have broken out in the most dreadful fashion, and sworn he would kill all three of them, one after another, and that nothing could hide them from his vengeance. It is the third or last of the brothers, Arnold Aylmer, who is asking for police protection."

"Third and last," said the priest, looking at him gravely.

"Yes," said Boyne. "The other two are dead."

There was a silence before he continued. "That is where the doubt comes in. There is no proof they were murdered, but they might possibly have been. The eldest, who took up his position as squire, was supposed to have committed suicide in his garden. The second who went into trade as a manufacturer was knocked on the head by the machinery in his factory; he might very well have taken a false step and fallen. But if Strake did kill them, he is certainly very cunning in his way of getting to work and getting away. On the other hand, it's more than likely that the whole thing is a mania of conspiracy founded on a coincidence. Look here, what I want is this: I want somebody of sense, who isn't an official, to go up and have a talk to this Mr. Arnold Aylmer, and form an impression of him. You know what a man with a delusion is like, and how a man looks when he is telling the truth. I want you to be the advance guard, before we take the matter up."

"Very well," said Father Brown simply, "I'll go and call on him now if you like."

The rolling country round the little town was sealed and bound with frost, and the sky was as blue and cold as steel except in the northeast where clouds with lurid halos were beginning to climb up the sky. It was up against these darker and more sinister colours that the house on the hill gleamed with a row of pale pillars, forming a short colonnade of the classical sort. A winding road led up to it across the curve of the down, and plunged into a mass of dark bushes. Just before he reached the bushes, the air seemed to grow colder and colder as if he were approaching an ice-house or the North Pole. But he was a highly practical person, never entertaining such fancies except as fancies. And he merely cocked his eye at the great livid cloud crawling up over the house, and remarked cheerfully,

"It's going to snow."

Though the house was compact and comparatively small like a villa, it seemed to lie open in an informal fashion to be found in some old classical country house. He could not decide where the regular entrance was supposed to be, so he entered by some glass doors standing open, and found himself in a central room, comfortably upholstered in a rather old-fashioned way, with a staircase leading up from it on one side and a door leading out of it on the other. Immediately opposite him was another door, with red glass let into it, a little gaudily for later tastes; something that looked like a red-robed figure in cheap stained glass.

On a round table to the right stood a sort of aquarium, a great bowl full of greenish water in which fishes and similar things moved about as in a tank; and just opposite it a plant of the palm variety with very large green leaves. All this looked so very dusty and early Victorian that the telephone, visible in the curtained alcove, was almost a surprize.

"Who is that?" a voice called out sharply and rather suspiciously from behind the stained-glass door. "Could I see Mr. Aylmer?" asked the priest apologetically.

The door opened and a gentleman in a peacock-green dressing-gown came out with an inquiring look. His hair was rather rough and untidy, as if he had been in bed or lived in a state of slowly getting up; but his eyes were not only awake but alert, and some would have said alarmed. Father Brown knew that the contradiction was likely enough in a man who had rather run to seed, under the shadow either of a delusion or a danger. He had a fine aquiline face when seen in profile, but when seen full face the first impression was of the untidiness and even the wildness of his loose brown beard.

"I am Mr. Aylmer," he said, "but I have got out of the way of expecting visitors."

Something about Mr. Aylmer's unrestful eye prompted the priest to go straight to the point. If the man's persecution was only a monomania, he would be the less likely to resent it.

"I was wondering," said Father Brown softly, "whether it is quite true that you never expect visitors."

"You are right," replied his host steadily, "I always expect one visitor. And he may be the last."

"I hope not," said Father Brown, "but at least I am relieved to infer that I do not look very like him."

Mr. Aylmer shook himself with a sort of

savage laugh. "You certainly do not," he said.

"Mr. Aylmer," said Father Brown frankly, "I apologize for the liberty, but some friends of mine have told me about your trouble, and asked me to see if I could do anything for you. The truth is, I have some little experience in affairs like this."

"There are no affairs like this," said Aylmer.

"You mean," observed Brown, "that the tragedies in your unfortunate family were not normal deaths."

"I mean they were not even normal murders," answered the other. "The man who is hounding us all to death is a hell-hound, and his power is from hell."

"All evil has one origin," said the priest gravely. "But how do you know they were not normal murders?"

Aylmer answered with a gesture which offered his guest a chair; then he seated himself slowly in another, frowning with his hands on his knees; but when he looked up his expression had grown milder and more thoughtful; and his voice was quite cordial and composed.

"Sir," he said, "I don't want you to imagine that I'm in the least an unreasonable person. I have come to these conclusions by reason, because unfortunately reason really leads there. I have read a great deal on these subjects; for I was the only one who inherited my father's scholarship in somewhat obscure matters, and I have since inherited his library. But what I tell you does not rest on what I have read but what I have seen."

Father Brown nodded, and the other proceeded, as if picking his words.

"In my elder brother's case I was not certain at first. There were no marks or footprints where he was found shot, and the pistol was left beside him. But he had just received a threatening letter, certainly from our enemy, for it was marked with a sign like a winged dagger, which was one of his infernal cabalistic tricks. And a servant said she had seen something moving along the garden-wall in the twilight that was much too large to be a cat.

"I leave it there; all I can say is that if the murderer came, he managed to leave no traces of his coming. But when my brother Stephen died it was different; and since then I have known. A machine was working in an open scaffolding under the factory tower; I scaled the platform a moment after he had fallen under the iron hammer that struck him; I did not see anything else strike him, but I saw what I saw.

"A great drift of factory smoke was rolling between me and the factory tower; but through a rift of it I saw the top of the factory chimney; on it was a dark human figure, wrapped in what looked like a black cloak. Then the sulphurous smoke drove between us again; and when it cleared I looked up at the distant chimney. There was nobody there. I am a rational man, and I will ask all rational men how he had reached that dizzy unapproachable turret, and how he left it."

He stared across at tne priest with a sphinx-like challenge; then after a silence he said abruptly:

"My brother's brains were knocked out, but his body was not much damaged. And in his pocket we found one of those warning messages, dated the day before and stamped with the flying dagger."

"Did you notice what sort of paper it was on?" asked Father Brown. "Common paper?"

The sphinx-like face broke abruptly into a harsh laugh.

"You can see what they're like," said Aylmer grimly, "for I got one myself this morning."

He was leaning back in his chair now, with his long legs thrust out from under the green dressing-gown which was a little short for him, and his bearded chin pillowed on his chest. Without moving otherwise he thrust his hand deep in the dressing-gown pocket and held out a fluttering scrap of paper at the end of a rigid arm. His whole attitude was suggestive of a sort of paralysis, that was both rigidity and collapse. But the next remark of the priest had a curious effect of rousing him.

Father Brown was blinking in his short-sighted way at the paper presented to him. It was a singular sort of paper, rough without being common, as from an artist's sketch-book; and on it was drawn boldly in red ink a dagger decorated with wings like the rod of Hermes, with the written words: "Death comes the day after this as it came to your brothers."

Father Brown tossed the paper on the floor and sat bolt upright in his chair.

"You mustn't let that sort of stuff stupefy you," he said sharply. "These devils always try to make us helpless by making us hopeless."

Rather to his surprise, an awakening wave went over the prostrate figure, which sprang from its chair as if startled out of a dream.

"You're right, you're right!" cried Aylmer with a rather uncanny animation. "And the devils shall find I'm not so hopeless after all, nor so helpless either. Perhaps I have more hope and better help than you fancy."

He stood with his hands in his pockets frowning down at the priest, who had a momentary doubt, during that strained silence, about whether the man's long peril had not touched the man's brain. But when he spoke it was quite soberly.

"I believe my unfortunate brothers failed because they used the wrong weapons. Philip carried a revolver, and that was how his death came to be called suicide. Stephen had police protection, but he also had a sense of what made him ridiculous; and he could not allow a policeman to climb up a ladder after him to a scaffolding where he stood only a moment. They were both scoffers, reacting into skepticism from the strange mysticism of my father's last days. But I always knew there was more in my father than they understood. It is true that by studying magic, he fell at least under the blight of black magic; the black magic of this scoundrel Strake. But my brothers were wrong about the antidote. The antidote to black magic is not brute materialism or worldly wisdom. The antidote to black magic is white magic."

"It rather depends," said Father Brown, "what you mean by white magic."

"I mean silver magic," said the other, in a low voice, like one speaking of a secret revolution. Then after a silence he said, "Do you know what I mean by silver magic? Just wait for me for a moment."

He turned and opened the central door with the red glass and went into a passage beyond it. The house had less depth than Brown had supposed; instead of the door opening into interior rooms, the corridor it revealed ended in another door on to the garden. The door of one room was on one side of the passage; doubtless, the priest told himself, the proprietor's bedroom whence he had rushed out in his dressing-gown. There was nothing else on that side but an ordinary hat-stand with the ordinary dingy cluster of old hats and overcoats; but on the other side was something more interesting; a very dark old oak sideboard laid out with some old silver, and overhung by a trophy or ornament of old weapons. It was by this that Arnold Aylmer halted, looking up at a long antiquated pistol with a bell-shaped mouth.

The door at the end of the passage was barely open; and through the crack came a streak of white daylight. The priest had very quick instincts about natural things; and something in the unusual brilliancy of that white line told him what had happened outside. It was indeed what he had prophesied when he was approaching the house. He ran past his rather startled host and opened the door to face something that was at once a blank and a blaze. What he had seen shining through the crack was not only the more negative whiteness of daylight but the positive whiteness of snow. All round the sweeping fall of the country was covered with that shining pallor that seems at once hoary and innocent.

"Here is white magic anyhow," said Father Brown in his cheerful voice.

Then as he turned back into the hall he murmured, "And silver magic too, I suppose," for the white luster touched the silver with splendour and lit up the old steel here and there on the darkling armory. The shaggy head of the brooding Aylmer seemed to have a halo of silver fire as he turned with his face in shadow and the outlandish pistol in his hand.

"Do you know why I choose this sort of old blunderbuss?" he asked. "Because I can load it with this sort of bullet."

He had picked up a small apostle's spoon from the sideboard and by sheer violence broke the small figure at the top. "Let us go back into the other room," he added.

"Did you ever read about the death of Dundee?" he asked when they had reseated themselves. He had recovered from his momentary annoyance at the priest's restlessness. "Graham of Claverhouse you know, who persecuted the Covenanters and had a black horse that could ride straight up a precipice. Don't you know he could only be shot with a silver bullet, because he had sold himself to the Devil? That's one comfort about you; at least you know enough to believe in the Devil."

"Oh, yes," replied Father Brown, "I believe in the Devil. What I don't believe in is the Dundee. I mean the Dundee of Covenanting legends, with his nightmare of a horse. John Graham was simply a seventeenth century professional soldier rather better than most. If he dragooned then it was because he was a dragoon but not a dragon. Now my experience is that it's not that sort of swaggering blade who sells himself to the Devil. The devil-worshipers I've known were quite different. Not to mention names, which might cause a social flutter, I'll take a man in Dundee's

own day. Have you ever heard of Dalrymple of Stair?"

"No," replied the other gruffly.

"You've heard of what he did," said Father Brown, "and it was worse than anything Dundee ever did; yet he escapes the infamy by oblivion. He was the man who made the Massacre of Glencoe. He was a very learned man and lucid lawyer, a statesman with very serious and enlarged ideas of statesmanship, a quiet man with a very refined and intellectual face. That's the sort of man who sells himself to the Devil."

Aylmer half started from his chair with an enthusiasm of eager assent.

"By God, you are right," he cried. "A refined intellectual face! That is the face of John Strake."

Then he raised himself and stood looking at the priest with a curious concentration. "If you will wait here a little while," he said, "I will show you something."

He went back through the central door, closing it after him; going, the priest presumed, to the old sideboard or possibly to his bedroom. Father Brown remained seated, gazing abstractedly at the carpet, where a faint red glimmer shone from the glass in the doorway. Once it seemed to brighten like a ruby and then darkened again, as if the sun of that stormy day had passed from cloud to cloud. Nothing moved except the aquatic creatures who floated to and fro in the dim green bowl. Father Brown was thinking hard.

A minute or two afterwards he got up and slipped quietly to the alcove of the telephone, where he rang up his friend Dr. Boyne, at the official headquarters. "I wanted to tell you about Aylmer and his affairs," he said quietly. "It's a queer story, but I rather think there's something in it. If I were you I'd send some men up here straight away; four or five men, I think, and surround the house. If anything does happen there'll probably be something startling in the way of an escape."

Then he went back and sat down again, staring at the dark carpet, which again glowed blood-red with the light from the glass door. Something in that filtered light set his mind drifting before the coming of colour, and all that mystery which is alternately veiled and revealed in the symbol of windows and of doors.

An inhuman howl in a human voice came from beyond the closed door almost simultaneously with the noise of firing. Before the echoes of the shot had died away the door was violently flung open and his host staggered into the room, the dressing-gown half torn from his shoulder and the long pistol smoking in his hand. He seemed to be shaking in every limb, yet he was shaken in part with an unnatural laughter.

"Glory be to the White Magic!" he cried. "Glory to the silver bullet! The hell-hound has hunted once too often, and my brothers are avenged at last."

He sank into a chair and the pistol slid from his hand and fell on the floor. Father Brown darted past him, slipped through the glass door and went down the passage. As he did so he put his hand on the handle of the bedroom door, as if half intending to enter; then he stooped a moment as if examining something; and then he ran to the outer door and opened it.

On the field of snow, which had been so blank a little while before, lay one black object. At the first glance it looked a little like an enormous bat. A second glance showed that it was after all a human figure; fallen on its face, the whole head covered by a broad black hat having something of a Latin-American look; while the appearance of black wings came from the two flaps or loose sleeves of a very vast black cloak spread out, perhaps by accident, to their utmost length on either side.

Both the hands were hidden, though Brown thought he could detect the position of one of them, and saw close to it, under the edge of the cloak, the glimmer of some metallic weapon. The main effect, however, was curiously like that of the simple extravagances of heraldry; like a black eagle displayed on a white ground. But by walking around it and peering under the hat the priest got a glimpse of the face, which was indeed what his host had called refined and intellectual; even skeptical and austere; the face of John Strake.

"Well, I'm jiggered," muttered Father Brown. "It really does look like some vast vampire, that has swooped down like a bird."

"How else could he have come?" came a voice from the doorway; and Brown looked up to see Aylmer once more standing there.

"Couldn't he have walked?" replied Father Brown evasively.

Aylmer stretched out his arm and swept the white landscape with a gesture.

"Look at the snow," he said in a deep voice that had a sort of roll and thrill in it. "Is not the snow unspotted—pure as the white magic you yourself called it? Is there a speck on it for miles, save that one foul

black blot that has fallen there? There are no footprints, but a few of yours and mine; there are none approaching the house from anywhere."

Then he looked at the little priest for a moment with a concentrated and curious expression, and said,

"I will tell you something else. That cloak he flies with is too long to walk with. He was not a very tall man; and it would trail behind him like a royal train. Stretch it out over his body, if you like, and see."

"What happened to you both?" asked Brown abruptly.

"It was too swift to describe," answered Aylmer. "I had looked out of the door and was turning back into the house, when there came a kind of rushing of wind all round me, as if I were being buffeted by a wheel revolving in mid-air. I spun round somehow and fired blindly; and then I saw nothing but what you see now. But I am mortally certain you wouldn't see it, if I had not had a silver shot in my gun. It would have been a different body lying there in the snow."

"By the way," remarked Father Brown, "shall we leave it lying there in the snow? Or would you like it taken into your room —I suppose that's your bedroom in the passage."

"No, no," replied Aylmer hastily, "we must leave it there till the police have seen it. Besides, I've had as much of such things as I can stand for the moment. Whatever else happened, I'm going to have a drink. After that, they can hang me if they like."

Inside the central apartment, between the palm plant and the bowl of fishes, Aylmer tumbled into a chair. He had nearly knocked the bowl over as he lurched into the room, but he had managed to find the decanter of brandy after plunging his hand rather blindly into several cupboards and corners. He did not at any time look like a methodical person; but at this moment his distraction must have been extreme. He drank with a long gulp and began to talk rather feverishly, as if to fill up a silence.

"I see you are still doubtful," he said, "though you have seen the thing with your eyes. Believe me, there was something more behind the quarrel between the spirit of Strake and the spirit of the house of Aylmer. Besides, you have no business to be an unbeliever. You ought to stand for all the things these stupid people call superstitions. Come now, don't you think there's a lot in those old wives' tales about luck and charms and so on, silver bullets included? What do you say about them, as a Catholic?"

"I say I'm an agnostic," replied Father Brown, smiling.

"Nonsense," said Aylmer impatiently. "It's your business to believe things."

"Well, I do believe some things, of course," conceded Father Brown, "and therefore, of course, I don't believe other things."

Aylmer was leaning forward, and looking at him with a strange intensity that was almost like that of a mesmerist.

"You do believe it," he said. "You do believe everything. We all believe everything, even when we deny everything. The deniers believe. The unbelievers believe. Don't you feel in your heart that these contradictions do not really contradict; that there is a cosmos that contains them all? The soul goes round upon a wheel of stars and all things return; perhaps Strake and I have striven in many shapes, beast against beast and bird against bird, and perhaps we shall strive forever. But since we seek and need each other, even that eternal hatred is eternal love. Good will and evil go round in a wheel that is one thing and not many. Do you not realize in your heart, do you not believe behind all your beliefs, that there is but one reality, and we are its shadows; and that all things are but aspects of one thing; a center where men meet into Man and Man into God?"

"No," said Father Brown.

Outside twilight had begun to fall, in that phase of such a snow-laden evening when the land looks brighter than the sky. In the porch of the main entrance, visible through a half-curtained window, Father Brown could dimly see a bulky figure standing. He glanced casually at the French windows through which he had originally entered, and saw they were darkened with two equally motionless figures. The inner door with the coloured glass stood slightly ajar; and he could see, in the short corridor beyond, the ends of two long shadows, exaggerated and distorted by the level light of evening, but still like gray caricatures of the figures of men. Dr. Boyne had already obeyed his telephone message. The house was surrounded.

"What is the good of saying 'No'?" insisted his host still with the same hypnotic stare. "You have seen part of that eternal drama with your own eyes. You have seen the threat of John Strake to slay Arnold Aylmer by black magic. You have seen Arnold Aylmer slay John Strake by

white magic. You see Arnold Aylmer alive and talking to you now. And yet you do not believe it."

"No, I do not believe it," said Father Brown, and rose from his chair like one terminating a visit.

"Why not?" asked the other.

The priest only lifted his voice a little, but it sounded in every corner of the room like a bell.

"Because you are not Arnold Aylmer," he said. "I know now who you are. Your name is Strake; and you have murdered the last of the brothers, who is lying outside in the snow."

A ring of white showed round the iris of the other man's eyes; he seemed to be making, with bursting eyeballs, a last effort to mesmerize and master his companion. Then he made a sudden movement sideways; and even as he did so the door behind him opened and a big detective in plain clothes put one hand quietly on his shoulder. The other hand hung down, but it held a revolver. The man looked wildly round, and saw plain-clothes men in all corners of the quiet room.

That evening Father Brown had another and longer conversation with Dr. Boyne about the tragedy of the Aylmer family. By that time there was no longer any doubt of the central fact of the case, for John Strake had confessed his identity and even confessed his crimes; only it would be truer to say that he boasted of his victories. Compared to the fact that he had rounded off his life's work with the last Aylmer lying dead, everything else, including existence itself, seemed to be indifferent to him.

"The man is a sort of monomaniac," said Father Brown. "He is not interested in any other matter; not even in any other murder. I owe him something for that; for I had to comfort myself with the reflection a good many times this afternoon. As has doubtless occurred to you, instead of weaving all that wild but ingenious romance about winged vampires and silver bullets, he might have put an ordinary leaden bullet into me, and walked out of the house. I assure you it occurred quite frequently to me."

"I wonder why he didn't," observed Boyne. "I don't understand it; but I don't understand anything yet. How on earth did you discover it, and what in the world did you discover?"

"Oh, you provided me with very valuable information," replied Brown modestly, "especially the one piece of information that really counted. I mean the statement that Strake was a very inventive and imaginative liar, with great presence of mind in producing his lies. This afternoon he needed it; but he rose to the occasion. Perhaps his only mistake was in choosing a supernatural story; he had the notion that because I am a clergyman I should believe anything. Many people have little notions of that kind."

"But I can't make head or tail of it," said the doctor. "You must really begin at the beginning."

"The beginning of it was a dressing-gown," said Father Brown simply. "It was the only really good disguise I've ever known. When you meet a man in a house with a dressing-gown on, you assume quite automatically that he's in his own house. I assumed it myself; but afterwards queer little things began to happen. When he took the pistol down he clicked it at arm's length, as a man does to make sure a strange weapon isn't loaded: of course, he would know whether the pistols in his own hall were loaded or not. I didn't like the way he looked for the brandy; or the way he nearly barged into the bowl of fishes. For a man who has a fragile thing of that sort as a fixture in his rooms gets a quite mechanical habit of avoiding it.

"But these things might possibly have been fancies; the first real point was this: he came out from the little passage between the two doors; and in that passage there's only one other door leading to a room; so I assumed it was the bedroom he had just come from. I tried the handle; but it was locked. I thought this odd; and looked through the keyhole. It was an utterly bare room obviously deserted; no bed, no anything. Therefore he had not come from inside any room, but from outside the house. And when I saw that, I think I saw the whole picture.

"Poor Arnold Aylmer doubtless slept and perhaps lived upstairs, and came down in his dressing-gown and passed through the red glass door. At the end of the passage, black against the winter daylight, he saw the enemy of his house. He saw a tall bearded man in a broad-brimmed black hat and a large flapping black cloak. He did not see much more in this world. Strake sprang on him, throttling or stabbing him; we cannot be sure till the inquest. Then Strake, standing in the narrow passage between the hat-stand and the old sideboard, and looking down in triumph on the last of

his foes, heard something he had not expected. He heard footsteps in the parlour beyond. It was myself entering by the French window.

"His masquerade was a miracle of promptitude. It involved not only a disguise but a romance; an impromptu romance. He took off his big black hat and cloak and put on the dead man's dressing-gown. Then he did a rather grisly thing; at least a thing that affects my fancy as more grisly than the rest. He hung the corpse like a coat on one of the hat-pegs. He draped it in his own long cloak and found it hung well below the heels; he covered the head entirely with his own wide hat. It was the only possible way of hiding it in that little passage with the locked door; but it really was a very clever one. I myself walked past the hat-stand once without knowing it was anything but a hat-stand. I think that unconsciousness of mine will always give me a shiver.

"He might perhaps have left it at that; but I might have discovered the corpse at any minute; and, hung where it was, it was a corpse calling for what you might call an explanation. He adopted the bolder stroke of discovering it himself and explaining it himself. He completed the exchange and reversal of parts by flinging the corpse out on to the snow as the corpse of Strake. He did his best to work up a creepy conception of Strake as something hovering in the air everywhere, a harpy with wings of speed and claws of death, to explain the absence of footprints.

"For one piece of artistic impudence I hugely admire him. He actually turned one of the contradictions in his case into an argument for it; and said that the man's cloak being too long for him proved that he never walked on the ground like an ordinary mortal. But he looked at me very hard while he said that; and something told me that he was trying a very big bluff."

Dr. Boyne looked thoughtful. "Had you discovered the truth by then?" he asked. "There is something very queer and close to the nerves, I think, about notions affecting identity. I don't know whether it would be more weird to get a guess like that swiftly or slowly. When did you suspect and when were you sure?"

"I think I really suspected when I telephoned to you," replied his friend. "And it was nothing more than the red light from the closed door brightening and darkening on the carpet. It looked like a splash of blood that grew vivid as it cried for vengeance. Why should it change like that? I knew the sun had not come out; it could only be because the second door behind it had been opened and shut on the garden. But if he had gone out and seen his enemy then, he would have raised the alarm then; and it was some time afterwards that the fracas occurred. I began to feel he had gone out to do something . . . to prepare something . . . but as to when I was certain, that is a different matter. I knew that right at the end he was trying to hypnotize me, to master me by the black art of eyes like talismans and a voice like incantation. That's what he used to do with old Aylmer, no doubt. But it wasn't only the way he said it, it was what he said. It was the religion and philosophy of it.

"I've never met a criminal who philosophized at all, who didn't philosophize along those lines of Oriental fatalism and recurrence and reincarnation, and the wheel of destiny, and the serpent biting its own tail. I have found merely in practice that there is a curse on the servants of that serpent; on their belly shall they go and the dust shall they eat; and there was never a blackguard or a profligate born who could not talk that sort of spirituality. It may not be like that in its real religious origins; but here in our working world it is the religion of rascals; and I knew it was a rascal who was speaking."

But as the priest went shuffling homeward through the snow, he muttered to himself, "And yet he was right enough about there being a white magic; if he had known where to look for it."

Despair

By MILDRED MASSON

DESPAIR
A giant, black funnel
Seemingly
Without an end.
How simple to get in
How hard to get out.
Round and round
The large end you roam
Until weary;
You make smaller circles;
Then in one moment you see
Far away
The light.

Little Masterpieces of Criticism

An English Novelist on American Dramatists

As for Eugene O'Neill—well, I respect him as much as I can any sentimentalist, but I hold George M. Cohan to be a vastly superior playwright. Arnold Bennett.

This Should Bring Thunder from Above

Dr. Johnson's æsthetic judgments are almost invariably subtle, or solid, or bold; they have always some good quality to recommend them—except one: they are never right. Lytton Strachey.

Proposed Motto for Big League Baseball

"Never give a socker an even break." H. I. Phillips.

One Against the World

Mr. Henry T. Finck enjoyed an international reputation earned by the outspoken independence of his views and his refusal to bow before conventional opinions. He once consented to give his rating of musical composers in a conversation with Mr. Krehbiel, who waited in vain for the name of Beethoven.

Finally Krehbiel asked Finck where he placed that master.

"I don't care where you place him," responded Finck, "as long as you put him far down." W. J. Henderson.

A Dramatic Critic's Summary of "On Approval"

A sleek play for sleek people. Percy Hammond.

A Confession and Avowal

Reading Joseph Conrad is like chewing india-rubber. George Moore.

It Sounds Almost As If He Didn't Like Her

Maria —— has done one thing which neither Bernhardt nor Duse ever permitted themselves to do; she has run to bulk. She has the big, motherly build of an ideal contralto. The all-embracing contour of a Schumann-Heink is here—a Schumann-Heink of the nether regions. For she has the dark, formidable sheen of a sculpture out of coal.

Her voice is enormous, a fund of unfathomable metal, past all hope of mellowness or merriment. She uses it unsparingly. Passages of grief or passion become for her a drill-field for manœuvers of the uvula and glottis. Her wraths are dress parades of the diaphragm and larynx. A Contemporary Music Critic.

A Personal View of W. M. T.

I hate quarreling about Thackeray, and mostly I always avoid it. I can't bear him, but it's silly and useless to say so. His bogus Queen Anne talk. His patronage of Swift. His habit of noticing things that only a valet or E. F. Benson would notice. He's a dreadful man, superior to the last gasp and incurably sentimental in what I call a timid way; also damned moral. Sir Walter Raleigh (1861–1922).

The Street Singer

By JOSÉ ECHEGARAY

Translated from the Spanish by John Garrett Underhill

CHARACTERS

ANGUSTIAS.
PEPE (*her lover*).
SUSPIROS (*a young girl*).
COLETA (*a beggar*).
PASSERSBY AND TOWNSPEOPLE.

The stage represents a square or street. There may or may not be trees; there may or may not be seats; there may or may not be lighted lamps. Several wine shops, lighted and standing open, may or may not be seen. The only thing which is essential is the wall of a house facing the front, or but slightly inclined to it, near the principal entrance used, so that the beggars and the singer may take their places against it.

The time is night.

COLETA, *fifty years of age, degraded, addicted to drink, a beggar by profession, and* SUSPIROS, *a girl of sixteen, attractive, soft-mannered, but sickly, who begs incidentally, are standing before the wall waiting to solicit alms.*

COLETA—Hello, Suspiros! Begging again to-night?

SUSPIROS—Yes, Señor Coleta. My step-mother made me. She says if I don't bring back two pesetas she'll give me a bigger cuff than she did yesterday.

COLETA—Did you get a good one yesterday?

SUSPIROS—Ay! Señor Coleta!

COLETA—You're not beginning to cry already?

SUSPIROS—If I didn't cry, I'd die of my troubles. My poor mother used to say that sighs are wings that you give to troubles and they fly away.

COLETA—Don't you want to lend me something?

SUSPIROS—What do you want me to lend you?

COLETA—Some of those lovely sighs of yours, which you say are wings. I might be able to use them.

SUSPIROS—Everybody has sighs of his own.

COLETA—I haven't; not if that's what they're like. When my troubles come, they come on all fours, like stray dogs. When I slip out of the tavern—just over there—and meet the police, my trouble is running; it's not flying. Never! That is—not flying with wings. Let me tell you, child, they say it is drink. Bah! They will say anything to ruin a man's reputation.

SUSPIROS—They'll ruin you any way they can.

COLETA—That's right. But to-night, when it's dark—you're not going to beg here?

SUSPIROS—I'm used to it; I'm not so much ashamed.

COLETA—But nobody goes by.

SUSPIROS—Ay! That's the reason I like it!

COLETA—You don't know how to beg.

SUSPIROS—Yes, sir, I know how to beg; the trouble is, people don't know how to give. I say: "A penny for my poor mother who is sick!" And you ought to see how sick she is! She died two years ago. Well, I get nothing. Or else I say: "A little penny for God's sake, for my mother, who is in the hospital, in the name of the Blessed Virgin! I have two baby brothers." No one gives, either.

COLETA—They don't, eh? And how

many brothers are you going to have to-night?

SUSPIROS—Ay, Señor Coleta! I had two and nobody gave me anything; I had three and they didn't give me anything. Last night I tried four and I got six pence, so to-night I mean to have five and see what they give me, or whether I just get the cuff from my mother.

COLETA—Just in the family, how many brothers have you, really?

SUSPIROS—Really, I had two. But they died—like my mother. Ay! They died because of the way my stepmother treated them—as she does me; and I am dying! Listen! If I can make two or three dollars I am going to run away to Játiva, and live with my aunt.

COLETA—Listen! If I didn't have so much to do in the tavern over there—you know—I'd take you for my daughter, and then we could beg together. Because I know how to beg, with my education; but a man can't beg here; this place is a desert.

SUSPIROS—There was a new girl here last night. She looked like a lady, the way she was. She didn't sigh, though; she was crying.

COLETA—Well, if she can cry, I'll take you both for my daughters; I need a family. You with your sighs and she with her cries, and me with my poor old eyes, we'd do twenty *reals* a day and live like kings. It's a great life. I was a gentleman once; I was a school-teacher. Then I was an undertaker; then I drove an ox-cart; and then—I didn't drive it; and here you have me.

SUSPIROS—I'd be better off with anybody else than my stepmother.

COLETA—That girl certainly did look like a lady.

SUSPIROS—That's why she was afraid to beg—she was ashamed.

COLETA—Was she? She stood here by the wall half an hour, glued to it; and then she went away without saying a word.

SUSPIROS—A good beggar ought to be able to do something; that's what I say. The old man who stands there with the violin, he makes a lot of money because he plays the violin. Take the little girl in the square—it's easy for her; she can sing. But you and I, we can't do anything. I wonder if she can—I mean that girl that was here last night?

COLETA—I think so. She began—like this—Ahem!—as if she was trying to sing.

SUSPIROS—No; she was crying. Between saying to herself, "I'm crying," and "I mustn't cry!" she gave such a gulp——

COLETA—She did? But then you saw what happened?

SUSPIROS—I? No.

COLETA—A young fellow came around the corner. He was pretty slick—yes, he was—and well dressed.

SUSPIROS—And he was generous and good! That's the man who gave me a handful of coppers and said, "I am sorry I can't give you any more!"

COLETA—Well, he said to me, "Get out of my way, damn you! You smell of wine." Lord, what does he expect a man to smell of when he's coming out of a tavern? People don't stop to think. And that wasn't the worst of it; what I smelled of was beer.

SUSPIROS—What did that gentleman want with the señorita?

COLETA—She saw him and ran away, like that!

SUSPIROS (*innocently*)—I wonder why?

COLETA—Oh! I don't know. Though I was a teacher, I don't have to teach you. You will find out for yourself soon enough—when you get over these sighs.

SUSPIROS—Look! Look! There she comes now.

COLETA—That's her. Move up in the corner and give her room. (ANGUSTIAS *enters at the rear.*)

ANGUSTIAS—Here it is. Here is where I stood last night. I am afraid—I am such a coward! But this time—I'll shut my eyes—I'll pretend that I am alone. I'll be blind—I must!—My poor mother suffering and dying so! And nothing in the house for to-morrow! How can I buy bread? How can I buy medicines? The doctor wants so many medicines. Prescriptions and pawn-tickets—I've nothing else in my pocket. Ah, at it, Angustias, at it! This is not begging. I can sing: I am not begging. People pay or don't pay, as they like. It's the same as if I were singing in a theater. An opera out-of-doors. Of course! I'll be a street singer. That's no disgrace; I am not afraid! I am not ashamed! What a coward I am! My mother would beg on her knees for me—and I can do as much for her! (*She goes toward the spot where* COLETA *and* SUSPIROS *are waiting, but hesitates.*)

COLETA (*to* SUSPIROS)—Here she comes.

SUSPIROS (*to* COLETA)—Give her room.

COLETA (*to himself*)—She'll sing to-night. I can see she's made up her mind to it.

SUSPIROS (*to herself*)—She's made it up to cry till her heart breaks. (ANGUSTIAS *takes her place in line with* COLETA *and*

SUSPIROS, *standing with her back against the wall. A pause ensues.*)

ANGUSTIAS (making an effort)—I can't—I can't sing——

COLETA (*to* SUSPIROS)—She's beginning.

SUSPIROS—Beginning what?

COLETA—To sing.

SUSPIROS—To cry, I say.

COLETA—Humph! It's a sentimental song, take it from me, child.

ANGUSTIAS (*to herself*)—If he comes again as he did last night, I can't do it.

SUSPIROS—Is the señorita going to sing?

ANGUSTIAS—Yes—I think so.

SUSPIROS—Something sad?

ANGUSTIAS—Very sad.

SUSPIROS—I love songs that make me cry.

ANGUSTIAS—So do I! Let us cry!

SUSPIROS—Are you ready to begin?

ANGUSTIAS—Yes. Let's begin.

COLETA—Hadn't you better clear your throat first?

ANGUSTIAS—No.

SUSPIROS—Don't keep us waiting then.

ANGUSTIAS—There's nobody here. Don't you see? There's nobody here.

SUSPIROS—There will be as soon as you begin.

COLETA—Take it from me, don't sing too good music; it's above the people's heads.

ANGUSTIAS (*passing her hand across her forehead*)—It must be late—it must be very late——

COLETA (*assuming a grand air, about to pay a compliment*)—The nightingales sang all night in my country when I was a boy.

SUSPIROS—When I was a little girl in Játiva the larks sang at daybreak.

COLETA—And daybreak is the end of the night.

SUSPIROS—And the beginning of the morning.

COLETA (*to* ANGUSTIAS; *he says this advancing a step*)—So begin.

SUSPIROS—Begin.

ANGUSTIAS—Yes—thanks. Now we'll show them.

SUSPIROS—Stand close by me.

ANGUSTIAS (*indicating* COLETA)—Is he your father?

SUSPIROS—Oh! He's Coleta. He has a good heart. And he's not drunk to-night.

ANGUSTIAS—Then I'll begin. (*She attempts to sing.*) My voice shakes.

COLETA—All the better. For the *tremolo*, it's better to have the voice shake.

SUSPIROS—Don't do that. (*Then to* ANGUSTIAS.) When you get through each verse, I'll go around and take up the money, if you want me to. I've a plate here my stepmother gave me.

COLETA—Yes! It's politer to beg with a plate.

ANGUSTIAS—It is? Thank you.

COLETA—And I'll go down the other side so that nobody escapes.

SUSPIROS—You'll see the pennies drop.

COLETA—And if that young fellow comes who was here last night, there'll be *pesetas* and *duros*.

ANGUSTIAS—What? Who did you say?

SUSPIROS—You know. The fellow who came when—when the señorita went away.

ANGUSTIAS—No! Have him hear me? Have him see me? I'd rather die first. No, no! Not to-night! I'll wait till to-morrow—to-morrow will do—(*Leaving the wall and coming forward.*)

COLETA—Here he is now.

ANGUSTIAS—Yes! It is he! Great Heaven!

COLETA (*to* SUSPIROS)—She'll sing now. (ANGUSTIAS *begins her song. Meanwhile* PEPE *enters. It is easy to see by his dress that he is a gentleman.*)

SUSPIROS (*to* COLETA)—He's looking for her.

COLETA—They can sing a duet.

PEPE (*watching from the rear*)—Yes, it is she. And it was last night. (*Coming forward.*) Angustias! Angustias!

ANGUSTIAS—What do you want?—Go away!—Let me be——

PEPE—Ah! it was you!—I knew it. I could not be deceived!

ANGUSTIAS—Leave me!—Leave me!—Great God! I am free.—Let me go!

PEPE—No! Wait! You cannot go without hearing me. Are you in such a hurry to go?

ANGUSTIAS—I cannot hurry enough.

PEPE—Have I hurt you so?

ANGUSTIAS—Was it a little?

PEPE—To love you with all my soul—was that to hurt you?

ANGUSTIAS—Love *me?*

PEPE—Whom, then?

ANGUSTIAS—I found that out.

PEPE—You never found it out. Did I leave you, or was it you who sent me off? Tell me that—tell me the truth! Don't I always come back to you? All day long at your door, and all day long it is closed! All night long at your window, and all night long it is dark! I follow your steps when you go out, to see if I can put my feet where you have set yours; that is the only consolation you have left to me. And when I lose sight of you it seems as if my soul

would rush out of my body after you; for the soul is lighter than the body, and can travel faster. My Angustias—for you were my Angustias—you were happiness to me!

ANGUSTIAS—You know how to talk. The more fool I, to have believed you at first! But since I believed you then, I cannot believe you now. No! though you were to do what you never do—speak the truth!

PEPE—Have I deceived you?

ANGUSTIAS—Do you ask me that?

PEPE—How?

ANGUSTIAS—In everything! Did you tell me who you were when you came to see me? No, you did not! You came to me as if you had been a man of my own class, a poor man who had to work for his living as I had for mine. And then what a game you played with my heart! Your cap and flannel shirt— Oh! they were honourable; yes, they were!—but they covered up a heart that was evil. You didn't wear a mask, for your face is a mask. It always is. Can you deny it? You can't deny it. Deny that you hid your position, your money, your name! Yes, your name! for it burns in my throat, it has been such a shame to me!

PEPE—I don't deny it. But if I had come to you in any other way—you are so proud, so jealous—you would never have loved me.

ANGUSTIAS—How could you tell that I was so proud, before you knew me?

PEPE—Couldn't I see it in your face?

ANGUSTIAS—Proud, no; but honest—yes!

PEPE—I told you the truth at last.

ANGUSTIAS—At last? The truth? When I know it, and you know that I know it, why do you have to lie? You never told me the truth. I found it out! I found it out because God willed it so—He would not stand by and see a poor girl deceived. And He put you in my way and revealed you to me as you were—rich, deceitful, vain! Yes, a gentleman—without a particle of conscience!

PEPE—Angustias! Don't say such things!

ANGUSTIAS—Your memory is weak. One winter night, when it was dark—dark nights were not made for nothing—what have the nights done that they should be so dark?—well, one night I was in the heart of Madrid, delivering some work. When there is work to do, I work. You—when do you work? When you want to make people believe you! Well, I was passing the door of a theater——

PEPE—Angustias!

ANGUSTIAS—Do you remember? No, let me finish. Can't you see it? I can—I can see it as if it were happening now. I had to stop because a carriage drew up by the sidewalk—a carriage with two horses, a coachman and a footman. The footman opened the door, and with the door he took up the whole sidewalk so I couldn't pass; and I stood still. I waited to see the gentleman get out; and he got out. What clothes! How he did shine! A great fur coat, and the white bosom of his shirt was glistening in the fur. I had to laugh, he looked so like my Pepe. "I am a fool," I thought—and then I thought—I tell you I am a fool! "No; Pepe would be handsomer in clothes like those." I thought so, because I loved you—because I adored you—yes, I adored you! My God! Love like that should never die! The sun and the sky may, and life itself go out, but not love—no! For without love there is nothing! (*She begins to cry.*)

PEPE—Angustias—let me explain. You don't understand. There are things in life—facts sometimes—parents—and sometimes they don't understand, either!

ANGUSTIAS (*interrupting*)—There is nothing to explain. Listen! Suddenly you turned; that is, the gentleman with the coat turned, and the white bosom gleaming in the fur. Who knows?—I may have ironed that shirt myself. Well, he turned, and he said to the footman, "Remember, at twelve; be there!" Great God, what a jump my heart gave! It was your voice. Your voice! And what you said to the lackey you had said to me, oh, so many times! "Remember—at twelve; be there!" I leaped forward; I couldn't hold back. I gave a cry. I caught you by the arm—no, not by the arm! What I caught was the coat, not you. When you wore a blouse I could touch you—I have, so many times! But in that greatcoat, my hand was lost in the fur and my fingers couldn't reach you.

PEPE—No more, Angustias! No more!

ANGUSTIAS—Why not? Wasn't it so? I cried out: "Pepe, Pepe! Is it you?" And you, with another cry, answered "Angustias!" And the people stood still in the streets and laughed. And the lights of the theater beat on us with a fierce burning glare. And I blushed red, with shame—and I ran! I got home, I don't know how—I stumbled up the stairs, I threw myself into my mother's arms, and, choking with tears, I cried out: "Pepe is not Pepe! It is all over! He is rich! He has a carriage!" "But you—you have your honour," my mother said; and, as I have no furs, her poor

old fingers sank deep into my arm. We are poor—when we embrace, our embraces are real, body to body and soul to soul. There come between us no sables and no ermines.

PEPE—But the next day I came——

ANGUSTIAS—The next day my mother saw you. "We live up too many flights for you to climb to see my daughter," she said, "and my daughter would have to go down too many if she were to go to see you. Please don't take the trouble."

PEPE—But I——

ANGUSTIAS—You said nothing. As you were silent then, be silent now. And remember to respect a woman.

PEPE—Angustias——

ANGUSTIAS—Not another word.

PEPE—Give me hope!

ANGUSTIAS—Hope? Have I hope?

PEPE—If, without thinking of hindrances, of anybody, of anything, I said to you: "Be my wife!" (*Seizing her hand.*)

ANGUSTIAS (*moved in spite of herself*)—Is the pretense still on? Well!—when you slip that ring on my finger, we shall see whether the pretense is on.

PEPE (*endeavouring to remove the ring*)—At once!

ANGUSTIAS—No, not that bright one. No; that costs too much! It sparkles too brightly for a girl like me. I can't afford to wear it. It would be a disgrace. It is for gentlemen like you. I mean the other, the guard, the little gold band that looks like a wedding-ring. Don't say that I am proud. But I can tell you this: My mother has a ring like that, and though we are dying of hunger, she will carry it with her to her grave. Well, I shall be carried to mine with one like that—or without one! I have done with you.

PEPE—Angustias!

ANGUSTIAS—You may go! If you don't, I'll go myself—I'll run away—jump from the viaduct—kill myself!——

PEPE—I'll go, Angustias. I'll go— But, ah—who knows?— Good-by— Good-by. (*He goes out.*)

ANGUSTIAS—I know! I know! He won't come back. Good-by! (*Various persons enter. As* ANGUSTIAS *begins to sing, they form a group about her.*) And now to sing—to earn money for my mother—to buy her medicines. To sing—though it tears out my throat! (*She goes up to the wall by* SUSPIROS *and* COLETA.) Here I am. I am ready now. I am going to sing. (*She begins to try her voice.*)

COLETA (*to* SUSPIROS)—Now she'll begin. Didn't I tell you that man would make her sing?

SUSPIROS—Keep quiet—I want to listen. (ANGUSTIAS *begins to sing.*)

COLETA—Here come more people.

SUSPIROS—Go on! Go on! The flies flock to the honey. (*The crowd grows greater as* ANGUSTIAS *sings. The scene should be one of animation. Some applaud at appropriate moments; others shout out disconnected phrases such as* "Good!" "Brava!" "Olé for the street-singer!" "Encore!" "Encore!" "Another!" "Sing something lively!" "Something sad!" "Olé!" PEPE *returns. Little by little he draws nearer and mingles with the crowd—however, without attracting attention.*)

PEPE (*to himself*)—What is this?— Great God!—My Angustias!— Ah!— No, no! Never!— Let them say what they will, I cannot——

SUSPIROS (*producing a tray*)—Now leave it to me. I'll take up the money.

ANGUSTIAS (*supporting herself against the wall*)—I can't sing any more. Do what you like.

SUSPIROS—Come on!— Oh, come on! Throw in the pennies—don't be stingy. It's worth it. I have seven little brothers— (*She goes through the crowd passing the tray.*)

PEPE (*in a low voice*)—Here—take this— (*He throws in several duros, and the gold ring of which* ANGUSTIAS *spoke, along with them.*)

SUSPIROS—Ave María! What a lot of money! Goodness!—*Duros!* Look! Look! (*Running up to* ANGUSTIAS.) And a gold ring. He threw it in—the man who was here last night!

ANGUSTIAS—What? What's that you say? Ah! (*Seizing the ring.*) Yes, it is his! But where is he? (*Breaking through the crowd to find him.*)

PEPE (*rushing to meet her*)—Here I am! Now come with me to your mother.

ANGUSTIAS—Swear to me by yours first, that you don't deceive me.

PEPE—I do; I swear it. Will you come? Do you want to?

ANGUSTIAS—What shall I do?

PEPE—Come.

SUSPIROS—Señorita, you forget the money—

PEPE—It's for you.

SUSPIROS—Hurrah! Now I can run away to Játiva.

COLETA—Promise me to let me buy your ticket.

ANGUSTIAS—My Pepe!

PEPE—This is the end of the song, for I am carrying off the Street Singer.

CURTAIN

The Hound of Heaven

By FRANCIS THOMPSON

Francis Thompson

I FLED Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes, I sped;
And shot, precipitated
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.
But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbéd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
"All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
By many a hearted casement, curtained red,
Trellised with intertwining charities;
(For, though I knew His love Who followéd,
Yet was I sore adread
Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside)
But, if one little casement parted wide,
The gust of His approach would clash it to
Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.
Across the margent of the world I fled,
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,
Smiting for shelter on their changéd bars;
Fretted to dulcet jars
And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.
I said to dawn: Be sudden—to eve: Be soon;
With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over
From this tremendous Lover!
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!
I tempted all His servitors, but to find
My own betrayal in their constancy,
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.
To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.
But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,
The long savannahs of the blue;
Or whether, Thunder-driven,
They clanged his chariot 'thwart a heaven,
Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their feet:—
Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.
Still with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbéd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
Came on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their beat—
"Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me."

I sought no more that, after which I strayed,
In face of man or maid;
But still within the little children's eyes
Seems something, something that replies,
They at least are for me, surely for me!
I turned me to them very wistfully;
But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair
With dawning answers there,
Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.
"Come then, ye other children, Nature's —share
With me" (said I) "your delicate fellowship;
Let me greet you lip to lip,
Let me twine with you caresses,
Wantoning
With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses,
Banqueting

With her in her wind-walled palace,
Underneath her azured daïs,
Quaffing, as your taintless way is,
From a chalice
Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring."
So it was done:
I in their delicate fellowship was one—
Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies.
I knew all the swift importings
On the wilful face of skies;
I knew how the clouds arise
Spuméd of the wild sea-snortings;
All that's born or dies
Rose and drooped with—made them shapers
Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine—
With them joyed and was bereaven.
I was heavy with the even,
When she lit her glimmering tapers
Round the day's dead sanctities.
I laughed in the morning's eyes.
I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,
Heaven and I wept together,
And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine;
Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
I laid my own to beat,
And share commingling heat;
But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.
In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's gray cheek.
For ah! we know not what each other says,
These things and I; in sound *I* speak—
Their sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.
Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth;
Let her, if she would owe me,
Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me
The breasts o' her tenderness:
Never did any milk of hers once bless
My thirsting mouth.
Nigh and nigh draws the chase,
With unperturbéd pace,
Deliberate speed majestic instancy
And past those noiséd Feet
A voice comes yet more fleet—
"Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me."

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!
My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,
And smitten me to my knee;
I am defenceless utterly,
I slept, methinks, and woke,
And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.
In the rash lustihead of my young powers,
I shook the pillaring hours
And pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears,
I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years—
My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.
My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,
Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.
Yea, faileth now even dream
The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist;
Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
Are yielding; cords of all too weak account
For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.
Ah! is Thy love indeed
A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,
Suffering no flowers except its own to mount?
Ah! must—
Designer infinite!—
Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?
My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the dust;
And now my heart is as a broken fount,
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever
From the dank thoughts that shiver
Upon the sightful branches of my mind.
Such is; what is to be?
The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?
I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity,
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half-glimpséd turrets slowly wash again;
But not ere him who summoneth
I first have seen, enwound
With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowned;
His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.
Whether man's heart or life it be which yields
Thee harvest, must Thy harvest fields
Be dunged with rotten death?
Now of that long pursuit
Comes on at hand the bruit;
That Voice is round me like a bursting sea:
"And is thy earth so marred,
Shattered in shard on shard?

Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!

"Strange, piteous, futile thing!
Wherefore should any set thee love apart?
Seeing none but I makes much of naught"
(He said),
"And human love needs human meriting:
How hast thou merited—
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
Alack, thou knowest not
How little worthy of any love thou art!
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,
Save Me, save only Me?
All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:
Rise, clasp My hand, and come."

Halts by me that footfall:
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me."

The Man George Washington

In His Own Writings

"Seventeen"

My place of Residence is at present at His Lordships where I might was my heart disengag'd pass my time very pleasantly as theres a very agreeable Young Lady Lives in the same house (Colo George Fairfax's Wife's Sister) but as thats only adding Fuel to fire it makes me the more uneasy for by often and unavoidably being in Company with her revives my former Passion for your Low Land Beauty whereas was I to live more retired from young Women I might in some measure eliviate my sorrows by burying that chast and troublesome Passion in the grave of oblivion or etarnall forgetfulness for as I am very well assured thats the only antidote or remedy that I shall be releivd by or only recess that can administer any cure or help to me as I am well convinced was I ever to attempt any thing I should only get a denial which would be only adding grief to uneasiness.

Letter from George Washington to "Dear Robin," 1748.

An Acrostic, to Frances Alexander

(*But, for once, Washington did not finish what he commenced*)

From your bright sparkling Eyes I was undone;
Rays, you have; more transperent than the Sun,
Amidst its glory in the rising Day
None can you equal in your bright array;
Constant in your calm and unspotted Mind;
Equal to all, but will to none Prove kind,
So knowing, seldom one so Young, you'l Find.

Ah! woe's me, that I should Love and conceal
Long have I wish'd, but never dare reveal,
Even though severely Loves Pains I feel;
Xerxes that great, was't free from Cupids Dart,
And all the greatest Heroes, felt the smart.

Journal of My Journey Over the Mountains.

Growing Pains

(Also from the "Journal," mixed in with notes of surveys — highly mixed, too, as to tense, number, punctuation, and idea.)

Oh Ye Gods why should my Poor Resistless Heart
  Stand to oppose thy might and Power
At Last surrender to cupids feather'd Dart
  And now lays Bleeding every Hour
For her that's Pityless of my grief and Woes,
  And will not on me Pity take.
I'll sleep amongst my most inveterate Foes
  And with gladness never wish to wake,
In deluding sleepings let my Eyelids close
  That in an enraptured Dream I may
In a soft lulling sleep and gentle repose
  Possess those joys denied by Day.

To Mrs. George William Fairfax

Dear Madam, Camp at Fort Cumberland, 12th September, 1758.

. . . . . .

If you allow that any honour can be derived from my opposition to our present System of management, you destroy the merit of it entirely in me by attributing my anxiety to the animating prospect of possessing Mrs. Custis, when—I need not tell you, guess yourself—should not my own Honour and My Country's welfare be the excitement? 'Tis true, I profess myself a votary to love. I acknowledge that a lady is in the case. . . . I feel the force of her amiable beauties in the recollection of a thousand tender passages that I could wish to obliterate, till I am bid to revive them. But experience, alas! sadly reminds me how impossible this is, and evinces an opinion which I have long entertained, that there is a Destiny which has the sovereign control of our actions, not to be resisted by the strongest efforts of Human Nature. . . .

A Warning to the Ladies

Dr. Doctor, West Point, 16 August, 1779.

I have asked Mrs. Cochran & Mrs. Livingston to dine with me to-morrow; but am I not in honour bound to apprize them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned; I will. It is needless to premise, that my table is large enough to hold the ladies. Of this they had occular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered, is rather more essential; and this shall be the purport of my Letter.

Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham, (sometimes a shoulder) of Bacon, to grace the head of the Table; a piece of roast Beef adorns the foot; and a dish of beans, or greens, (almost imperceptible,) decorates the center. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, (which I presume will be the case to-morrow,) we have two Beef-steak pyes, or dishes of crabs, in addition, one on each side of the center dish, dividing the space & reducing the distance between dish and dish to about 6 feet, which without them would be about 12 feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover, that apples will make pyes; and its a question, if, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of the apples, instead of having both of Beef-steaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates, once Tin but now Iron—(not become so by the labor of scouring), I shall be happy to see them; and am, dear Doctor, yours, &c.

Man to Man

. . . I never say any thing of a Man that I have the smallest scruple of saying—*to him. Letter to Robert Morris.*

How Many Can Say It at Fifty-four?

. . . I do not recollect that in the course of my life I ever forfeited my word, or broke a promise made to any one. . . . *To William Triplett.*

The Use of Criticism

. . . While the eyes of America, perhaps of the world, are turned to this government and many are watching the movement of all those, who are concerned in its administration, I should like to be informed, through so good a medium, of the public opinion of both men and measures, and of none more than myself; not so much of what may be thought commendable parts, if any, of my conduct, as of those which are conceived to be of a different complexion. The man, who means to commit no wrong, will never be guilty of enormities; consequently he can never be unwilling to learn what is ascribed to him as foibles. If they are really such, the knowledge of them in a well-disposed mind will go half way towards a reform. If they are not errors, he can explain and justify the motives of his actions. *To David Stuart.*

Humanity

. . . Although it is last mentioned it is foremost in my thoughts, to desire you will be particularly attentive to my negroes in their sickness; and to order every overseer *positively* to be so likewise; for I am sorry to observe that the generality of them view these poor creatures in scarcely any other light than they do a draught horse or ox; neglecting them as much when they are unable to work; instead of comforting them and nursing them when they lye on a sick bed. . . . *To Anthony Whiting, Overseer at Mt. Vernon.*

Still Troubled by the Ladies

. . . But after all, is not Lawrence Lewis on the point of matrimony? Report says so, and if truly, it would be an effectual bar to a *permanent* establishment in my business, as I never again will have two women in my house when I am there myself. . . .

To Bruges Ball, 1793.

Some Ideas on Love at the Age of Sixty-one

. . . Love is said to be an involuntary passion, and it is, therefore, contended that it cannot be resisted. This is true in part only, for like all things else, when nourished and supplied plentifully with aliment, it is rapid in its progress; but let these be withdrawn and it may be stifled in its birth or much stinted in its growth. For example, a woman (the same may be said of either sex) all beautiful and accomplished, will, while her hand and heart are undisposed of, turn the heads and set the circle in which she moves on fire. Let her marry, and what is the consequence? The madness *ceases* and all is quiet again. Why? Not because there is any diminution in the charms of the lady, but because there is an end of hope. Hence it follows, that love may and therefore ought to be under the guidance of reason, for although we cannot avoid first impressions, we may assuredly place them under guard; and my motives for treating on this subject are to show you, while you remain Eleanor Parke Custis, spinster, and retain the resolution to love with moderation, the propriety of adhering to the latter resolution, at least until you have secured your game, and the way by which it may be accomplished. *To Eleanor Parke Custis.*

A Kentucky Cardinal

By JAMES LANE ALLEN

James Lane Allen

I

ALL this New Year's Day of 1850 the sun shone cloudless but wrought no thaw. Even the landscapes of frost on the windowpanes did not melt a flower, and the little trees still keep their silvery boughs arched high above the jewelled avenues. During the afternoon a lean hare limped twice across the lawn, and there was not a creature stirring to chase it. Now the night is bitter cold, with no sounds outside but the cracking of the porches as they freeze tighter. Even the north wind seems grown too numb to move. I had determined to convert its coarse, big noise into something sweet—as may often be done by a little art with the things of this life—and so stretched a horse-hair above the opening between the window-sashes; but the soul of my harp has departed. I hear but the comfortable roar and snap of hickory logs, at long intervals a deeper breath from the dog stretched on his side at my feet, and the crickets under the hearthstones. They have to thank me for that nook. One chill afternoon I came upon a whole company of them on the western slope of a woodland mound, so lethargic that I thumped them repeatedly before they could so much as get their senses. There was a branch near by, and the smell of mint in the air, so that had they been young Kentuckians one might have had a clew to the situation. With an ear for winter minstrelsy, I brought two home in a handkerchief, and assigned them an elegant suite of apartments under a loose brick.

But the finest music in the room is that which streams out to the ear of the spirit in many an exquisite strain from the hanging shelf of books on the opposite wall. Every volume there is an instrument which some melodist of the mind created and set vibrating with music, as a flower shakes out its perfume or a star shakes out its light. Only listen, and they soothe all care, as though the silken-soft leaves of poppies had been made vocal and poured into the ear.

Towards dark, having seen to the comfort of a household of kind, faithful fellow beings, whom man in his vanity calls the lower animals, I went last to walk under the cedars in the front yard, listening to that music which is at once so cheery and so sad —the low chirping of birds at dark winter twilights as they gather in from the frozen fields, from snow-buried shrubbery and hedge-rows, and settle down for the night in the depths of the evergreens, the only refuge from their enemies and shelter from the blast. But this evening they made no ado about their home-coming. To-day, perhaps, none had ventured forth. I am most uneasy when the red-bird is forced by hunger to leave the covert of his cedars, since he, on the naked or white landscapes of winter, offers the most far-shining and beautiful mark for Death. I stepped across to the tree in which a pair of these birds roost, and shook it, to make sure they were at home, and felt relieved when they fluttered into the next with the quick startled notes they utter when aroused.

The longer I live here, the better satisfied I am in having pitched my earthly campfire, gypsylike, on the edge of a town, keeping it on one side, and the green fields, lanes, and woods on the other. Each, in turn, is to me as a magnet to the needle. At times the needle of my nature points towards the country. On that side everything is poetry. I wander over field and forest, and through me runs a glad current of feeling that is like a clear brook across the meadows of May. At others the needle veers round, and I go to town—to the massed haunts of the highest animal and cannibal. That way nearly everything is prose. I can feel the prose rising in me as I

step along, like hair on the back of a dog, long before any other dogs are in sight. And, indeed, the case is much that of a country dog come to town, so that growls are in order at every corner. The only being in the universe at which I have ever snarled, or with which I have rolled over in the mud and fought like a common cur, is Man.

Among my neighbours who furnish me much of the plain prose of life, the nearest hitherto has been a bachelor named Jacob Mariner. I called him my rain-crow, because the sound of his voice awoke apprehensions of falling weather. A visit from him was an endless drizzle. For Jacob came over to expound his minute symptoms; and had everything that he gave out on the subject of human ailments been written down, it must have made a volume as large, as solemn, and as inconvenient as a family Bible. My other nearest neighbour lives across the road—a widow, Mrs. Walters. I call Mrs. Walters my mocking-bird, because she reproduces, by what is truly a divine arrangement of the throat, the voices of the town. When she flutters across to the yellow settee under the grape-vine and balances herself lightly with expectation, I have but to request that she favour me with a little singing, and soon the air is vocal with every note of the village songsters. After this Mrs. Walters usually begins to flutter in a motherly way around the subject of *my* symptoms.

Naturally, it has been my wish to bring about between this rain-crow and mocking-bird the desire to pair with one another. For, if a man always wanted to tell his symptoms and a woman always wished to hear about them, surely a marriage compact on the basis of such a passion ought to open up for them a union of ever-flowing and indestructible felicity. They should associate as perfectly as the compensating metals of a pendulum, of which the one contracts as the other expands. And then I should be a little happier myself. But the perversity of life! Jacob would never confide in Mrs. Walters. Mrs. Walters would never inquire for Jacob.

Now poor Jacob is dead, of no complaint apparently, and with so few symptoms that even the doctors did not know what was the matter, and the upshot of this talk is that his place has been sold, and I am to have new neighbours. What a disturbance to a man living on the edge of a quiet town!

Tidings of the calamity came to-day from Mrs. Walters, who flew over and sang—sang even on a January afternoon—in a manner to rival her most vociferous vernal execution. But the poor creature was so truly distressed that I followed her to the front gate, and we twittered kindly at each other over the fence, and ruffled our plumage with common disapproval. It is marvellous how a member of her sex will conceive dislike of people that she has never seen; but birds are sensible of heat or cold long before either arrives, and it may be that this mocking-bird feels something wrong at the quill end of her feathers.

II

Mrs. Walters this morning with more news touching our incoming neighbours. Whenever I have faced towards this aggregation of unwelcome individuals, I have beheld it moving towards me as a thick gray mist, shutting out nature beyond. Perhaps they are approaching this part of the earth like a comet that carries its tail before it, and I am already enveloped in a disturbing, befogging nebulosity.

There is still no getting the truth, but it appears that they are a family of consequence in their way—which, of course, may be a very poor way. Mrs. Margaret Cobb, mother, lately bereaved of her husband, Joseph Cobb, who fell among the Kentucky boys at the battle of Buena Vista. A son, Joseph Cobb, now cadet at West Point, with a desire to die like his father, but destined to die—who knows?—in a war that may break out in this country about the negroes. Then there is a daughter, Miss Georgiana Cobb, who embroiders blue-and-pink-worsted dogs on black foot-cushions, makes far-off crayon trees that look like sheep in the act of variously getting up and lying down on a hillside, and, when the dew is falling and the moon is the shape of the human lips, touches her guitar with maidenly solicitude. Lastly, a younger daughter, who is in the half-fledged state of becoming educated.

While not reconciled, I am resigned. The young man when at home may wish to practice the deadly vocation of an American soldier of the period over the garden fence at my birds, in which case he and I could readily fight a duel, and help maintain an honoured custom of the commonwealth. The older daughter will sooner or later turn loose on my heels one of her pack of blue dogs. If this should befall me in the spring, and I survive the dog, I could retort with a dish of strawberries and a copy of "Lalla Rookh"; if in the fall, with a basket of

grapes and Thomson's "Seasons," after which there would be no further exchange of hostilities. The younger daughter, being a school-girl, will occasionally have to be subdued with green apples and salt. The mother could easily give trouble; or she might be one of those few women to know whom is to know the best that there is in all this faulty world.

The middle of February. The depths of winter reached. Thoughtful, thoughtless words—the depths of winter. Everything gone inward and downward from surface and summit, Nature at low tide. In its time will come the height of summer, when the tides of life will rise to the tree-tops, or be dashed as silvery insect spray all but to the clouds. So bleak a season touches my concern for birds, which never seem quite at home in this world; and the winter has been most lean and hungry for them. Many snows have fallen—snows that are as raw cotton spread over their breakfast-table, and cutting off connection between them and its bounties. Next summer I must let the weeds grow up in my garden, so that they may have a better chance for seeds above the stingy level of the universal white. Of late I have opened a pawnbroker's shop for my hard-pressed brethren in feathers, lending at a fearful rate of interest; for every borrowing Lazarus will have to pay me back in due time by monthly instalments of singing. I shall have mine own again with usury. But were a man never so usurious, would he not lend a winter seed for a summer song? Would he refuse to invest his stale crumbs in an orchestra of divine instruments and a choir of heavenly voices? And to-day, also, I ordered from a nursery-man more trees of holly, juniper, and fir, since the storm-beaten cedars will have to come down. For in Kentucky, when the forest is naked, and every shrub and hedge-row bare, what would become of our birds in the universal rigour and exposure of the world if there were no evergreens—nature's hostelries for the homeless ones? Living in the depths of these, they can keep snow, ice, and wind at bay; prying eyes cannot watch them, nor enemies so well draw near; cones or seed or berries are their store; and in those untrodden chambers each can have the sacred company of his mate. But wintering here has terrible risks which few run. Scarcely in autumn have the leaves begun to drop from their high perches silently downward when the birds begin to drop away from the bare boughs silently southward. Lo! some morning the leaves are on the ground, and the birds have vanished. The species that remain, or that come to us then, wear the hues of the season, and melt into the tone of Nature's background—blues, grays, browns, with touches of white on tail and breast and wing for coming flecks of snow.

Save only him—proud, solitary stranger in our unfriendly land—the fiery grosbeak. Nature in Kentucky has no wintry harmonies for him. He could find these only among the tufts of the October sumac, or in the gum-tree when it stands a pillar of red twilight fire in the dark November woods, or in the far depths of the crimson sunset skies, where, indeed, he seems to have been nested, and whence to have come as a messenger of beauty, bearing on his wings the light of his diviner home.

With almost everything earthly that he touches this high herald of the trees is in contrast. Among his kind he is without a peer. Even when the whole company of summer voyagers have sailed back to Kentucky, singing and laughing and kissing one another under the enormous green umbrella of Nature's leaves, he still is beyond them all in loveliness. But when they have been wafted away again to brighter skies and to soft islands over the sea, and he is left alone on the edge of that Northern world which he has dared invade and inhabit, it is then, amid black clouds and drifting snows, that the gorgeous cardinal stands forth in the ideal picture of his destiny. For it is then that his beauty is most conspicuous, and that Death, lover of the peerless, strikes at him from afar. So that he retires to the twilight solitude of his wild fortress. Let him even show his noble head and breast at a slit in its green window-shades, and a ray flashes from it to the eye of a cat; let him, as spring comes on, burst out in desperation and mount to the tree-tops which he loves, and his gleaming red coat betrays him to the poised hawk as to a distant sharpshooter; in the barn near by an owl is waiting to do his night marketing at various tender meat-stalls; and, above all, the eye and heart of man are his diurnal and nocturnal foe. What wonder if he is so shy, so rare, so secluded, this flame-coloured prisoner in dark-green chambers, who has only to be seen or heard and Death adjusts an arrow.

No vast Southern swamps or forest of pine here into which he may plunge. If he shuns man in Kentucky, he must haunt the long lonely river valleys where the wild cedars grow. If he comes into this

immediate swarming pastoral region, where the people, with ancestral love of privacy, and not from any kindly thought of him, plant evergreens around their country homes, he must live under the very guns and amid the pitfalls of the enemy. Surely, could the first male of the species have foreseen how, through the generations of his race to come, both their beauty and their song, which were meant to announce them to Love, would also announce them to Death, he must have blanched snow-white with despair and turned as mute as a stone. Is it this flight from the inescapable just behind that makes the singing of the red-bird thoughtful and plaintive, and, indeed, nearly all the wild sounds of nature so like the outcry of the doomed? He will sit for a long time silent and motionless in the heart of a cedar, as if absorbed in the tragic memories of his race. Then, softly, wearily, he will call out to you and to the whole world: *Peace . . . Peace . . . Peace . . . Peace . . . Peace . . .!*—the most melodious sigh that ever issued from the clefts of a dungeon.

For colour and form, brilliant singing, his very enemies, and the bold nature he has never lost, I have long been most interested in this bird. Every year several pairs make their appearance about my place. This winter especially I have been feeding a pair; and there should be finer music in the spring, and a lustier brood in summer.

III

MARCH has gone like its winds. The other night as I lay awake with that yearning which often beats within, there fell from the upper air the notes of the wild gander as he wedged his way onward by faith, not by sight, towards his distant bourn. I rose, and, throwing open the shutters, strained eyes towards the unseen and unseeing explorer, startled, as a half-asleep soldier might be startled by the faint bugle-call of his commander, blown to him from the clouds. What far-off lands, streaked with mortal dawn, does he believe in? In what soft sylvan waters will he bury his tired breast? Always when I hear his voice, often when not, I too desire to be up and gone out of these earthly marshes where hunts the dark Fowler—gone to some vast, pure, open sea, where, one by one, my scattered kind, those whom I love and those who love me, will arrive in safety, there to be together.

March is a month when the needle of my nature dips towards the country. I am away, greeting everything as it wakes out of winter sleep, stretches arms upward and legs downward, and drinks goblet after goblet of young sunshine. I must find the dark green snowdrop, and sometimes help to remove from her head, as she lifts it slowly from her couch, the frosted nightcap, which the old Nurse would still insist that she should wear. The pale green tips of daffodils are a thing of beauty. There is the sun-struck brook of the field, underneath the thin ice of which drops form and fall, form and fall, like big round silvery eyes that grow bigger and brighter with astonishment that you should laugh at them as they vanish. But most I love to see Nature do her spring house-cleaning in Kentucky, with the rain-clouds for her water-buckets and the winds for her brooms. What an amount of drenching and sweeping she can do in a day! How she dashes pailful and pailful into every corner, till the whole earth is as clean as a new floor! Another day she attacks the piles of dead leaves, where they have lain since last October, and scatters them in a trice, so that every cranny may be sunned and aired. Or, grasping her long brooms by the handles, she will go into the woods and beat the icicles off the big trees as a housewife would brush down cobwebs; so that the released limbs straighten up like a man who has gotten out of debt, and almost say to you, joyfully, "Now, then, we are all right again!" This done, she begins to hang up soft new curtains at the forest windows, and to spread over her floor a new carpet of an emerald loveliness such as no mortal looms could ever have woven. And then, at last, she sends out invitations through the South, and even to some tropical lands, for the birds to come and spend the summer in Kentucky. The invitations are sent out in March, and accepted in April and May, and by June her house is full of visitors.

Not the eyes alone love Nature in March. Every other sense hies abroad. My tongue hunts for the last morsel of wet snow on the northern root of some aged oak. As one goes early to a concert-hall with a passion even for the preliminary tuning of the musicians, so my ear sits alone in the vast amphitheatre of Nature and waits for the earliest warble of the blue-bird, which seems to start up somewhere behind the heavenly curtains. And the scent of spring, is it not the first lyric of the nose—that despised poet of the senses?

But this year I have hardly glanced at the small choice edition of Nature's spring

verses. This by reason of the oncoming Cobbs, at the mere mention of whom I feel as though I were plunged up to my eyes in a vat of the prosaic. Some days ago workmen went into the house and all but scoured the very memory of Jacob off the face of the earth. Then there has been need to quiet Mrs. Walters.

Mrs. Walters does not get into our best society; so that the town is to her like a pond to a crane: she wades round it, going in as far as she can, and snatches up such small fry as come shoreward from the middle. In this way lately I have gotten hints of what is stirring in the vasty deeps of village opinion.

Mrs. Cobb is charged, among other dreadful things, with having ordered of the town manufacturer a carriage that is to be as fine as President Taylor's, and with marching into church preceded by a servant, who bears her prayer-book on a velvet cushion. What if she rode in Cinderella's coach, or had her prayer-book carried before her on the back of a Green River turtle? But to her sex she promises to be an invidious Christian. I am rather disturbed by the gossip regarding the elder daughter. But this is so conflicting that one impression is made only to be effaced by another.

A week ago their agent wanted to buy my place. I was so outraged that I got down my map of Kentucky to see where these peculiar beings originate. They come from a little town in the northwestern corner of the State, on the Ohio River, named Henderson—named from that Richard Henderson who in the year 1775 bought about half of Kentucky from the Cherokees, and afterwards, as president of his purchase, addressed the first legislative assembly ever held in the West, seated under a big elm-tree outside the walls of Boonsborough fort. These people must be his heirs, or they would never have tried to purchase my few Sabine acres. It is no surprize to discover that they are from the Green River country. They must bathe often in that stream. I suppose they wanted my front yard to sow it in penny-royal, the characteristic growth of those districts. They surely distil it and use it as a perfume on their handkerchiefs. It was perhaps from the founder of this family that Thomas Jefferson got authority for his statement that the Ohio is the most beautiful river in the world—unless, indeed, the President formed that notion of the Ohio upon lifting his eyes to it from the contemplation of Green River. Henderson! Green River region! To this town and to the blue-grass country as Bœotia to Attica in the days of Pericles. Hereafter I shall call these people my Green River Bœotians.

A few days later their agent again, a little frigid, very urgent—this time to buy me out on my own terms, *any* terms. But what was back of all this, I inquired. I did not know these people, had never done them a favour. Why, then, such determination to have me removed? Why such bitterness, vindictiveness, ungovernable passion?

That was the point, he replied. This family had never wronged *me*. I had never even seen *them*. Yet they had heard of nothing but my intense dislike of them and opposition to their becoming my neighbours. They could not forego their plans, but they were quite willing to give me the chance of leaving their vicinity, on whatever I might regard the most advantageous terms.

Oh, my mocking-bird, my mocking-bird! When you have been sitting on *other* front porches, have you, by the divine law of your being, been reproducing *your* notes as though they were *mine*, and even pouring forth the little twitter that was meant for your private ear?

As March goes out, two things more and more I hear—the cardinal has begun to mount to the bare tops of the locust-trees and scatter his notes downward, and over the way the workmen whistle and sing. The bird is too shy to sit in any tree on that side of the yard. But his eye and ear are studying them curiously. Sometimes I even fancy that he sings to them with a plaintive sort of joy, as though he were saying, "Welcome—go away!"

IV

THE Cobbs will be the death of me before they get here. The report spread that they and I had already had a tremendous quarrel, and that, rather than live beside them, I had sold them my place. This set flowing towards me for days a stream of people, like a line of ants passing to and from the scene of a terrific false alarm. I had nothing to do but sit perfectly still and let each ant, as it ran up, touch me with its antennæ, get the countersign, and turn back to the village ant-hill. Not all, however. Some remained to hear me abuse the Cobbs; or, counting on my support, fell to abusing the Cobbs themselves. When I made not a word of reply, except to assure them that I really had not quarrelled with the Cobbs, had nothing against the Cobbs, and was

immensely delighted that the Cobbs were coming, they went away amazingly cool and indignant. And for days I continued to hear such things attributed to me that, had that young West-Pointer been in the neighbourhood, and known how to shoot, he must infallibly have blown my head off me, as any Kentucky gentleman would.

Others of my visitors, having heard that I was not to sell my place, were so glad of it that they walked around my garden and inquired for my health and the prospect for fruit. For the season has come when the highest animal begins to pay me some attention. During the winter, having little to contribute to the community, I drop from communal notice. But there are certain ladies who bow sweetly to me when my roses and honeysuckles burst into bloom; a fat old cavalier of the South begins to shake hands with me when my asparagus bed begins to send up its tender stalks; I am in high favour with two or three young ladies at the season of lilies and sweet-peas; there is one old soul who especially loves rhubarb pies, which she makes to look like little latticed porches in front of little green skies, and it is she who remembers me and my row of pie-plant; and still another, who knows better than cat-birds when currants are ripe. Above all, there is a preacher, who thinks my sins are as scarlet so long as my strawberries are, and plants himself in my bed at that time to reason with me of judgment to come; and a doctor, who gets despondent about my constitution in pear-time—after which my health seems to return, but never my pears.

So that, on the whole, from May till October I am the bright side of the moon, and the telescopes of the town are busy observing my phenomena; after which it is as though I had rolled over on my dark side, there to lie forgotten till once more the sun entered the proper side of the zodiac. But let me except always the few steadily luminous spirits I know, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. If any one wishes to become famous in a community, let him buy a small farm on the edge of it and cultivate fruits, berries, and flowers, which he freely gives away or lets be freely taken.

All this has taken freely of my swift April days. Besides, I have made me a new side-porch, made it myself, for I like to hammer and drive things home, and because the rose on the old one had rotted it from post to shingle. And then, when I had tacked the rose in place again, the little old window opening above it made that side of my house look like a boy in his Saturday hat and Sunday breeches. So in went a large new window; and now these changes have mysteriously offended Mrs. Walters, who says the town is laughing at me for trying to outdo the Cobbs. The highest animal is the only one who is divinely gifted with such noble discernment. But I am not sorry to have my place look its best. When they see it, they will perhaps understand why I was not to be driven out by a golden cracker on their family whip. They could not have bought my little woodland pasture, where for a generation has been picnic and muster and Fourth-of-July ground, and where the brave fellows met to volunteer for the Mexican war. They could not have bought even the heap of brush back of my wood-pile, where the brown thrashers build.

V

In May I am of the earth earthy. The soul loses its wild white pinions; the heart puts forth its short, powerful wings, heavy with heat and colour, that flutter, but do not lift it off the ground. The month comes and goes, and not once do I think of lifting my eyes to the stars. The very sunbeams fall on the body as a warm golden net, and keep thought and feeling from escape. Nature uses beauty now not to uplift, but to entice. I find her intent upon the one general business of seeing that no type of her creatures gets left out of the generations. Studied in my yard full of birds, as with a condensing-glass of the world, she can be seen enacting among them the dramas of history. Yesterday, in the secret recess of a walnut, I saw the beginning of the Trojan war. Last week I witnessed the battle of Actium fought out in mid-air. And down among my hedges—indeed, openly in my very barnyard—there is a perfectly scandalous Salt Lake City.

And while I am watching the birds, they are watching me. Not a little fop among them, having proposed and been accepted, but perches on a limb, and has the air of putting his hands mannishly under his coat-tails and crying out at me, "Hello! Adam, what were you made for?" "You attend to your business, and I'll attend to mine," I answer. "You have one May; I have twenty-five!" He didn't wait to hear. He caught sight of a pair of clear brown eyes peeping at him out of a near tuft of leaves, and sprang thither with open arms and the sound of a kiss.

But if I have twenty-five Mays remaining, are not some Mays gone? Ah, well! Better a single May with the right mate than the full number with the wrong. And where is she—the right one? If she ever comes near my yard and answers my whistle, I'll know it; and then I'll teach these popinjays in blue coats and white pantaloons what Adam was made for.

But the wrong one—there's the terror! Only think of so composite a phenomenon as Mrs. Walters, for instance, adorned with limp nightcap and stiff curl-papers, like garnishes around a leg of roast mutton, waking up beside me at four o'clock in the morning as some gray-headed love-bird of Madagascar, and beginning to chirp and trill in an ecstasy!

The new neighbours have come—mother, younger daughter, and servants. The son is at West Point; and the other daughter lingers a few days, unable, no doubt, to tear herself away from her beloved pennyroyal and dearest Green River. They are quiet; have borrowed nothing from any one in the neighbourhood; have well-dressed, well-trained servants; and one begins to be a little impressed. The curtains they have put up at the windows suggest that the whole nest is being lined with soft, cool, spotless loveliness, that is very restful and beguiling.

No one has called yet, since they are not at home till June; but Mrs. Walters has done some tall wading lately, and declares that people do not know what to think. They will know when the elder daughter arrives; for it is the worst member of the family that settles what the world shall think of the others.

If only she were not the worst! If only, as I sat here beside my large new window, around which the old rose-bush has been trained and now is blooming, I could look across to her window where the white curtains hang, and feel that behind them sat, shy and gentle, the wood-pigeon for whom through Mays gone by I have been vaguely waiting!

And yet I do not believe that I could live a single year with only the sound of cooing in the house. A wood-pigeon would be the death of me.

(*To be continued*)

LITTLE BILLEE

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

AIR: "Il y avait un petit navire"

THERE were three sailors of Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea.
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.
Now when they got as far as the Equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another we shouldn't agree!
There's little Bill, he's young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

"Oh! Billy, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie."
When Bill received this information,
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mammy taught to me."
"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

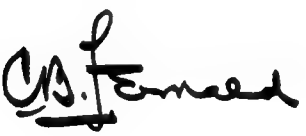
So Billy went up to the main-top gallant mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee.
He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment
When up he jumps. "There's land I see:

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee:
There's the British flag a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K. C. B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee;
But as for little Bill he made him
The Captain of a Seventy-three.

The Cat and the Cherub

By CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD



FIVE were the years of the Infant Hoo Chee, and five were the inches of his cue. Then he had an adventure.

Every one in San Francisco who loves to look at a beautiful girl remembers Bayley Arenam. Once you mention her among the Hundreds straightway springs some novel anecdote of a cleverness of hers. She was a Californian, blessed with a glitter of talents and with a person to vex the gods. And she was the one.

Hoo King was the Infant's father—the ginseng merchant; and Hoo Bee, of the lily feet, was his mother. She who tended him was Hwah Kwee, the amah, a woman of flat feet and considerable kindness. They dwelt in Chinatown and prospered there; for Hoo King had interests, and was one of the secret Ho Wang Company, and was greeted with smirks at the Hong-Kong-American bank.

The Infant's world was three wide rooms on a top-most floor—commodious, truly—and a flower-pot balcony leaning over the main thoroughfare, whence one could drop beans on passers-by, and run away in an ecstasy of fear. Only at intervals did he see the streets; and then he was wedged between the amah and his father, both inwardly alert. For the fifth of Hoo Chee's years was a troublous time and made history in the quarter; and one who would strike most bitterly at Hoo King, the suspected traitor to the Chee Kung Tong, would take, not the old man's life, but his son. The parents treasured their offspring because his existence insured the rightful worship at the graves they expected to fill; and so they made a baby of the boy, though he was of the age when some sons put on cue-strings and a man's estate; and they tried to discourage fascinations beyond the threshold. But every day the Infant saw the forbidden streets with deeper longings.

His only human friend was Yeo Tsing, the Presbyterian evangelist. Yeo had a pious, folded look, as of a holy volume; but he had a genial eye for a child. He taught the Infant many mission songs, which Hoo Chee caught from the convert's lips and held tenaciously, especially the air of that hymn which inquires pertinently of all little Chinese proselytes, first in a high and skeptical tenor,

Are you washed—are you washed?

and then in a bass and warning tone,

Are you washed—are you washed?

and so forth. This the Infant was fond of singing to himself, though there is doubt whether he could have expounded it theologically.

But best of all, Yeo served to tide over some of the child's depression with telling him stories—stories of small people who did great things. The one that appealed to the Infant most was that of a little boy who set out from home all alone, and after many, many weary miles, and countless trials in which he showed exceeding fortitude and virtue, arrived at a glorious place called the House of Glittering Things, where he lived happily ever afterward. It was not very clear why the little boy had left home. Yeo could never be quite satisfactory on that point, because he had forgotten about it, and was too honest to invent. But what conditions would lead a little child to go forth from the roof of his birth and return no more, the Infant knew well in his heart, and kept there. He had learned from these stories much to whet his cravings for the world outside. It seemed that there were regions where, as far as you could see, all the land was like one great

back yard, except that instead of musty boards and grim, gray rubbish there were acres and acres of waving green things, and millions of beautiful flowers that you might pluck without a whipping—flowers as handsome as those on the balcony, and free for all! And there were places where a hundred roof-spouts could not make so big a puddle as was spread as clear as crystal earrings in a circle of these posies, where humorous little things with legs were waiting to jump head first into the water just as you almost touched them, and then to laugh at you from the opposite bank; and where little fishes from behind a rock peeped up at you out of the corners of their eyes.

When the Infant was by himself he would describe all these things to little One-Two, his beloved cat and confidant, the only creature with whom he divided his sorrows. One-Two was barely out of kittenhood, yet had a vague, inviting melancholy in his look. Most of his body was covered with long white hairs that spoke of Angora; but his tail was slim and bluish-gray, and altogether Maltese; and when one remembers how he appeared suddenly from nowhere, and came mewing, cold and lean and hungry, into the joyous arms of the Infant, it is not hard to imagine One-Two as the projection in time of an international romance. The Infant coddled the waif and stole food for it, and named it One-Two because it had one tail immediately prominent as an error in its composition, and two eyes of imperial yellow. These were its salvation, for Hoo King had at first superstitiously commanded that the strange cat be dismissed; but Hoo Chee had resisted even to struggles and tears, which tenacity delighted his father, who at once asked a fortune-teller for a translation of the omen. If the cat's eyes were blue, came the dictum, then boil its body in oil, for the augury was bad; but if they were the colour of the viceregal jacket, then it was a cat of fortune better than good. So One-Two survived, and slept curled in the Infant's arms, and perpetually followed him about in the daytime, and waxed in size until he was heavy to carry. Once from his balcony Hoo Chee saw a little American girl—one of delicacy rare in this quarter—going along the street bearing a cat. It was not so pretty as One-Two, thought the Infant; but it had a red ribbon around its neck that gave it too much honour. He searched his world for something like the red ribbon; but there was nothing. At last he abstracted from his mother's possessions some bright-green silken cords that looked like cue-strings, and he made a little cue of the long hairs of the cat's neck, and braided in the silk as an extension of it. One-Two, whose mischosen tail was already a source of questioning self-contemplation, spent a bad half-day in a corner, foreboding over this fresh phenomenon. To Hoo Chee the effect of the trailing green was rhapsodical, and the event of happy hours.

But ever his confinement from the glowing world told on the Infant's years. The shouts of thousands of Freedom's Aryan children penetrated to his small body and infused in it some of the New World essence. Now came the season of the Chinese New Year, and he remained stalled with three impassive spirits, while the air about was joyous with music and laughter and song. He could not play by day when from his rear window he caught a bare glimpse of the Taoist priests, led by a string of pompous boys,—some of them seemingly smaller than he,—all making way to the joss-house, bearing gifts to the gods, and making the quarter resound with squealing pipes and clanging gongs. He could not sleep by night when everywhere he heard invisible fire-crackers rattling as if the gods had come down. While the amah snored by his side he lay awake and thought of the story of little Quong Sam and the House of Glittering Things, and the lovely lady that made him tea and gave him cakes whenever he asked. He longed to go abroad and meet with like adventures.

The sixth day of the holiday week had been set for what happened but once a year. It was a trip away from the quarter,—first to the cemetery, and then to the ocean beach,—to which the women looked forward with highest delight. Hoo Chee had learned some time before that they were to take him along, and this had sent him singing and dancing the rest of the day. But it seemed that the time would never come. When Hoo King came in one morning and found the women bedecked in their best, he suddenly changed his mind, and said that the child should remain at home, and that the amah must stay to take care of him. For a father with a single offspring it was too extravagant a risk to take a small child on a railroad train among the foreign devils, whose curiosity and impertinence at the sight of the women were themselves enough to bear. They had dressed the Infant handsomely; he was sure

that this was the momentous day, and his blood ran gaily at the prospect; but again they told him the time had not yet come, and the father went off with Hoo Bee, leaving the amah weeping behind. It was the custom of the amah to weep, and the child felt sure they would have taken her if this was the wonderful event. He went to his favourite place on the balcony, only somewhat hushed and downcast.

He was thinking, though he did not know it. Why did they always keep him in, instead of letting him loose, as he saw the happy little urchins in the street? Could he not go about boldly enough, and preserve himself as well from harm as they? When would they braid silk strings in his curtailed pigtail, and put his head in a cap with a red button, and his legs in splendid sky-blue trousers wrapped at the bottoms? Certainly he was already as strong as any man. He could kick off all the bed-clothes, and get spanked for it by the amah. He could hang by his ankles to the edge of the sink, and appear to be standing on his head. The amah would not dare such a feat. And during all this festal period they had taken him out only once—then briefly to the joss-house, before the hairy wooden gentlemen who sat receiving offerings of fruits and sweets enough to make a covetous infidel of any mortal. He was charged to repeat certain words that he could not understand to the wooden gentlemen, which he did with an accuracy flattering to his father. But then they dragged him unwilling home through the decorated streets, with the thrauneen of a rice-cake as his part of the rejoicings.

One-Two had cautiously picked his way over the iron bars to a seat on a flower-pot, whence he licked the hand of his small patron. But now the Infant was staring down across the street like a statuette. He had seen Miss Arenam. This was the third time he had feasted his big brown eyes on her. Occasionally, after an absorbing morning with the clay, she left the lunch-room at the art school, and strolled through as much of Chinatown as included the principal windows, where new things are sometimes found in porcelain and bronzes. He had noticed her first when she paused one day in curiosity at the balconies on his side of the street. He had stared in fascination, with his chin on the rail; and then from as far as he could strain outward without falling he had watched her moving away. Two months later she appeared again. She did not look up this time, and after a minute the Infant shouted, "Ha-o!" But his small voice was inadequate, and she departed without noticing. Now the lovely dark-haired lady had shown herself once more. The Infant was absorbed in thought, and his eyes were fixed constantly on the door of the china-shop whence she would soon emerge.

After a while he could see her skirts moving about in the store, and then—there she was!

"Ha-o!" cried the Infant, swinging his arms up and down.

Then he stood mute and discontented, for she had not looked up, but had walked away quite unaware of him.

Was he always to stay thus pent? If he were free, how quickly he would run and get her to smile! The amah had left the room. He could hear her downstairs, communing in bitter tones with the neighbour, Ching Lo. From the threshold of the forbidden hall he heard no noises—every one who could go out was on the streets. On such a day as this, perhaps, the brave little Quong Sam of old had ventured forth to find the House of Glittering Things. The Infant grasped the baluster with every sense alert, and took one step down. No angry lightning came to strike him. Then he took another step, and paused to listen if there were bad devils coming to seize a naughty boy. But the house was still, and he went on, planting two feet safely on each step until he reached the landing. Ching Lo's door was ajar, but not so that they could see him; and his soft shoes carried him noiselessly past. There, down another flight, was the street—and then he could run and catch the lovely lady! He made the descent to the front door with greater confidence and equal circumspection. How delightful the free air! Now he would hurry and ask her the way to the House of Glittering Things, for she must know, if, indeed—why had he not thought before?—she were not herself the Lady of Cakes and Tea! Oh, joy! Then he heard a familiar voice that stopped him. It was One-Two, who had followed him, and now stood questioning at the head of the flight. He had almost forgotten One-Two; but could he leave the faithful partner of his woes behind? The Infant stood in serious quandary. That his father would be interested in his son's disappearance did not occur to the child. No such idea had been instilled in him. But indeed the loss of One-Two, the mascot, would not be undergone without long search and deep

displeasure. You could buy little boys at a joss-house, but mascots came only unexpectedly in through the window. Yet should One-Two stay on and fall again to the bad grace from which he had so recently emerged, the Infant shuddered for what might happen. For the cat would be thrown from a window into the soiled back street. But still, with such a burden, how weary would the many miles be on the way to the House of Glittering Things! And he remembered how little Quong Sam had not only cast away his shoes, but had even shaved off his eyebrows to make himself lighter for his feet to carry. Now came another complication—he must ascend the stairs to get One-Two, who refused to come down, as though mistrusting the adventure—One-Two, who had been upon the world and knew it; and if the amah heard but one suspicious sound, she would rush out and end his prospects for days and days, and the lovely lady would be lost to him. But One-Two put his forefeet down one step, and stood with his hindquarters elevated and his tail waving, loyal to indissoluble ties, and Hoo Chee saw it even while he pondered the problem. And now, when the cat opened wide his mouth, and without a noise plainly showed the first anxiety about the plighted faith, it was too much: he loved One-Two!

The Infant crawled stealthily on hands and chubby knees up the stairs. One-Two advanced carefully to meet him, and was taken into the arms of the child, who silently, in his clumsy baby fashion, made way with his burden back to the door, and out to the street.

Miss Arenam was standing at the summit of the hill, looking over the dingy house-tops down to the bay, which shone in the sun like a strange enamel set in mountains. He recognized her figure and the colour of her dress. He would hurry up the steep incline and go with her. He would find little Quong Sam, and play with him in the Glittering House; for, though it was a thousand years since Quong had started forth, who that had come to the presence of the Lady of Cakes and Tea would ever care to leave it?

He passed other children playing about uncared for. They were dressed in common garb, but he was in his best. He wore little shoes with white felt soles, and uppers embroidered in gold, to which came long, loose, drab-coloured trousers. A skull-cap worked in spangles and prodigal hues came down to his ears, and through a neat hole in its crown projected his cuelet, curling away like coal-black smoke from a wigwam. His bulky tunic, which reached to his knees, was covered with a gingham bib tightly tied with tapes at the hips, so that he swelled out hugely above and below the waist. When he walked his arms seemed lost in his clothes, and his knees bobbed strangely up and down.

Ah, but the hill was steep! Now he understood how the youthful Quong had toiled and toiled and been discouraged; but Hoo Chee should not quail, though heavy One-Two must be changed so frequently from arm to arm. He came to a crossing where a traction cable rattled terrifically; and he ran as fast as his legs would go to escape the car that was coming three blocks away. They had said he did not know!

But the lovely lady had slowly walked away, and was lost immediately behind the brow of the hill. Was he going to miss her? No! He tried to run up the incline, and his little heart beat faster and faster. At last he reached the top, and saw the hem of her blue skirt swish around a corner. Now it was level going. He caught his breath, and trotted as fast as he could, unaware of the people who turned and smiled.

When Miss Arenam had gone a few steps down the other side of the hill, on the sharp descent from the nabob castles, and had started up the flights of stones that led to her father's house, she caught first sight of the Infant. He had paused, and now gazed at her in a mixture of doubt and bashfulness. His tiny figure, silhouetted against the sky at the line of the hill-top, was the most entrancing thing her eyes had met that day. She smiled across the little distance, and the Infant smiled in response. When she looked again, from farther up, Hoo Chee was hurrying after her; and in a moment he could stare mutely up at her with his hand on the open gate.

"Hello, little gentleman!" said Miss Arenam; "won't you come in—and bring your friend?"

The Infant could not speak her tongue, but her smile was better than words. He tucked One-Two under his arm, and laboured solemnly up the steps with hand and feet, until he halted to gaze in rapture at her from nearer than he ever had dreamed. Miss Arenam, shining down upon him, threw open the door; and the two went in together, the silent Infant staring at her in such intense admiration that she blushed.

By this time the pallid Hwah Kwee was rushing about in breathless search of her lost charge. There was no sight of him. She dared not say she had lost him; for if no one knew he might wander safely back, but if it were noised abroad some one would snatch him up.

"What shall I do?" wailed the amah to Ching Lo. "He has strayed into the vast maze of the city. Hoo King will kill me!"

"Say that he was stolen—that they knocked you senseless."

"But he will see no mark from the blow," said the amah.

"Make one! It is better than a thousand from the old dragon."

Hwah snatched a broken dish, and struck its jagged edge against her forehead.

"Leave the wound alone!" cried Ching Lo. "Go and lie in a heap near your door, and think what you will tell the master. I will say I heard terrible sounds, and thought he was beating you."

"If I can only keep him long enough to get his darling little noddle, I shall be celebrated," said Miss Arenam, working rapidly over a moist clay ball. The Infant sat on a stool at her feet, holding a fold of her skirt and eyeing her intently. One-Two was lapping a dish of cream, and meditating on the exceeding wisdom of this small boy. Frequently Hoo Chee and the girl exchanged smiles.

"But, Bayley," said her mother, "we must find whose child he is. Think of the mother who is weeping for him!"

"I've sent for Gee, mama," said the daughter. The clay was taking something the shape of the little noddle in question. Gee, summoned from the kitchen, threw up his hands.

"Whey you catch that baby? Who b'long, Miss Bayley? Oh, no! I doan' like go Chinatown say I know whey that baby was. People say I stolee that baby—make baily, baily bad for me. Whose boy are you?" asked Gee, in Chinese.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Hoo Chee, throwing back his small head, and pulling at the lady's skirt. It was not plain what amused him.

"Now, Gee," said Miss Arenam, "I wish to ask him some questions."

The servant translated, "What is your name, small sir?" The Infant thought the query originated with Gee.

"Flower-pit," replied the Infant, with a giggle.

"And what is your father's name?"

"Water-pot," said Chee, with another giggle.

"And your mother's?"

"Rice-bowl!" shouted the Infant. Then he laughed loud and long, while his fat little body shook. Only the Chinaman preserved gravity.

"That baby baily small baby, but great much tell lies—allee samee 'Melican boy."

"I will send a note to the police station," said Mrs. Arenam, "and ask them to inquire in Chinatown."

"I hope they won't find out anything until I have finished this—as long as he is happy here. I don't think his parents will worry over him. What an *objet d'art* he will be for the people this evening!"

"Bayley, your heart is turning to clay with all this mud-work. Suppose you had a little son, and he should stray away! I dare say it will be some time before his father thinks of asking the police. Those Chinese are so stupid about some things. If that child is to stay here this evening he must be scrubbed. Gee, I want you to give this boy—if it is a boy—a bath."

"Oh, no! I no likee. S'pose he die? That baby not old enough to wassee."

"Send for Mrs. Brady, mama," said Bayley.

Miss Arenam went on with the modeling. The Infant was still for several moments, while the young woman frowned, and stood off from the clay, and measured his nose with her little stick, which operation he considered most delightful. It was plain that he was involved in a mental process. At length he lisped doubtfully:

"Pay-lee?"

"Yes, dear," said Bayley; "that is my name."

"Pay-lee," said the Infant, confidently. He began to move about the room, so that she had difficulty in working from him.

"Come here, little man," she said; "I'll teach you some English. Say this: 'Infinitesimal James'—say it: '*Infinitesimal James!*'"

"'If-itty-teshi-mow Jays,'" repeated the Infant. The two smiled ecstatically at each other.

"Now say: '*Had nine unpronounceable names.*'"

"'Haddee ny up-plo-now-shi-buh nays'—ha! ha!" laughed Hoo Chee. It was a rhyme—like those he had heard his father say to Yeo Tsing.

"Now: '*He wrote them all down,*—'"

"'He lote im aw dow,'" repeated the Infant. One-Two looked on from near by. Hoo

Chee stood with his hands on Miss Arenam's knee, staring straight into her eyes.

"'*With a mortified frown,—*'"

"'Witty motti-fy flow,—'"

"'*And threw the whole lot in the flames!*'"

"'A-flew-ty ho-lot-itty flays!' Hee!"

Very soon he could repeat the lines without prompting; and meanwhile Bayley was deftly shaping in the soft ball two almond eyes, and a little flat nose, and a mouth that opened in a smile, and was to show teeth as big as grains of rice. The Infant was enchanted by the rhyme, and kept on repeating: "If-itty-teshi-mow Jays" with happy countenance. Then Bayley taught him another verse:

There was a little boy, and he wasn't very bright, and
He couldn't tell his left from his right hand;
So he chawed his dexter paw till the skin was red and raw,
To remember that the right was the bite hand.

Then a stout, clear-skinned woman came to the door, and held a brief conversation with Miss Arenam, who suggested that Hoo Chee go along with the nice lady and enjoy a bath. Mrs. Brady held out her big hand to him. But the Infant grappled with all his might to Miss Arenam's skirt, and exclaimed his objections in a volume of Chinese baby-talk. He and One-Two willingly followed Miss Arenam into the tank-room, however, and she left him there with Mrs. Brady, closing the door rather quickly. There was a sound of running water, and Hoo Chee, between the blue mermaids on the tiles, and curiosity at what was to happen in this big, warm room with nothing in it but a square porcelain pond, seemed to have forgotten his anxiety, especially when the pond began to fill with water, and he searched it earnestly for little fishes that looked up from the corners of their eyes.

Miss Arenam stood in her apron, and hummed to herself, while she gave the roughly outlined bust little dabs with her forefinger. Suddenly there came a frantic shriek from the tank-room, and, hurrying in that direction, she heard a small voice shrilling in the direst fear:

"Pay-lee! Pay-ay-ay-lee!"

"What is the matter?" she asked, knocking at the door. "Have you scalded that child, Mrs. Brady?"

"Scalded um!" said Mrs. Brady, from the other side. "I've just hoisted um into the water, an' he won't let go me neck. *Take yer han's from me hair, ye little imp! Did ye never see water?*"

"Pay-lee!" shouted the Infant, who apparently held the situation under control. The top of the tank was on a level with the floor, and Mrs. Brady had to kneel to it. But then a splash was heard, and the anxious Bayley, at the door-knob, was frightened by another mighty screech.

"Mrs. Brady," protested the girl, tapping the panel, "I am sure that water is too hot; perhaps he is not used to hot water."

"Or cold, either," puffed Mrs. Brady, turning the faucet. "*Put yer foot down!* (Maybe if ye stay there an' talk he'll be peaceful.) Take it out of yer mouth—it ain't sody-water! Oh, I wish I was yer mother—no, I don't! Now, here comes the shower!"

Bayley heard the pattering of many drops, and through them, as from a lamb in a rain, many sounds in Cantonese, with the wail of "Pay-ay-ay-ay-lee!"

"There, Mrs. Brady! You must have let that water run too long; perhaps he's chilled."

"Hot it is," came the answer; "an' the responsibility be with you. *Now!* Maybe if you'd go away he'd be quiet."

There came a mixture of scrubbing and yells that increased as Hoo Chee found that he was not hurt, and began to express his anger. He seemed in the tortures of purgatory.

"What in the world *are* you doing to that child to make him cry so?" said Bayley.

The bath-brush came with a thump to the floor, and there was an instant of silence.

"Didn't ye tell me to wash um?" said Mrs. Brady, as if the whole matter might have been a mistake.

"Of course I did!" said the girl, with much warmth.

"Well, I'm *washin'* um!" said Mrs. Brady, with equal emphasis; and the scrubbing continued. "D'ye think I'm tattooin' um? Now he's done it! He's put a fistful of soap in his eye! *Down ye go!*"

There was a yell, quickly curtailed, a splash, and then a long silence.

"Mrs. Brady, you are surely not holding that child under water all this time?"

But Mrs. Brady was already triumphantly applying the finishing touches.

"Now, there! Ye ain't hurt, are ye? Ain't ye nice an' warm? When ye go home, tell yer mother ye was swallowed by a whale. What! Ye *bad* little boy!"

The Infant had taken One-Two by the scruff of the neck, and had doused the unsuspecting cat in the water. One-Two

came up sneezing and yowling in utter dismay. Hoo Chee leaned over and endeavoured to scrub the cat as Mrs. Brady would have done.

A few minutes later there was a loud cry of joy. One-Two scampered at full speed along the hall, and hid far under a lounge. Hoo Chee burst into the room where Bayley was still fashioning the model. The Infant glowed under a fresh and delightful sensation. He felt like dancing and singing, and presently he broke forth:

Ah you wass—ah you wass?
Ah you wass—ah you wass?

And Miss Arenam laughed, because she thought the child had learned from the streets a popular ditty that asked:

How you was—how you was?

The Infant laughed too, and coquetted with the lady, and would not let her touch him, but sought to be pursued in fun. They chased each other about in great glee, equally amused by the sport. At last Bayley caught him up, and kissed him soundly, and said:

"You darling child—I love you!"

And finally Mrs. Arenam found her daughter in the arm-chair, with Hoo Chee fast asleep in her lap, while One-Two dried himself in the sun, and tried to recall just what had taken place in the tank-room.

The amah had been revived, and had told her story about the three men who tore the child from her arms. Half an hour after Hoo King had returned with the mother, he locked the women in the rooms, and descended the stairs with the same expression on his face that he had worn all day. He asked other tenants if they had seen the cat One-Two. The cat had strayed away, said the father, and little Hoo Chee was up-stairs weeping about it. Hoo King would give five dollars for its return. He considered that anyone who knew about the cat would know about the boy; for the two had been stolen together, said Kwee. They had discovered that One-Two was a lucky animal, and they would keep him alive and well. In time someone would see the cat, even if the boy had been concealed or murdered. The father went to the various haunts of his friends, and repeated his inquiry in a careless manner. He went, also, to places where there were enemies, and where he kept himself ready to be attacked bodily, such were the relations of the Tongs at that period in Chinatown. When he spoke, he scrutinized his hearers to see if they smiled wisely, or otherwise betrayed knowledge of his greater loss. But no one seemed even interested. There was nothing but to wait until the captors approached him for a ransom. If he noised the truth, then perhaps the hostile Tongs would find the child first and switch him away. Nothing would please them better. They could take Hoo Chee to Oregon, and keep him until he had forgotten his parentage and had been developed into a hater of his father's Tong. If the father told the police, the newspapers would have it next morning. Besides, Hwah Kwee could give no clue to the men; they had been too quick. He came home early, in an evil mood. Hoo Bee had taken her lily feet to bed, and was sound asleep.

It was the evening of the month when Miss Arenam entertained her little coterie of souls artistic. While the Infant had slumbered above, the hours had passed until the music-room was full of people, and they had hushed to hear Miss Joliet sing while Dr. Rimpo played an obbligato on the flute. In the middle of the song there came from aloft an inquiring shriek of "Pay-ay-lee!" followed by the hurried padding of small, uncertain feet upon the stairs. Miss Arenam blushed, and grasped the arm of her chair. Hoo Chee, with One-Two tightly clasped under his arm, dashed, shouting, into the room, then paused, dazzled by the lights and the number of strange faces. But Bayley, in her white dress, shone out from all the rest like the main star of a coronet; and the Infant running joyously up, dropped on his knees before her and touched his forehead several times to the floor. The music stopped: Dr. Rimpo had laughed absurdly through his flute, and all the others joined; for the soap of the bath had dried in Hoo Chee's cue, which stood up as straight as the stem of a gourd.

All the ladies exclaimed:

"Where *did* you get that beautiful child?"

Miss Arenam told the story of the afternoon, while the Infant examined all the people, and determined that she was the loveliest.

"Now say the little piece," said Bayley.

"E-litty peesh?" repeated the Infant.

"About the little boy who wasn't very bright."

Hoo Chee deposited One-Two carefully on the floor, and, placing his hands on the

lady's knee, looked straight into her eyes and began:

"Washee litty poy—washee baily plight-an
Coutty tellee left flommy light-an;
So-ey *shawdy*-dexy paw——"

Here he stopped for breath—

"—tilly *tinny* leddy law,
To lemmemy latty lightee washee bite-an!"

Here the company broke into great applause, in which the Infant joined.

"If-itty-teshi-mow Jays," began the young person as soon as he could be heard; and he finished the lines without a break. There was more applause and laughter, and the ladies thronged to kiss the boy, while Bayley strove in vain to overcome the stiffness of his cue.

The song with the obbligato was begun afresh, and the evening went on with music. When Miss Arenam sang a Spanish ballad the Infant insisted on standing at her side, with One-Two under his arm, and staring up at her with open mouth, while his ears drank in her lovely voice. Next she sang the "Angel's Serenade," accompanied by the flute and violin. A strange sight then was the face of Hoo Chee. Never in his life had he heard anything like this. Perhaps he feared that Miss Arenam was only a dream and might vanish from him, leaving him to wake at the summons of the amah; for he clutched the lovely lady's dress, as if to stay her from moving, and then slowly the corners of his mouth drew down, and one, two, three came the tears in his upturned eyes, until they swam his sight away, and he stuck his little, hard pigtail into a fold of the angel's gown, and sobbed.

Thus again was the music interrupted.

"You darling child! What is the matter?' cried Bayley, taking him maternally in her arms.

"Bayley," said her mother, suddenly, "that child has not eaten a mouthful since he came to this house!"

"Oh, mama!" cried the girl, rushing off with him to the dining-room.

"How strange," said the mother, "that his parents have not inquired of the police, and been sent here!"

The Infant was left with Gee, who brought him a bowl of rice and some dainties prescribed by the lovely lady. Gee did not regard him with favour; for in their colloquy the boy had given him a "bad face" before the ladies of the house. Now, while Hoo Chee sat in a high chair at the vast table, much engrossed with filling a want which his previous excitement had made him ignore, Gee tried again to find out who he was. But the Infant had a very clearly defined purpose to conceal that much, and he answered most of the queries with the forgetfulness of a great capitalist on the witness-stand. At length the servant said in disgust:

"If you don't tell me your name, I'll whip you!"

"If you do, I'll call her," said Hoo Chee, with a small frown; "and she'll cut your head off!"

Gee made no attempt to carry out his threat, but instead went and whistled down to the basement. There was a galloping of claws and a sudden cocking of One-Two's ears. In a moment the cat's back arched into the most astonishing shape Hoo Chee had ever seen it take, and One-Two stood in a corner confronted by the small dog of the household. Prrout shared in the general surprise, and was half inclined to treat One-Two as an occurrence too interesting for malice. But Gee urged him on, and plainly indicated that the cat was an enemy to be destroyed. The Chinaman foresaw that the results might be disastrous to himself should the facts reach Miss Bayley; so he went discreetly below-stairs, where he found awaiting him his friend Lee Sing.

To resist showing Lee what sport was about to happen was too much for Gee's mood, and, grinning, he conducted his friend to where they could look through, and get a glimpse of the corner of the dining-room. One-Two, with bristling hair, was hunched in battle array, his eyes glaring into those of the enemy, who moved cautiously from side to side, wagging his tail in anxious respect for the cat's sharp claws. The Infant, whom the Chinamen could not see, had dropped his bowl, and stared upon the scene in the greatest wonder. In a moment he decided that his dear One-Two was in peril, and he immediately struggled down from the high chair to go to the rescue. Gee, hearing the noise, closed the door. He did not wish any Chinaman to know about the child; for if it was the son of a person hostile to Gee's Tong, then, no matter what happened, Gee would become the object of violence as the one responsible for an injury either effected or attempted. Only a Chinaman in Chinatown can understand.

"That cat is like one our Hoo King lost to-day," said Lee. "He offers five dollars for its return. It belongs to his little boy, Hoo Chee. Strange that a man should offer so much for a cat; but Hoo King makes money."

Gee received this information with a quickened mind. He was a member of Hoo King's Tong. He said nothing, but presently excused himself, and sent Lee Sing on his way. Gee came half-way up the stairs and called:

"Hoo Chee!"

"What?" said the Infant, guilelessly.

The Chinaman laughed softly and retired. Then he slipped out, and ran over to the police station. There they telephoned to the Chinatown squad.

The Infant made straight for the dog.

"Go away, bad devil dog!" he said in Chinese, raising his small fists threateningly. Before Prrout had recovered from the novelty of this little figure Hoo Chee had snatched One-Two in his arms, and with difficulty had boosted him up to the high table. Then the Infant climbed back to his chair, where he leisurely finished his rice, stopping after each mouthful to let One-Two take his share from the bowl. Prrout after a while gave up his watch on them, and ran to find his mistress, who promptly sent him back to the basement.

Miss Arenam's evenings were always delightful. She was like California, thrilling and inspiring the charming people of many climes, and her guests invariably found the midnight come too soon. Now Mr. Paxton uncovered his new etching, and the talk having turned to art, Miss Arenam was persuaded to exhibit the unfinished bust of the Infant. It was placed in the front drawing-room, on a pedestral borrowed from one of the marbles, and the people thronged to admire it.

In the dining-room the small model, having eaten until One-Two refused to accept any more, and until he himself was compelled to desist with sighs, stuffed much of what remained into the broad pocket that ran across the breast of his bib. Then he got down once more, and proceeded with lordly content to inspect this part of the premises. What a funny place that was behind the screen—a long, low-opening in the wall, with iron things, tipped, he thought, with golden knobs, resting at its bottom on a level with the floor, and, at the back, a wall of bricks built up like stairs. Some day he could easily crawl in there and climb up and see where it led to. How bright and cheerful compared to the gloomy chambers on Dupont Street! And what a wilderness of curious things! Those lights, fifty times as brilliant as the peanut oil-wicks of home, how they dazzled one! They —why, why—*this* was the House of Glittering Things! And she—was the Lady of Cakes and Tea! Why had he not thought? Oh, joy! This was the goal for which he had set out—and oh, how many, many weary miles he had walked! But he had found it. He would stay here forever, and the Lady would give him cakes and tea, and he would play and play—where was little Quong Sam? Did Quong have a One-Two? He would ask Gee. No; he would run and find Pay-lee—she would be truthful.

A bell had rung, and Gee had gone through to the front door. The Infant paused. In a moment he heard a voice which sent a chill through his body. It said in Chinese:

"Is a little boy—Hoo Chee—here?"

"Yes," said Gee. "If you will give me the reward I will give you the cat, too."

Hoo Chee, standing behind the door with One-Two in his arms, knew the voice as well as he knew the colour of his bib. Bayley came into the hall; he heard her say things in English. He could not understand them; but something in the tones made his heart sink. Was he to be taken away from her—back to the damp and darksome prison of three rooms? Never!

"There is a little lost Chinese boy here," said Bayley; "but how shall I be sure he belongs to you?"

Through Gee, Hoo King described his offspring.

"Yeh," said King, in answer to Mrs. Arenam; "him gottee one litty mole und' him chin, an' one litty mole und' him ear."

"Let us examine the child," said Mr. Arenam.

Bayley went into the dining-room. Only the small dog greeted her. Gee had left the door open. The child was not to be found. They called his name, but there was no reply. She sent Gee down to the servants' quarters, and went herself upstairs, while the guests peered under the furniture.

Hoo King grew uneasy. Perhaps this was a ruse to gain time. He stepped in from the hall. Before him on the pedestal was the cold head of his son—of the colour of clay. They had slain his only child! There were no eyes; they had ground them up to make photographs!

"What for! what for!" cried the wretched father, laying his trembling hands on the pedestal, while his knees nearly sank under him. He moaned many words in Chinese. The searchers collected, thinking the child had been found. Gee explained the cause of

the old man's grief, and tried to calm his fears. The dog barked, and ran toward the dining-room, stopping every moment and wagging his tail. Bayley hurried distractedly for another look at the spot where she had left the Infant. The dog danced about the fireplace, barking up the chimney in extravagant excitement. Miss Arenam heard the mewing of a cat.

"He cannot have climbed up there. Gee! Come here!"

Gee inserted his head in the chimney space and received a kick in the nose from a small felt sole. Then he drew forth a little shoe.

"Pay-lee!" implored the Infant from the dark cavern.

Then One-Two and the defeated child were pulled from the chimney, covered from head to foot with soot. The Infant was weeping bitterly. The father hurriedly grasped the cat.

"Ah!" he cried joyously. "It is one good-luck cat!"

"Pay-*lee!*" beseeched the blackened child. He ran to her with grimy, outstretched hands, his eyes quite blind with tears.

"Your dress, my dear!" warned her mother.

But Bayley thought only of her unhappy little guest. She quickly took him in her arms and kissed his quivering mouth again and again. The contact soiled the silk gown beyond repair.

The father rudely snatched his son away, and made for the door.

"Pay-*lee!*" implored Hoo Chee, reaching out his hands in vain. "Pay-a-lee!" Then he wept afresh, as if his heart would break; and the street door closed upon him.

"What a dreadful—dreadful shame!" said Miss Arenam, her eyes filling. "I—I don't think they treat him well at home. I——"

Then she went away to where they could not see her.

The amah was asleep. Hoo King deposited the child on the mattress at her side. For most of the way Hoo Chee had hung listless in his arms.

"Go to sleep with your little cat," said the father, somewhat tenderly. "It is a good little cat, is it not?"

"Yes," sniffed Hoo Chee, slowly; "but —I wish——"

Then he was silent. The father retired to his room.

The child lay for a while staring up into the grim darkness, and heard the familiar spip-spop of the faucet in the sink. Then his mouth began to twitch, and he thought of the Lady of Cakes and Tea and the glorious House of Glittering Things. For a long time he cried softly to himself, while One-Two sat wondering.

Finally, the Infant's eyelids grew heavier and heavier, and his breathing less interrupted by sighs. At last sweet weariness came down and gently closed the big, brown eyes; and he forgot his troubles and floated away, dreaming that he was a little fish in a pond with white porcelain banks, and was behind a stone, looking up out of the corners of his eyes at a tiny boy who held a cat.

Valentine to Miss Martineau

By GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

"COME live with me and be my love,"
And we to all the world will prove
"That hill and valley, grove and field"
Are waste if Nature's stores they yield;
While rustic joys and simple swains
Are nought compared to rich men's gains.
We'll demonstrate to please the Tabbies
That none but boobies will have babbies,
And dose and diet all the nation,
To check the growing population.
Our virgin thoughts as pure as "*vargis*"
Will ne'er increase the public charges;
So cease in frowns thy face to deck;
Thy mind's the best *preventive check.*

The Tenth Muse: *Advertisa*

WEDNESDAY

THE "CLASSIFIED AD." THAT FOUND A KEYHOLE

"Show me the way to go home—and, incidentally, show me where I left my luggage, for I have the key to the door, but I don't know where the door is, because I've forgotten the address." These are the sentiments of W. M. Bond, dapper little Australian, who arrived here Tuesday from Boston on a tour of America.

Mr. Bond, a neat, spry, witty little man, whose appearance belies his eighty years, is very worried, although his misfortune has yet to erase the twinkle in his bright gray eyes.

"You know," he said yesterday, in a pronounced English accent, "a very accommodating cabby took me from the pier to as pretty a little room as one would want, and a nice, dainty, little landlady took me in and rented me a room. But I made the mistake of failing to jot down the address of my new home. I think the street corner sign said 19th Street and Ninth Avenue."

Ever since then Mr. Bond has been trying his keys in doors on West 19th Street. Every five minutes landladies have been rushing to their front doors with cries of "Police!" on their lips, only to find the genial little Australian and hear his explanation of how he is trying to find his luggage.

"My only worry," said the distraught octogenarian, "is that my friends back home will hear of this and laugh at me." *New York World.*

THURSDAY

> LOST—ROOM, by a gentleman Tuesday just arrived from Boston; hired it from elderly woman, possibly 19th st. and 9th ave.; left and could not find it on return. Call Chelsea 2617. The *World.*

FRIDAY

The singular situation of W. M. Bond has been relieved, and to-day he is wandering New York freely, secure in the fact that he carries in an inside pocket the address of the lodgings he has hired. . . .

When this young-old man of eighty met his newly found landlady he was overjoyed. It was something to see a semi-familiar face in this great big town, and it was also a relief to know that his treasured trophies, bags, and books were safe and his again for walking a few blocks.

Mr. Bond does not know how long he is going to stay in New York, but his cheery face and twinkling eyes showed that he is enjoying his visit. *New York World.*

ROADSIDE SIGN AT BOUNDARY OF PALMS, CALIFORNIA

> YOU ARE NOW LEAVING PALMS. THANK YOU

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED, BUT——

FINANCIAL
Business Opportunities

LADY, high standing, large irrigated acreage western slope, wants business partner, ready cash. Address Y-105, Omaha Bee. *Omaha Bee.*

FOR SALE—Discarded lady's plush coat.
North Dakota paper.

FOR SALE—Two White Leghorn cockerels, bred to lay in Montana, $2.50 each—Mrs. Leon Nye.
Hysham (Mont.) Echo.

GARDEN THEATER—Corinne Griffith in "Into Her Kingdom," with Elnar Manson. The story of a grand duchess who renounced her title for the cornet of mother. Also "Sit Tight," and educational comedy, and a Pathé review.
Charleston News & Courier.

We invite all his parents and friends to come to the funeral of Juan Sandoval Thursday at 3 o'clock.
IRENEA M. DE SANDOVAL

Albuquerque (N. Mex.) Journal.

FOUNTAIN PEN HOSPITAL
I REPAIR ALL MAKES OF
Fountain Pens and Eversharp Pencils
Same Day—Male Orders Filled
THOS. F. FRAWLEY
Boston (Mass.) Transcript.

LOST—A ladies gold wrist watch between Judge Johnson's office and 3rd St. North. Finder return to this office for reward or owner, phone 441-J3. 25. *Crosby (Mo.) Courier.*

PREPARE FOR THE LONG DREARY EVENINGS WITH A RADIO
Lynn (Mass.) Evening Item.

FOR SALE—A folding bed by a lady, that doubles up and locks like a piano. Be sure and inquire at Winglemire's Furniture store, Holly, Michigan. 10-14-1t-cg. *Fenton (Mich.) Independent.*

LADY, wishes position as housekeeper for widower: no objection to having one child.
Worcester (Mass.) Telegram.

FOR SALE: Special, 100 names of housewives not over three months old. 25 cents.
Popular mail order magazine.

LUNCH
Our business men's lunch is getting more popular all the time. You can't eat it for quality or price. It is expertly served.
"Why Not Dine Here?"
Rennas Restaurant
Next to Hotel Rennas
Phone 932-J
Shamokin (Pa.) News.

APPLES, oranges, imported nuts, fruit-cake. Come in now and avoid the rush. The early bird gets the worm. *Western paper (grocer's adv.).*

WANTED—Experienced ready-to-wear saleslady. Apply 1228 Fulton St.
Fresno (Cal.) Republican.

To Whom It May Concern
Alva H. Witt and Mary Etta Witt are staying in the same house but not living together as man and wife. Alva H. Witt.
Carrollton (Ill.) Patriot.

FOR RENT—A couple rooms to a lady who would live with me this winter. Francis Gile. 37-1-1
Mexico (N. Y.) Independent.

WHY EDITORS LEAVE HOME

Mr. John Andersen had the misfortune to fall off a load of cobs striking his head on a building and cut several gashes in his end with Miss Amy Moran.
Ruskin (Nebr.) News.

Last Sunday, a family reunion gathered at the home of Frank Ertelt, 330 Elmwood Ave., and surprized him on his seventy-eighth birthday. A very presumptous dinner was served by the members of the family.
Valley City (N. Dak.) Times-Record.

The Queen's first glimpse of the Capital of the new world she entered upon today came as she stood, on the arm of Secretary of State Kellogg.
St. Louis (Mo.) Globe-Democrat.

Many of the graduates will be glad to know that Miss Carmalette Kinney '23 was married about 2 weeks ago. *Vicksburg (Mich.) Commercial.*

Mrs. W. Raymond Battin, contralto soloist, introduces the theme of a saviour who is to be born, Behold! a Virgin shall cinceive and bear a son and his name shall be called, Emmanuel," together with the likes from Isaiah 40" Thou that tellest good tidings to Zion get thee into the high mountains, lift up thy voice and say, behold your God, which is caught up by the full chorus and carried forward to a stirring finale. *Phoenix (Ariz.) Republican.*

The Vevay Fire Department was called at 2 o'clock. They hastened to the scene and aided wonderfully toward the further spread of the fire.
Switzerland Democrat (Vevay, Ind.).

A baby smiling in its sleep is talking with angles.
Bangor (Me.) Daily News.

"Her Quest for Love"
She held one of his hands in both hers. With the other hand she stroked his rough cheek.
Washington (D. C.) News.

A Prisoner in the Caucasus

By COUNT LEO N. TOLSTOY

Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude

I

AN OFFICER named Zhílin was serving in the army in the Caucasus.

One day he received a letter from home. It was from his mother, who wrote: "I am getting old, and should like to see my dear son once more before I die. Come and say good-bye to me and bury me, and then, if God pleases, return to service again with my blessing. But I have found a girl for you, who is sensible and good and has some property. If you can love her, you might marry her and remain at home."

Zhílin thought it over. It was quite true, the old lady was failing fast and he might not have another chance to see her alive. He had better go, and, if the girl was nice, why not marry her?

So he went to his Colonel, obtained leave of absence, said good-bye to his comrades, stood the soldiers four pailfuls of vódka as a farewell treat, and got ready to go.

It was a time of war in the Caucasus. The roads were not safe by night or day. If ever a Russian ventured to ride or walk any distance away from his fort, the Tartars killed him or carried him off to the hills. So it had been arranged that twice every week a body of soldiers should march from one fortress to the next to convoy travelers from point to point.

It was summer. At daybreak the baggage-train got ready under shelter of the fortress; the soldiers marched out; and all started along the road. Zhílin was on horseback, and a cart with his things went with the baggage-train. They had sixteen miles to go. The baggage-train moved slowly; sometimes the soldiers stopped, or perhaps a wheel would come off one of the carts, or a horse refuse to go on, and then everybody had to wait.

When by the sun it was already past noon, they had not gone half the way. It was dusty and hot, the sun was scorching, and there was no shelter anywhere: a bare plain all round—not a tree, not a bush, by the road.

Zhílin rode on in front, and stopped, waiting for the baggage to overtake him. Then he heard the signal-horn sounded behind him: the company had again stopped. So he began to think: "Hadn't I better ride on by myself? My horse is a good one: if the Tartars do attack me, I can gallop away. Perhaps, however, it would be wiser to wait."

As he sat considering, Kostílin, an officer carrying a gun, rode up to him and said:

"Come along, Zhílin, let's go on by ourselves. It's dreadful; I am famished, and the heat is terrible. My shirt is wringing wet."

Kostílin was a stout, heavy man, and the perspiration was running down his red face. Zhílin thought awhile, and then asked: "Is your gun loaded?"

"Yes, it is."

"Well, then, let's go, but on condition that we keep together."

So they rode forward along the road across the plain, talking, but keeping a look-out on both sides. They could see afar all round. But after crossing the plain the road ran through a valley between two hills, and Zhílin said: "We had better climb that hill and have a look round, or the Tartars may be on us before we know it."

But Kostílin answered: "What's the use? Let us go on."

Zhílin, however, would not agree.

"No," he said; "you can wait here if you

like, but I'll go and look round." And he turned his horse to the left, up the hill. Zhílin's horse was a hunter, and carried him up the hillside as if it had wings. (He had bought it for a hundred roubles as a colt out of a herd, and had broken it in himself.) Hardly had he reached the top of the hill, when he saw some thirty Tartars not much more than a hundred yards ahead of him. As soon as he caught sight of them he turned round, but the Tartars had also seen him, and rushed after him at full gallop, getting their guns out as they went. Down galloped Zhílin as fast as the horse's legs could go, shouting to Kostílin: "Get your gun ready!"

And, in thought, he said to his horse: "Get me well out of this, my pet; don't stumble, for if you do it's all up. Once I reach the gun, they shan't take me prisoner."

But, instead of waiting, Kostílin, as soon as he caught sight of the Tartars, turned back toward the fortress at full speed, whipping his horse now on one side now on the other, and its switching tail was all that could be seen of him in the dust.

Zhílin saw it was a bad look-out; the gun was gone, and what could he do with nothing but his sword? He turned his horse toward the escort, thinking to escape, but there were six Tartars rushing to cut him off. His horse was a good one, but theirs were still better; and besides, they were across his path. He tried to rein in his horse and to turn another way, but it was going so fast it could not stop, and dashed on straight toward the Tartars. He saw a red-bearded Tartar on a gray horse, with his gun raised, come at him, yelling and showing his teeth.

"Ah," thought Zhílin, "I know you, devils that you are. If you take me alive, you'll put me in a pit and flog me. I will not be taken alive!"

Zhílin, though not a big fellow, was brave. He drew his sword and dashed at the red-bearded Tartar, thinking: "Either I'll ride him down, or disable him with my sword."

He was still a horse's length away from him, when he was fired at from behind, and his horse was hit. It fell to the ground with all its weight, pinning Zhílin to the earth.

He tried to rise, but two ill-savoured Tartars were already sitting on him and binding his hands behind his back. He made an effort and flung them off, but three others jumped from their horses and began beating his head with the butts of their guns. His eyes grew dim, and he fell back. The Tartars seized him, and, taking spare girths from their saddles, twisted his hands behind him and tied them with a Tartar knot. They knocked his cap off, pulled off his boots, searched him all over, tore his clothes, and took his money and his watch.

Zhílin looked round at his horse. There it lay on its side, poor thing, just as it had fallen; struggling, its legs in the air, unable to touch the ground. There was a hole in its head, and black blood was pouring out, turning the dust to mud for a couple of feet around.

One of the Tartars went up to the horse and began taking the saddle off; it still kicked, so he drew a dagger and cut its windpipe. A whistling sound came from its throat, the horse gave one plunge, and all was over.

The Tartars took the saddle and trappings. The red-bearded Tartar mounted his horse, and the others lifted Zhílin into the saddle behind him. To prevent his falling off, they strapped him to the Tartar's girdle; and then they all rode away to the hills.

So there sat Zhílin, swaying from side to side, his head striking against the Tartar's stinking back. He could see nothing but that muscular back and sinewy neck, with its closely shaven, bluish nape. Zhílin's head was wounded: the blood had dried over his eyes, and he could neither shift his position on the saddle nor wipe the blood off. His arms were bound so tightly that his collar-bone ached.

They rode up and down hills for a long way. Then they reached a river which they forded, and came to a hard road leading across a valley.

Zhílin tried to see where they were going, but his eyelids were stuck together with blood, and he could not turn.

Twilight began to fall; they crossed another river, and rode up a stony hillside. There was a smell of smoke here, and dogs were barking. They had reached an aoul (a Tartar village). The Tartars got off their horses; Tartar children came and stood round Zhílin, shrieking with pleasure and throwing stones at him.

The Tartar drove the children away, took Zhílin off the horse, and called his man. A Nogáy with high cheek-bones, and nothing on but a shirt (and that so torn that his breast was all bare), answered the call. The Tartar gave him an order. He went and fetched shackles: two blocks of

oak with iron rings attached, and a clasp and lock fixed to one of the rings.

They untied Zhílin's arms, fastened the shackles on his leg, and dragged him to a barn, where they pushed him in and locked the door.

Zhílin fell on a heap of manure. He lay still awhile, then groped about to find a soft place, and settled down.

II

That night Zhílin slept hardly at all. It was the time of year when the nights are short, and daylight soon showed itself through a chink in the wall. He rose, scratched to make the chink bigger, and peeped out.

Through the hole he saw a road leading down-hill; to the right was a Tartar hut with two trees near it, a black dog lay on the threshold, and a goat and kids were moving about wagging their tails. Then he saw a young Tartar woman in a long, loose, bright-coloured gown, with trousers and high boots showing from under it. She had a coat thrown over her head, on which she carried a large metal jug filled with water. She was leading by the hand a small, closely-shaven Tartar boy, who wore nothing but a shirt; and as she went along balancing herself, the muscles of her back quivered. This woman carried the water into the hut, and, soon after, the red-bearded Tartar of yesterday came out dressed in a silk tunic, with a silver-hilted dagger hanging by his side, shoes on his bare feet, and a tall black sheepskin cap set far back on his head. He came out, stretched himself, and stroked his red beard. He stood awhile, gave an order to his servant, and went away.

Then two lads rode past from watering their horses. The horses' noses were wet. Some other closely-shaven boys ran out, without any trousers, and wearing nothing but their shirts. They crowded together, came to the barn, picked up a twig, and began pushing it in at the chink. Zhílin gave a shout, and the boys shrieked and scampered off, their little bare knees gleaming as they ran.

Zhílin was very thirsty: his throat was parched, and he thought: "If only they would come and so much as look at me!"

Then he heard some one unlocking the barn. The red-bearded Tartar entered, and with him was another, a smaller man, dark, with bright black eyes, red cheeks, and a short beard. He had a merry face, and was always laughing. This man was even more richly dressed than the other. He wore a blue silk tunic trimmed with gold, a large silver dagger in his belt, red morocco slippers worked with silver, and over these a pair of thick shoes, and he had a white sheepskin cap on his head.

The red-bearded Tartar entered, muttered something as if he were annoyed, and stood leaning against the doorpost, playing with his dagger, and glaring askance at Zhílin, like a wolf. The dark one, quick and lively, and moving as if on springs, came straight up to Zhílin, squatted down in front of him, slapped him on the shoulder, and began to talk very fast in his own language. His teeth showed, and he kept winking, clicking his tongue, and repeating, "Good Russ, good Russ."

Zhílin could not understand a word, but said, "Drink! give me water to drink!"

The dark man only laughed. "Good Russ," he said, and went on talking in his own tongue.

Zhílin made signs with lips and hands that he wanted something to drink.

The dark man understood, and laughed. Then he looked out of the door, and called to some one: "Dina!"

A little girl came running in: she was about thirteen, slight, thin, and like the dark Tartar in face. Evidently she was his daughter. She, too, had clear black eyes, and her face was good-looking. She had on a long blue gown with wide sleeves, and no girdle. The hem of her gown, the front, and the sleeves, were trimmed with red. She wore trousers and slippers, and over the slippers stouter shoes with high heels. Round her neck she had a necklace made of Russian silver coins. She was bareheaded, and her black hair was plaited with a ribbon and ornamented with gilt braid and silver coins.

Her father gave an order, and she ran away and returned with a metal jug. She handed the water to Zhílin and sat down, crouching so that her knees were as high as her head; and there she sat with wide open eyes watching Zhílin drink, as though he were a wild animal.

When Zhílin handed the empty jug back to her, she gave such a sudden jump back, like a wild goat, that it made her father laugh. He sent her away for something else. She took the jug, ran out, and brought back some unleavened bread on a round board, and once more sat down, crouching, and looking on with staring eyes.

Then the Tartars went away and again locked the door.

After a while the Nogáy came and said: "*Ayda* the master, *Ayda!*"

He, too, knew no Russian. All Zhílin could make out was that he was told to go somewhere.

Zhílin followed the Nogáy, but limped, for the shackles dragged his feet so that he could hardly step at all. On getting out of the barn he saw a Tartar village of about ten houses, and a Tartar church with a small tower. Three horses stood saddled before one of the houses; little boys were holding them by the reins. The dark Tartar came out of this house, beckoning with his hand for Zhílin to follow him. Then he laughed, said something in his own language, and returned into the house.

Zhílin entered. The room was a good one: the walls smoothly plastered with clay. Near the front wall lay a pile of bright-coloured feather beds; the side walls were covered with rich carpets used as hangings, and on these were fastened guns, pistols and swords, all inlaid with silver. Close to one of the walls was a small stove on a level with the earthen floor. The floor itself was as clean as a threshing-ground. A large space in one corner was spread over with felt, on which were rugs, and on these rugs were cushions stuffed with down. And on these cushions sat five Tartars, the dark one, the red-haired one, and three guests. They were wearing their indoor slippers, and each had a cushion behind his back. Before them were standing millet cakes on a round board, melted butter in a bowl, and a jug of *buza*, or Tartar beer. They ate both cakes and butter with their hands.

The dark man jumped up and ordered Zhílin to be placed on one side, not on the carpet but on the bare ground, then he sat down on the carpet again, and offered millet cakes and *buza* to his guests. The servant made Zhílin sit down, after which he took off his own overshoes, put them by the door where the other shoes were standing, and sat down nearer to his masters on the felt, watching them as they ate, and licking his lips.

The Tartars ate as much as they wanted, and a woman dressed in the same way as the girl—in a long gown and trousers, with a kerchief on her head—came and took away what was left, and brought a handsome basin, and an ewer with a narrow spout. The Tartars washed their hands, folded them, went down on their knees, blew to the four quarters, and said their prayers. After they had talked for a while, one of the guests turned to Zhílin and began to speak in Russian.

"You were captured by Kazi-Mohammed," he said, and pointed at the red-bearded Tartar. "And Kazi-Mohammed has given you to Abdul Murat," pointing at the dark one. "Abdul Murat is now your master."

Zhílin was silent. Then Abdul Murat began to talk, laughing, pointing to Zhílin, and repeating, "Soldier Russ, good Russ."

The interpreter said, "He orders you to write home and tell them to send a ransom, and as soon as the money comes he will set you free."

Zhílin thought for a moment, and said, "How much ransom does he want?"

The Tartars talked awhile, and then the interpreter said, "Three thousand roubles."

"No," said Zhílin, "I can't pay so much."

Abdul jumped up and, waving his arms, talked to Zhílin, thinking, as before, that he would understand. The interpreter translated: "How much will you give?"

Zhílin considered, and said, "Five hundred roubles." At this the Tartars began speaking very quickly, all together. Abdul began to shout at the red-bearded one, and jabbered so fast that the spittle spurted out of his mouth. The red-bearded one only screwed up his eyes and clicked his tongue.

They quieted down after a while, and the interpreter said, "Five hundred roubles is not enough for the master. He paid two hundred for you himself. Kazi-Mohammed was in debt to him, and he took you in payment. Three thousand roubles! Less than that won't do. If you refuse to write, you will be put into a pit and flogged with a whip!"

"Eh!" thought Zhílin, "the more one fears them the worse it will be."

So he sprang to his feet, and said, "You tell that dog that if he tries to frighten me I will not write at all, and he will get nothing. I never was afraid of you dogs, and never will be!"

The interpreter translated, and again they all began to talk at once.

They jabbered for a long time, and then the dark man jumped up, came to Zhílin, and said: "*Dzhigit Russ, dzhigit Russ!*" (*Dzhigit* in their language means "brave.") And he laughed, and said something to the interpreter, who translated: "One thousand roubles will satisfy him."

Zhílin stuck to it: "I will not give more than five hundred. And if you kill me you'll get nothing at all."

The Tartars talked awhile, then sent the

servant out to fetch something, and kept looking, now at Zhílin, now at the door. The servant returned, followed by a stout, barefooted, tattered man, who also had his leg shackled.

Zhílin gasped with surprise: it was Kostílin. He, too, had been taken. They were put side by side, and began to tell each other what had occurred. While they talked the Tartars looked on in silence. Zhílin related what had happened to him; and Kostílin told how his horse had stopped, his gun missed fire, and this same Abdul had overtaken and captured him.

Abdul jumped up, pointed to Kostílin, and said something. The interpreter translated that they both now belonged to one master, and the one who first paid the ransom would be set free first.

"There now," he said to Zhílin, "you get angry, but your comrade here is gentle; he has written home, and they will send five thousand roubles. So he will be well fed and well treated."

Zhílin replied: "My comrade can do as he likes; maybe he is rich, I am not. It must be as I said. Kill me, if you like—you will gain nothing by it; but I will not write for more than five hundred roubles."

They were silent. Suddenly up sprang Abdul, brought a little box, took out a pen, ink, and a bit of paper, gave them to Zhílin, slapped him on the shoulder, and made a sign that he should write. He had agreed to take five hundred roubles.

"Wait a bit!" said Zhílin to the interpreter; "tell him that he must feed us properly, give us proper clothes and boots, and let us be together. It will be more cheerful for us. And he must have these shackles taken off our feet," and Zhílin looked at his master and laughed.

The master also laughed, heard the interpreter, and said: "I will give them the best of clothes: a cloak and boots fit to be married in. I will feed them like princes; and if they like they can live together in the barn. But I can't take off the shackles, or they will run away. They shall be taken off, however, at night." And he jumped up and slapped Zhílin on the shoulder, exclaiming: "You good, I good!"

Zhílin wrote the letter, but addressed it wrongly, so that it should not reach its destination, thinking to himself: "I'll run away!"

Zhílin and Kostílin were taken back to the barn and given some maize straw, a jug of water, some bread, two old cloaks, and some worn-out military boots—evidently taken from the corpses of Russian soldiers. At night their shackles were taken off their feet, and they were locked up in the barn.

III

Zhílin and his friend lived in this way for a whole month. The master always laughed and said: "You, Iván, good! I, Abdul, good!" But he fed them badly, giving them nothing but unleavened bread of millet-flour baked into flat cakes, or sometimes only unbaked dough.

Kostílin wrote home a second time, and did nothing but mope and wait for the money to arrive. He would sit for days together in the barn sleeping, or counting the days till a letter could come.

Zhílin knew his letter would reach no one, and he did not write another. He thought: "Where could my mother get enough money to ransom me? As it is, she lived chiefly on what I sent her. If she had to raise five hundred roubles, she would be quite ruined. With God's help, I'll manage to escape!"

So he kept on the look-out, planning how to run away.

He would walk about the aoul whistling; or would sit working, modeling dolls of clay, or weaving baskets out of twigs, for Zhílin was clever with his hands.

Once he modeled a doll with a nose and hands and feet and with a Tartar gown on, and put it up on the roof. When the Tartar women came out to fetch water, the master's daughter, Dina, saw the doll and called the women, who put down their jugs and stood looking and laughing. Zhílin took down the doll and held it out to them. They laughed, but dared not take it. He put down the doll and went into the barn, waiting to see what would happen.

Dina ran up to the doll, looked round, seized it, and ran away.

In the morning, at daybreak, he looked out. Dina came out of the house and sat down on the threshold with the doll, which she had dressed up in bits of red stuff, and she rocked it like a baby, singing a Tartar lullaby. An old woman came out and scolded her, and, snatching the doll away she broke it to bits, and sent Dina about her business.

But Zhílin made another doll, better than the first, and gave it to Dina. Once Dina brought a little jug, put it on the ground, sat down gazing at him, and laughed, pointing to the jug.

"What pleases her so?" wondered Zhílin.

He took the jug, thinking it was water, but it turned out to be milk. He drank the milk and said: "That's good!"

How pleased Dina was! "Good, Iván, good!" said she, and she jumped up and clapped her hands. Then, seizing the jug, she ran away. After that, she stealthily brought him some milk every day.

The Tartars make a kind of cheese out of goat's milk, which they dry on the roofs of their houses; and sometimes, on the sly, she brought him some of this cheese. And once, when Abdul had killed a sheep, she brought Zhílin a bit of mutton in her sleeve. She would just throw the things down and run away.

One day there was a heavy storm, and the rain fell in torrents for a whole hour. All the streams became turbid. At the ford, the water rose till it was seven feet high, and the current was so strong that it rolled the stones about. Rivulets flowed everywhere, and the rumbling in the hills never ceased. When the storm was over, the water ran in streams down the village street. Zhílin got his master to lend him a knife, and with it he shaped a small cylinder, and cutting some little boards, he made a wheel to which he fixed two dolls, one on each side. The little girls brought him some bits of stuff, and he dressed the dolls, one as a peasant, the other as a peasant woman. Then he fastened them in their places, and set the wheel so that the stream should work it. The wheel began to turn and the dolls danced.

The whole village collected round. Little boys and girls, Tartar men and women, all came and clicked their tongues.

"Ah, Russ! Ah, Iván!"

Abdul had a Russian clock, which was broken. He called Zhílin and showed it to him, clicking his tongue.

"Give it me; I'll mend it for you," said Zhílin.

He took it to pieces with the knife, sorted the pieces, and put them together again, so that the clock went all right.

The master was delighted, and made him a present of one of his old tunics which was all in holes. Zhílin had to accept it. He could, at any rate, use it as a coverlet at night.

After that Zhílin's fame spread; and Tartars came from distant villages, bringing him now the lock of a gun or of a pistol, now a watch, to mend. His master gave him some tools—pincers, gimlets, and a file.

One day a Tartar fell ill, and they came to Zhílin, saying, "Come and heal him!" Zhílin knew nothing about doctoring, but he went to look, and thought to himself, "Perhaps he will get well anyway."

He returned to the barn, mixed some water with sand, and then in the presence of the Tartars whispered some words over it and gave it to the sick man to drink. Luckily for him, the Tartar recovered.

Zhílin began to pick up their language a little, and some of the Tartars grew familiar with him. When they wanted him, they would call: "Iván! Iván!" Others, however, still looked at him askance, as at a wild beast.

The red-bearded Tartar disliked Zhílin. Whenever he saw him he frowned and turned away, or swore at him. There was also an old man there who did not live in the aoul, but used to come up from the foot of the hill. Zhílin only saw him when he passed on his way to the Mosque. He was short, and had a white cloth wound round his hat. His beard and moustaches were clipped, and white as snow; and his face was wrinkled and brick-red. His nose was hooked like a hawk's, his gray eyes looked cruel, and he had no teeth except two tusks. He would pass, with his turban on his head, leaning on his staff, and glaring round him like a wolf. If he saw Zhílin he would snort with anger and turn away.

Once Zhílin descended the hill to see where the old man lived. He went down along the pathway and came to a little garden surrounded by a stone wall; and behind the wall he saw cherry and apricot trees, and a hut with a flat roof. He came closer, and saw hives made of plaited straw, and bees flying about and humming. The old man was kneeling, busy doing something with a hive. Zhílin stretched to look, and his shackles rattled. The old man turned round, and, giving a yell, snatched a pistol from his belt and shot at Zhílin, who just managed to shelter himself behind the stone wall.

The old man went to Zhílin's master to complain. The master called Zhílin, and said with a laugh, "Why did you go to the old man's house?"

"I did him no harm," replied Zhílin. "I only wanted to see how he lived."

The master repeated what Zhílin said.

But the old man was in a rage; he hissed and jabbered, showing his tusks, and shaking his fists at Zhílin.

Zhílin could not understand all, but he gathered that the old man was telling abdul he ought not to keep Russians in the aoul, but ought to kill them. At last the old man went away.

Zhílin asked the master who the old man was.

"He is a great man!" said the master. "He was the bravest of our fellows; he killed many Russians, and was at one time very rich. He had three wives and eight sons, and they all lived in one village. Then the Russians came and destroyed the village, and killed seven of his sons. Only one son was left, and he gave himself up to the Russians. The old man also went and gave himself up, and lived among the Russians for three months. At the end of that time he found his son, killed him with his own hands, and then escaped. After that he left off fighting, and went to Mecca to pray to God; that is why he wears a turban. One who has been to Mecca is called 'Hadji,' and wears a turban. He does not like you fellows. He tells me to kill you. But I can't kill you. I have paid money for you and, besides, I have grown fond of you, Iván. Far from killing you, I would not even let you go if I had not promised." And he laughed, saying in Russian, "You, Iván, good; I, Abdul, good!"

IV

Zhílin lived in this way for a month. During the day he sauntered about the aoul or busied himself with some handicraft, but at night, when all was silent in the aoul, he dug at the floor of the barn. It was no easy task digging, because of the stones; but he worked away at them with his file, and at last had made a hole under the wall large enough to get through.

"If only I could get to know the lay of the land," thought he, "and which way to go! But none of the Tartars will tell me."

So he chose a day when the master was away from home, and set off after dinner to climb the hill beyond the village, and to look around. But before leaving home the master always gave orders to his son to watch Zhílin, and not to lose sight of him. So the lad ran after Zhílin, shouting: "Don't go! Father does not allow it. I'll call the neighbours if you won't come back."

Zhílin tried to persuade him, and said: "I'm not going far; I only want to climb that hill. I want to find a herb—to cure sick people with. You come with me if you like. How can I run away with these shackles on? To-morrow I'll make a bow and arrows for you."

So he persuaded the lad, and they went. To look at the hill, it did not seem far to the top; but it was hard walking with shackles on his leg. Zhílin went on and on, but it was all he could do to reach the top. There he sat down and noted how the land lay. To the south, beyond the barn, was a valley in which a herd of horses was pasturing, and at the bottom of the valley one could see another aoul. Beyond that was a still steeper hill, and another hill beyond that. Between the hills, in the blue distance, were forests, and still further off were mountains, rising higher and higher. The highest of them were covered with snow, white as sugar; and one snowy peak towered above all the rest. To the east and to the west were other such hills, and here and there smoke rose from aouls in the ravines. "Ah," thought he, "all that is Tartar country." And he turned towards the Russian side. At his feet he saw a river, and the aoul he lived in, surrounded by little gardens. He could see women, like tiny dolls, sitting by the river rinsing clothes. Beyond the aoul was a hill, lower than the one to the south, and beyond it two other hills well wooded; and between these, a smooth bluish plain, and far, far across the plain something that looked like a cloud of smoke. Zhílin tried to remember where the sun used to rise and set when he was living in the fort, and he saw that there was no mistake: the Russian fort must be in that plain. Between those two hills he would have to make his way when he escaped.

The sun was beginning to set. The white, snowy mountains turned red, and the dark hills turned darker; mists rose from the ravine, and the valley, where he supposed the Russian fort to be, seemed on fire with the sunset glow. Zhílin looked carefully. Something seemed to be quivering in the valley like smoke from a chimney, and he felt sure the Russian fortress was there.

It had grown late. The Mullah's cry was heard. The herds were being driven home, the cows were lowing, and the lad kept saying, "Come home!" But Zhílin did not feel inclined to go away.

At last, however, they went back. "Well," thought Zhílin, "now that I know the way, it is time to escape." He thought of running away that night. The nights were dark—the moon had waned. But as ill-luck would have it, the Tartars returned home that evening. They generally came back driving cattle before them and in good spirits. But this time they had no cattle. All they brought home was the dead body of a Tartar—the red one's brother—who had been killed. They came back looking

sullen, and they all gathered together for the burial. Zhílin also came out to see it.

They wrapped the body in a piece of linen, without any coffin, and carried it out of the village, and laid it on the grass under some plane-trees. The Mullah and the old men came. They wound clothes round their caps, took off their shoes, and squatted on their heels, side by side, near the corpse.

The Mullah was in front: behind him in a row were three old men in turbans, and behind them again the other Tartars. All cast down their eyes and sat in silence. This continued a long time, until the Mullah raised his head and said: "Allah!" (which means God). He said that one word, and they all cast down their eyes again, and were again silent for a long time. They sat quite still, not moving or making any sound.

Again the Mullah lifted his head and said, "Allah!" and they all repeated: "Allah! Allah!" and were again silent.

The dead body lay immovable on the grass, and they sat as still as if they too were dead. Not one of them moved. There was no sound but that of the leaves of the plane-trees stirring in the breeze. Then the Mullah repeated a prayer, and they all rose. They lifted the body and carried it in their arms to a hole in the ground. It was not an ordinary hole, but was hollowed out under the ground like a vault. They took the body under the arms and by the legs, bent it, and let it gently down, pushing it under the earth in a sitting posture, with the hands folded in front.

The Nogáy brought some green rushes, which they stuffed into the hole, and, quickly covering it with earth, they smoothed the ground, and set an upright stone at the head of the grave. Then they trod the earth down, and again sat in a row before the grave, keeping silence for a long time.

At last they rose, said "Allah! Allah! Allah!" and sighed.

The red-bearded Tartar gave money to the old men; then he too rose, took a whip, struck himself with it three times on the forehead, and went home.

The next morning Zhílin saw the red Tartar, followed by three others, leading a mare out of the village. When they were beyond the village, the red-bearded Tartar took off his tunic and turned up his sleeves, showing his stout arms. Then he drew a dagger and sharpened it on a whetstone. The other Tartars raised the mare's head, and he cut her throat, threw her down, and began skinning her, loosening the hide with his big hands. Women and girls came and began to wash the entrails and the inwards. The mare was cut up, the pieces taken into the hut, and the whole village collected at the red Tartar's hut for a funeral feast.

For three days they went on eating the flesh of the mare, drinking *buza*, and praying for the dead man. All the Tartars were at home. On the fourth day at dinner-time Zhílin saw them preparing to go away. Horses were brought out, they got ready, and some ten of them (the red one among them) rode away; but Abdul stayed at home. It was new moon, and the nights were still dark.

"Ah!" thought Zhílin, "to-night is the time to escape." And he told Kostílin; but Kostílin's heart failed him.

"How can we escape?" he said. "We don't even know the way."

"I know the way," said Zhílin.

"Even if you do," said Kostílin, "we can't reach the fort in one night."

"If we can't," said Zhílin, "we'll sleep in the forest. See here, I have saved some cheeses. What's the good of sitting and moping here? If they send your ransom—well and good; but suppose they don't manage to collect it? The Tartars are angry now, because the Russians have killed one of their men. They are talking of killing us."

Kostílin thought it over.

"Well, let's go," said he.

V

Zhílin crept into the hole, widened it so that Kostílin might also get through, and then they both sat waiting till all should be quiet in the aoul.

As soon as all was quiet, Zhílin crept under the wall, got out, and whispered to Kostílin, "Come!" Kostílin crept out, but in so doing he caught a stone with his foot and made a noise. The master had a very vicious watch-dog, a spotted one called Oulyashin. Zhílin had been careful to feed him for some time before. Oulyashin heard the noise and began to bark and jump, and the other dogs did the same. Zhílin gave a slight whistle, and threw him a bit of cheese. Oulyashin knew Zhílin, wagged his tail, and stopped barking.

But the master had heard the dog, and shouted to him from his hut, "Hayt, hayt, Oulyashin!"

Zhílin, however, scratched Oulyashin behind the ears, and the dog was quiet, and rubbed against his legs, wagging his tail.

They sat hidden behind a corner for awhile. All became silent again, only a sheep coughed inside a shed, and the water rippled over the stones in the hollow. It was dark, the stars were high overhead, and the new moon showed red as it set, horns upward, behind the hill. In the valleys the fog was white as milk.

Zhílin rose and said to his companion, "Well, friend, come along!"

They started; but they had only gone a few steps when they heard the Mullah crying from the roof, "Allah, Beshmillah! Ilrahman!" That meant that the people would be going to the mosque. So they sat down again, hiding behind a wall, and waited a long time till the people had passed. At last all was quiet again.

"Now then! May God be with us!" They crossed themselves, and started once more. They passed through a yard and went down the hillside to the river, crossed the river, and went along the valley.

The mist was thick, but only near the ground; overhead the stars shone quite brightly. Zhílin directed their course by the stars. It was cool in the mist, and easy walking; only their boots were uncomfortable, being worn out and trodden down. Zhílin took his off, threw them away, and went barefoot, jumping from stone to stone, and guiding his course by the stars. Kostílin began to lag behind.

"Walk slower," he said, "these confounded boots have quite blistered my feet."

"Take them off!" said Zhílin. "It will be easier walking without them."

Kostílin went barefoot, but got on still worse. The stones cut his feet, and he kept lagging behind. Zhílin said: "If your feet get cut, they'll heal again; but if the Tartars catch us and kill us, it will be worse!"

Kostílin did not reply, but went on, groaning all the time.

Their way lay through the valley for a long time. Then, to the right, they heard dogs barking. Zhílin stopped, looked about, and began climbing the hill, feeling with his hands.

"Ah!" said he, "we have gone wrong, have come too far to the right. Here is another aoul, one I saw from the hill. We must turn back and go up that hill to the left. There must be a wood there."

But Kostílin said: "Wait a minute! Let me get breath. My feet are all cut and bleeding."

"Never mind, friend! They'll heal again. You should spring more lightly. Like this!"

And Zhílin ran back and turned to the left up the hill towards the wood.

Kostílin still lagged behind, and groaned. Zhílin only said "Hush!" and went on and on.

They went up the hill and found a wood as Zhílin had said. They entered the wood and forced their way through the brambles, which tore their clothes. At last they came to a path and followed it.

"Stop!" They heard the tramp of hoofs on the path, and waited, listening. It sounded like the tramping of a horse's feet, but then ceased. They moved on, and again they heard the tramping. When they paused, it also stopped. Zhílin crept nearer to it, and saw something standing on the path where it was not quite so dark. It looked like a horse, and yet not quite like one, and on it was something queer, not like a man. He heard it snorting. "What can it be?" Zhílin gave a low whistle, and off it dashed from the path into the thicket, and the woods were filled with the noise of crackling, as if a hurricane were sweeping through, breaking the branches.

Kostílin was so frightened that he sank to the ground. But Zhílin laughed and said: "It's a stag. Don't you hear him breaking the branches with his antlers? We were afraid of him, and he is afraid of us."

They went on. The Great Bear was already setting. It was near morning, and they did not know whether they were going the right way or not. Zhílin thought it was the way he had been brought by the Tartars, and that they were still some seven miles from the Russian fort; but he had nothing certain to go by, and at night one easily mistakes the way. After a time they came to a clearing. Kostílin sat down and said: "Do as you like, I can go no farther! My feet won't carry me."

Zhílin tried to persuade him.

"No, I shall never get there; I can't!"

Zhílin grew angry, and spoke roughly to him.

"Well, then, I shall go on alone. Goodbye!"

Kostílin jumped up and followed. They went another three miles. The mist in the wood had settled down still more densely; they could not see a yard before them, and the stars had grown dim.

Suddenly they heard the sound of a horse's hoofs in front of them. They heard its shoes strike the stones. Zhílin lay down flat, and listened with his ear to the ground.

"Yes, so it is! A horseman is coming towards us."

They ran off the path, crouched among the bushes, and waited. Zhílin crept to the road, looked, and saw a Tartar on horseback driving a cow and humming to himself. The Tartar rode past. Zhílin returned to Kostílin.

"God has led him past us; get up and let's go on!"

Kostílin tried to rise, but fell back again.

"I can't; on my word I can't! I have no strength left."

He was heavy and stout, and had been perspiring freely. Chilled by the mist, and with his feet all bleeding, he had grown quite limp.

Zhílin tried to lift him, when suddenly Kostílin screamed out: "Oh, how it hurts!"

Zhílin's heart sank.

"What are you shouting for? The Tartar is still near; he'll have heard you!" And he thought to himself, "He is really quite done up. What am I to do with him? It won't do to desert a comrade."

"Well, then, get up, and climb up on my back. I'll carry you if you really can't walk."

He helped Kostílin up, and put his arms under his thighs. Then he went out on to the path, carrying him.

"Only, for the love of heaven," said Zhílin, "don't throttle me with your hands! Hold on to my shoulders."

Zhílin found his load heavy; his feet, too, were bleeding, and he was tired out. Now and then he stooped to balance Kostílin better, jerking him up so that he should sit higher, and then went on again.

The Tartar must, however, really have heard Kostílin scream. Zhílin suddenly heard some one galloping behind and shouting in the Tartar tongue. He darted in among the bushes. The Tartar seized his gun and fired, but did not hit them, shouted in his own language, and galloped off along the road.

"Well, now we are lost, friend!" said Zhílin. "That dog will gather the Tartars together to hunt us down. Unless we can get a couple of miles away from here we are lost!" And he thought to himself, "Why the devil did I saddle myself with this block? I should have got away long ago had I been alone."

"Go on alone," said Kostílin. "Why should you perish because of me?"

"No, I won't go. It won't do to desert a comrade."

Again he took Kostílin on his shoulders and staggered on. They went on in that way for another half-mile or more. They were still in the forest, and could not see the end of it. But the mist was already dispersing, and clouds seemed to be gathering; the stars were no longer to be seen. Zhílin was quite done up. They came to a spring walled in with stones by the side of the path. Zhílin stopped and set Kostílin down.

"Let me have a rest and a drink," said he, "and let us eat some of the cheese. It can't be much farther now."

But hardly had he lain down to get a drink, when he heard the sound of horses' feet behind him. Again they darted to the right among the bushes, and lay down under a steep slope.

They heard Tartar voices. The Tartars stopped at the very spot where they had turned off the path. The Tartars talked a bit, and then seemed to be setting a dog on the scent. There was a sound of crackling twigs, and a strange dog appeared from behind the bushes. It stopped, and began to bark.

Then the Tartars, also strangers, came climbing down, seized Zhílin and Kostílin, bound them, put them on horses, and rode away with them.

When they had ridden about two miles, they met Abdul, their owner, with two other Tartars following him. After talking with the strangers, he put Zhílin and Kostílin on two of his own horses and took them back to the aoul.

Abdul did not laugh now, and did not say a word to them.

They were back at the aoul by daybreak, and were set down in the street. The children came crowding round, throwing stones, shrieking, and beating them with whips.

The Tartars gathered together in a circle, and the old man from the foot of the hill was also there. They began discussing; and Zhílin heard them considering what should be done with him and Kostílin. Some said they ought to be sent farther into the mountains; but the old man said: "They must be killed!"

Abdul disputed with him, saying: "I gave money for them, and I must get ransom for them." But the old man said: "They will pay you nothing, but will only bring misfortune. It is a sin to feed Russians. Kill them, and have done with it!"

They dispersed. When they had gone, the master came up to Zhílin and said: "If the money for your ransom is not sent within a fortnight, I will flog you; and if you try to run away again, I'll kill you like a dog! Write a letter, and write properly!"

Paper was brought to them, and they wrote the letters. Shackles were put on their feet, and they were taken behind the Mosque to a deep pit about twelve feet square, into which they were let down.

VI

Life was now very hard for them. Their shackles were never taken off, and they were not let out into the fresh air. Unbaked dough was thrown to them as if they were dogs, and water was let down in a can.

It was wet and close in the pit, and there was a horrible stench. Kostílin grew quite ill, his body became swollen and he ached all over, and moaned or slept all the time. Zhílin, too, grew downcast; he saw it was a bad look-out, and could think of no way of escape.

He tried to make a tunnel, but there was nowhere to put the earth. His master noticed it, and threatened to kill him.

He was sitting on the floor of the pit one day, thinking of freedom and feeling very downhearted, when suddenly a cake fell into his lap, then another, and then a shower of cherries. He looked up, and there was Dina. She looked at him, laughed, and ran away. And Zhílin thought: "Might not Dina help me?"

He cleared out a little place in the pit, scraped up some clay, and began modelling toys. He made men, horses, and dogs, thinking, "When Dina comes I'll throw them up to her."

But Dina did not come next day. Zhílin heard the tramp of horses; some men rode past, and the Tartars gathered in council near the Mosque. They shouted and argued; the word "Russians" was repeated several times. He could hear the voice of the old man. Though he could not distinguish what was said, he guessed that Russian troops were somewhere near, and that the Tartars, afraid they might come into the aoul, did not know what to do with their prisoners.

After talking awhile, they went away. Suddenly he heard a rustling overhead, and saw Dina crouching at the edge of the pit, her knees higher than her head, and bending over so that the coins of her plait dangled above the pit. Her eyes gleamed like stars. She drew two cheeses out of her sleeve and threw them to him. Zhílin took them and said, "Why did you not come before? I have made some toys for you. Here, catch!" And he began throwing the toys up, one by one.

But she shook her head and would not look at them.

"I don't want any," she said. She sat silent for awhile, and then went on, "Iván, they want to kill you!" And she pointed to her own throat.

"Who wants to kill me?"

"Father; the old men say he must. But I am sorry for you!"

Zhílin answered: "Well, if you are sorry for me, bring me a long pole."

She shook her head, as much as to say, "I can't!"

He clasped his hands and prayed her: "Dina, please do! Dear Dina, I beg of you!"

"I can't!" she said, "they would see me bringing it. They're all at home." And she went away.

So when evening came Zhílin still sat looking up now and then, and wondering what would happen. The stars were there, but the moon had not yet risen. The Mullah's voice was heard; then all was silent. Zhílin was beginning to doze, thinking: "The girl will be afraid to do it!"

Suddenly he felt clay falling on his head. He looked up, and saw a long pole poking into the opposite wall of the pit. It kept poking about for a time, and then it came down, sliding into the pit. Zhílin was glad indeed. He took hold of it and lowered it. It was a strong pole, one that he had seen before on the roof of his master's hut.

He looked up. The stars were shining high in the sky, and, just above the pit, Dina's eyes gleamed in the dark like a cat's. She stooped with her face close to the edge of the pit, and whispered, "Iván! Iván!" waving her hand in front of her face to show that he should speak low.

"What?" said Zhílin.

"All but two have gone away."

Then Zhílin said, "Well, Kostílin, come; let us have one last try; I'll help you up."

But Kostílin would not hear of it.

"No," said he, "it's clear I can't get away from here. How can I go, when I have hardly strength to turn round?"

"Well, good-bye, then! Don't think ill of me!" and they kissed each other. Zhílin seized the pole, told Dina to hold on, and began to climb. He slipped once or twice; the shackles hindered him. Kostílin helped him, and he managed to get to the top. Dina, with her little hands, pulled with all her might at his shirt, laughing.

Zhílin drew out the pole, and said, "Put it back in its place, Dina, or they'll notice, and you will be beaten."

She dragged the pole away, and Zhílin went down the hill. When he had gone down the steep incline, he took a sharp stone and tried to wrench the lock off the shackles. But it was a strong lock and he could not manage to break it, and besides, it was difficult to get at. Then he heard some one running down the hill, springing lightly. He thought: "Surely, that's Dina again."

Dina came, took a stone, and said, "Let me try."

She knelt down and tried to wrench the lock off, but her little hands were as slender as little twigs, and she had not the strength. She threw the stone away and began to cry. Then Zhílin set to work again at the lock, and Dina squatted beside him with her hand on his shoulder.

Zhílin looked round and saw a red light to the left behind the hill. The moon was just rising. "Ah!" he thought, "before the moon has risen I must have passed the valley and be in the forest." So he rose and threw away the stone. Shackles or no, he must go on.

"Good-bye, Dina dear!" he said. "I shall never forget you!"

Dina seized hold of him and felt about with her hands for a place to put some cheeses she had brought. He took them from her.

"Thank you, my little one. Who will make dolls for you when I am gone?" And he stroked her head.

Dina burst into tears, hiding her face in her hands. Then she ran up the hill like a young goat, the coins in her plait clinking against her back.

Zhílin crossed himself, took the lock of his shackles in his hand to prevent its clattering, and went along the road, dragging his shackled leg, and looking towards the place where the moon was about to rise. He now knew the way. If he went straight he would have to walk nearly six miles. If only he could reach the wood before the moon had quite risen! He crossed the river; the light behind the hill was growing whiter. Still looking at it, he went along the valley. The moon was not yet visible. The light became brighter, and one side of the valley was growing lighter and lighter, and shadows were drawing in towards the foot of the hill, creeping nearer and nearer to him.

Zhílin went on, keeping in the shade. He was hurrying, but the moon was moving still faster; the tops of the hills on the right were already lit up. As he got near the wood the white moon appeared from behind the hills, and it became light as day. One could see all the leaves on the trees. It was light on the hills, but silent, as if nothing were alive; no sound could be heard but the gurgling of the river below.

Zhílin reached the wood without meeting any one, chose a dark spot, and sat down to rest.

He rested, and ate one of the cheeses. Then he found a stone and set to work again to knock off the shackles. He knocked his hands sore, but could not break the lock. He rose and went along the road. After walking the greater part of a mile he was quite done up, and his feet were aching. He had to stop every ten steps. "There is nothing else for it," thought he. "I must drag on as long as I have any strength left. If I sit down, I shan't be able to rise again. I can't reach the fortress; but when day breaks I'll lie down in the forest, remain there all day, and go on again at night."

He went on all night. Two Tartars on horseback passed him; but he heard them a long way off, and hid behind a tree.

The moon began to grow paler, the dew to fall. It was getting near dawn, and Zhílin had not reached the end of the forest. "Well," thought he, "I'll walk another thirty steps, and then turn in among the trees and sit down."

He walked another thirty steps, and saw that he was at the end of the forest. He went to the edge; it was now quite light, and straight before him was the plain and the fortress. To the left, quite close at the foot of the slope, a fire was dying out, and the smoke from it spread round. There were men gathered about the fire.

He looked intently, and saw guns glistening. They were soldiers—Cossacks!

Zhílin was filled with joy. He collected his remaining strength and set off down the hill, saying to himself: "God forbid that any mounted Tartar should see me now, in the open field! Near as I am, I could not get there in time."

Hardly had he said this when, a couple of hundred yards off, on a hillock to the left, he saw three Tartars.

They saw him also and made a rush. His heart sank. He waved his hands, and shouted with all his might, "Brothers, brothers! Help!"

The Cossacks heard him, and a party of them on horseback darted to cut across the Tartars' path. The Cossacks were far and the Tartars were near; but Zhílin, too, made a last effort. Lifting the shackles with his hand, he ran towards the Cossacks, hardly

knowing what he was doing, crossing himself and shouting, "Brothers! Brothers! Brothers!"

There were some fifteen Cossacks. The Tartars were frightened, and stopped before reaching him. Zhílin staggered up to the Cossacks.

They surrounded him and began questioning him. "Who are you? What are you? Where from?"

But Zhílin was quite beside himself, and could only weep and repeat, "Brothers! Brothers!"

Then the soldiers came running up and crowded round Zhílin—one giving him bread, another buckwheat, a third vódka: one wrapping a cloak round him, another breaking his shackles.

The officers recognized him, and rode with him to the fortress. The soldiers were glad to see him back, and his comrades all gathered round him.

Zhílin told them all that had happened to him.

"That's the way I went home and got married!" said he. "No. It seems plain that fate was against it!"

So he went on serving in the Caucasus. A month passed before Kostílin was released, after paying five thousand roubles ransom. He was almost dead when they brought him back.

Dr. Sam

To Miss Grace King

By EUGENE FIELD

I—Down in the old French quarter,
Just out of Rampart street,
I went my way
At close of day
Unto the quaint retreat
Where lives the Voodoo Doctor
By some esteemed a sham,
Yet I'll declare there's none elsewhere
So skilled as Doctor Sam
With the claws of a devilled crawfish,
The juice of a prickly prune,
And the quivering dew
From a yarb that grew
In the light of a midnight moon!

II—I never should have known him
But for the coloured folk
That here obtain
And ne'er in vain
That wizard's art invoke;
For when the Eye that's Evil
Would him and his'n damn,
The negro's grief gets quick relief
Of Hoodoo-Doctor Sam.
With the caul of an alligator,
The plume of an unborn loon,
And the poison wrung
From a serpent's tongue
By the light of the midnight moon!

III—In all neurotic ailments
I hear that he excels,
And he insures
Immediate cures
Of weird, uncanny spells;
The most unruly patient
Gets docile as a lamb
And is freed from ill by the potent skill
Of Hoodoo-Doctor Sam;
Feathers of strangled chickens,
Moss from the dank lagoon,
And plasters wet
With spider sweat
In the light of a midnight moon!

IV—They say when nights are grewsome
And hours are, oh! so late,
Old Sam steals out
And hunts about
For charms that hoodoos hate!
That from the moaning river
And from the haunted glen
He silently brings what eerie things
Give peace to hoodooed men:—
The tongue of a piebald 'possum,
The tooth of a senile 'coon,
The buzzard's breath that smells of death,
And the film that lies
On a lizard's eyes
In the light of a midnight moon!

Reading It in the Stars

(*Concluded*)

Arab Watchers of the Stars

The sciences chiefly cultivated by the ancient Arabians were three; that of their history and genealogies, such a knowledge of the stars as to foretell the changes of weather, and the interpretations of dreams. Their knowledge of the stars was gathered from long experience, and not from any regular study, or astronomical rules. The Arabians and Indians applied themselves to observe the fixed stars, contrary to other nations, whose observations were almost confined to the planets; and they foretold their effects from their influences, not their nature. The stars or asterisms they most usually foretold the weather by were these they call Anwa, or the houses of the moon. They are twenty-eight in number, and divide the zodiac into as many parts, through one of which the moon passes every night. As some of them set in the morning, others rise opposite to them, which happens every thirteenth night; and from their rising and setting, observed what changes happened in the air; and at length came to ascribe divine powers to them, saying, that their rain was from such or such a star. This expression Mohammed absolutely forbade them to use, unless qualified so as to make the Supreme Being the director and manager of them. *An Universal History* (*1747*).

But who can count the stars of Heaven?
Who sing their influence on this lower world? Thomson.

Hudibras on Cunning Sidrophel the Astrologer

So in the circle of the arts
Did he advance his nat'ral parts,
Till falling back still, for retreat,
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat: . . .
But with the moon was more familiar
Than e'er was almanac well-willer;
Her secrets understood so clear,
That some believ'd he had been there;
Knew when she was in fittest mood
For cutting corns, or letting blood;
When for anointing scabs and itches,
Or to the bum applying leeches;
When sows and bitches may be spay'd,
And in what sign best cider's made;
Whether the wane be, or increase,
Best to set garlic, or sow pease;
Who first found out the man i' th' moon,
That to the ancients was unknown;
How many dukes, and earls, and peers,
Are in the planetary spheres,
Their airy empire, and command,
Their sev'ral strengths by sea and land; . . .
He made an instrument to know
If the moon shine at full, or no;
That would, as soon as e'er she shone, straight
Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate;
Tell what her d'ameter to an inch is,
And prove that she's not made of green cheese. . . .
But what, alas! is it to us,
Whether i' th' moon, men thus or thus
Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
Or whether they have tails or horns?
What trade from thence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from France?
What can our travellers bring home,
That is not to be learnt at Rome?
What politics, or strange opinions,
That are not in our own dominions?
What science can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence?
What revelations, or religions,
That are not in our native regions?
Are sweating-lanterns, or screen-fans,
Made better there than they're in France?
Or do they teach to sing and play

O' th' guitar there a newer way?
Can they make plays there, that shall fit
The public humour with less wit?
Write wittier dances, quainter shows,
Or fight with more ingenious blows?
Or does the man i' th' moon look big,
And wear a huger periwig,
Shew in his gait, or face, more tricks
Than our own native lunaticks?
But, if w' outdo him here at home,
What good of your design can come? . . .
Hudibras. SAMUEL BUTLER.

FIRST AID TO LOVERS

I shall relate a passage which happened between a Gentleman, a Friend of mine, and his Lady, in point of wooing.

This Gentleman having formerly made many addresses, and with good success, taking times suitable, insomuch that he thought it impossible to fail; whereupon at a time by himself prefix'd, he was resolved to go and finish what he had before in a great measure perfected. (The truth is, I always told him that he would speed, provided that he took such times as I advised him.) I told him that if he went at that time he might unhappily spoil all that he had done, for both her and her Friends would be very cross and averse; for at that time by him intended, the principal significators were in □ and 8, and (1) did also separate and apply by Quartile and Opposition accordingly. But this Gentleman said he could not believe that there could be any such force in the Stars and planets, whereby to alter her affection, being so firmly (as he thought) settled. I desired him to call at my house when he returned, and to let me know how he sped: and at his return he told me that he found my words very true; for she was so much altered both in kindness and affection, that he verily believed that some body had done some ill office betwixt them; and was minded to have left her to her own will. But I cheared him up, and told him, that if he went at such a time as I would direct, he would speed; and then I advised him to finish up the match, which he did, and they were married accordingly. BALGRAVE. (1682).

THE DOCTOR GLANCES AT ASTROLOGY

Astrology, against which so much of the satire (in Hudibras) is directed, was not more the folly of the Puritans than of others. It had in that time a very extensive dominion. Its predictions raised hopes and fears which ought to have rejected it with contempt. In hazardous undertakings care was taken to begin under the influence of a propitious planet; and when the king was prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle, an astrologer was consulted what hour would be found most favourable to an escape. DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Starres are poor books, and oftentimes do misse,
This book of starres lights to eternal blisse. GEORGE HERBERT.

THE WISE DRUIDS OF IRELAND

Astrology, in the proper sense of the word—divination from the stars—appears to have been practised by the Irish. Forecasting the proper time for beginning to build a house is alluded to in a short Irish poem contained in an eighth-century manuscript, now in a monastery in Carinthia, having been brought thither by some early Irish missionary:—"There is no house more auspicious, with its stars last night, with its sun, with its moon." This reference to astrology is in a purely Christian connection, as it appears from the poem that the house in question was built by the great Christian architect, the Gobban Saer. In the legends of the saints we find divination by the heavenly bodies. When St. Columkille was a child, his foster-father went to a certain prophet (*fáith*) to ask him when the child was to begin to learn his letters; and the prophet, having first scanned the heavens, decided that the lessons were to begin at once. . . .

There were certain *cross* days in every month of the year which were unlucky for undertaking any enterprise. . . But on individual occasions the druids determined the days to be avoided, often by calculations of the moon's age. A druid predicted that his daughter's baby, if born on a certain day, would turn out just an ordinary person: but if born on the next day, he was to be a king and the ancestor of kings. Accordingly, the poor mother

so managed that the birth was delayed till next day, but sacrificed her own life by doing so: and her baby was subsequently Fiacha Muillethan, of Munster. Many examples might be cited where disaster attended an undertaking on account of beginning it on an unlucky day. The superstition of lucky and unlucky days was common amongst most ancient nations, and it still lives among ourselves in all grades of society. P. W. JOYCE.

Mars is seldom joined with Mercury for good, for he makes people naughty and impudent, yet industrious in Art, whence it comes to pass that the best Artists are too often the worst men.
Seven Segments of Cardan. (LILLY.)

SIMPLIFYING THE JURY SYSTEM

In ancient times there were Court Astrologers whose business it was to select the twelve jurors from the twelve temperaments of men according to the Zodiac. That is, they selected one man from the panel who was born in Aries. He was sworn in as head juror; then they selected one from Taurus, one from Gemini, one from Cancer, and so on until they had selected the twelve temperaments of the men according to the Zodiac. By so doing, they had all kinds of people, and were, therefore, able to render a fair decision; but as they select them in our day they are apt to have two-thirds Rams, Bulls and Billy-goats; then you wonder why the jury cannot agree. Whoever heard of a Ram and a Billy-goat getting along together? There never were but twelve temperaments of people upon this earth and there never will be. A. F. SEWARD.

THE CLAIM OF A CONTEMPORARY ASTROLOGERESS

To-day the practice of astrology by competent astrologers is a respected, honourable profession. The law recognizes and protects it as it does the practice of medicine. Many prominent New York men come openly to my studio. . . They consult the stars as confidently and as naturally as they would consult a reference book in the public library.

The world moves—but the stars are fixed!

In those first days, women came to me swathed in veils, and men with collars turned up and hats pulled down. Even as late as 1914, astrology had no legal standing in the State of New York. It ranked with fortune telling, palm reading, and other much abused experiments with the occult; and its exponents were open to arrest and prosecution. In that year, however, in a suit which settled the question. . . I secured a decision which placed my profession on a legal par with law and medicine. EVANGELINE S. ADAMS.

A CITY MAGISTRATE'S DECISION

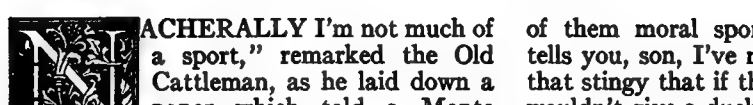
The "science" of astrology seems to be the generalization of certain principles gathered from the concrete phenomena presented by the heavenly bodies and their application to mundane affairs. Those who work with it have a form of tables and a coördination of instances upon which they act and create their axioms; and one must be led to believe that there is considerable force in their arguments. . . .

There are people in this world who claim with earnestness that they have superhuman powers and that their specific means of reading the future are reliable; yet the law is not concerned so much with the good faith of the party pretending to possess this ability, as it is concerned with dealing in a human way with the things that are within human knowledge only. . . . No doubt, many, many years ago, any one who had attempted to say that the conformation of the head or that the physiognomy of a creature determined the character of the individual and that such-and-such a type would some day turn out to be a criminal, would have been guilty of fortune-telling. But the history of specific cases has furnished us with a working basis for these new theories that nowadays seem to be accepted by noted criminologists and the public in general. So it is claimed here in behalf of the defendant that records prove that certain personages of note classed under certain planets in the ascendency at the time of their birth have come to death in a certain way and that therefore all others born under similar conditions should meet the same fate.

I am satisfied that the defendant has not pretended to tell fortunes, and she is accordingly acquitted. JUSTICE JOHN J. FRESCHI (1914).

Cherokee Hall Plays Poker

By ALFRED HENRY LEWIS



"NACHERALLY I'm not much of a sport," remarked the Old Cattleman, as he laid down a paper which told a Monte Carlo story of a fortune lost and won. "Which I'm not remorseless enough to be a clean-strain gambler. Of course, a kyard sharp can make benevolences an' lavish dust on the needy on the side, but when it gets to a game for money, he can't afford no ruthfulness that a-way, tryin' not to hurt the sore people. He must play his system through, an' with no more conscience than cows, no matter who's run down in the stampede.

"For which causes, bein' plumb tender an' sympathetic, I'm shore no good with kyards; an' whenever I dallies tharwith, it is onder the head of amoosements.

"Do I regyard gamblin' as immoral? No; I don't reckon none now I do. This bein' what you-all church sharps calls moral is somewhat a matter of health, an' likewise the way you feels. Sick folks usual is a heap more moral than when their health's that excellent it's tantalizin'.

"Speakin' of morals, I recalls people who would scorn kyards, but who'd admire to buy a widow's steers for four dollars an' saw 'em off ag'in for forty. They'd take four hundred dollars if some party, locoed to a degree which permits said outrage, would turn up. The right or wrong, what you calls the morality of gatherin' steers for four dollars an' plunderin' people with 'em at forty dollars, wouldn't bother 'em a bit. Which the question with these yere wolves is simply: 'How little can I pay, an' how much can I get?' An' yet, as I says, sech parties mighty likely holds themse'fs moral to a degree which is mountainous, an' wouldn't take a twist at faro-bank, or pick up a poker hand, more'n they'd mingle with t'rant'lers an' stingin' lizards. An' some of them moral sports is so onlib'ral! I tells you, son, I've met up with 'em who's that stingy that if they owned a lake, they wouldn't give a duck a drink.

"'Gamblin' is immoral that a-way,' says these yere sports.

"An' yet I don't see no sech heinous difference between searchin' a gent for his roll with steers at forty dollars—the same standin' you in four—an' layin' for him by raisin' the ante for the limit before the draw. Mighty likely thar's a reason why one's moral an' the other's black an' bad, but I admits onblushin'ly that the onearthin' tharof is shore too many for dim-eyed folks like me. They strikes me a heap sim'lar; only the kyard sharp goes out ag'inst chances which the steer sharp escapes complete.

"I reckons Cherokee Hall an' me discusses how wrong gamblin' is hundreds of times on leesure days; we frequent talks of it immoderate. Cherokee's views an' mine is side an' side, mostly, although, makin' his livin' turnin' kyards, of course he's more qualified to speak than me.

"'Which I shore finds nothin' wrong in faro-bank,' says Cherokee. 'Thar's times, however, when some sport who's locoed by bad luck, or thinks he's wronged, gets diffusive with his gun. At sech epocks this device has its burdens, I concedes. But I don't perceive no immorality; none whatever.'

"Yes, now you asks the question, I does inform you a while back of this Cherokee Hall bein' prone to charity. He never is much of a talker, but in his way he's a mighty gregar'ous gent. About some things he's game as hornets, Cherokee is; but his nerve fails him when it comes to seein' other people suffer. He can stand bad luck himse'f, an' never turn a ha'r; but no one else's bad luck.

"It ain't once a week, but it's every day, when this yere gray-eyed sport is robbin'

his roll for somebody who's settin' in ag'inst disaster. Fact; Cherokee's a heap weak that a-way.

"Of course, turnin' faro, Cherokee knows who has money an' who needs it; keeps tab, so to speak, on the fluctooations of the camp's finances closer'n anybody. The riches an' the poverty of Wolfville is sort o' exposin' itse'f 'round onder his nose; it's a open book to him; an' the knowledge of who's flat, or who's flush, is thrust onto him contínyoous. As I says, bein' some sentimental about them hardships of others, the information costs Cherokee hard onto a diurnal stack or two.

"'Which you're too impulsive a whole lot,' I argues oncet when a profligate he's staked, an' who reports himse'f as jumpin' sideways for grub previous, goes careerin' over to the dance hall with them alms he's wrung, an' proceeds on a debauch. 'You oughter not allow them ornery folks to do you. If you'd cultivate the habit of lettin' every gent go a-foot till he can buy a hoss, you'd clean up for a heap more at the end of the week. Now this ingrate whose hand you stiffens ain't buyin' nothin' but nose-paint tharwith.'

"'Which the same plants no regrets with me,' says Cherokee, all careless an' indifferent. 'If this person is sufferin' for whisky worse'n he's sufferin' for bread, let him loose with the whisky. The money's his. When I gives a gent a stake, thar's nothin' held back. I don't go playin' the despot as to how he blows it. If this yere party I relieves wants whisky an' is buyin' whisky, I approves his play. If I've a weakness at all, it's for seein' folks fetterless an' free.'

"While holdin' Cherokee's views erroneous, so far as he seeks to apply 'em to paupers tankin' up on donations, still I allows it's dealin' faro which has sp'iled him; an' as you can't make no gent over new, I quits an' don't buck his notions about dispensin' charity no more.

"Thar's times when this yere Cherokee Hall caroms on a gent who's high-strung that a-way, an' won't take no donations; which this yere sport may be plenty needy to the p'int of perishin', too. That's straight; thar's nachers which is that reluctant about aid, they simply dies standin' before they'll ever ask.

"Once or twice when Cherokee crosses up with one of these yere sensitif souls, an' who's in distress, he never says a word about givin' him anythin'; he turns foxy an' caps him into a little poker. An' in the course of an hour—for he has to go slow an' cunnin', so he don't arouse the victim to suspicions that he's bein' played—Cherokee'll disarrange things so he loses a small stake to him. When he's got this distressed gent's finances reehabilitated some, he shoves out an' quits.

"'An' you can put it flat down,' remarks Cherokee, who's sooperstitious, 'I never loses nothin' nor quits behind on these yere benevolences. Which I oft observes that Providence comes back of my box before ever the week's out, an' makes good.'

"'I once knows a sport in Laredo,' says Texas Thompson, to whom Cherokee is talkin', 'an' is sort o' intimate with him. He's holdin' to somethin' like your system, too, an' plays it right along. Whenever luck's ag'in him to a p'int where he's lost half his roll, he breaks the last half in two an' gives one part to some charity racket. He tells me himse'f he's been addicted to this scheme so long it's got to be a appetite, an' that he never fails to win himse'f outen the hole with what's left. You bet! I believes it; I sees this hold-up do it.'

"I ain't none shore thar ain't some bottom to them bluffs which Cherokee an' Texas puts up about Providence stackin' a deck your way, an' makin' good them gifts. At least, thar's times when it looks like it a heap. An' what I'll now relate shows it.

"One time Cherokee has it sunk deep in his bosom to he'p a gent named Ellis to somethin' like a yellow stack, so he can pull his freight for home. He's come spraddlin' into the West full of hope, an' allowin' he's goin' to get rich in a day. An' now when he finds how the West is swift an' hard to beat, he's homesick to death.

"But Ellis ain't got the *dinero*. Now Cherokee likes him—for Ellis is a mighty decent form of shorthorn—an' concloodes, all by himse'f, he'll stand in on Ellis' destinies an' fix 'em up a lot. Bein' as Ellis is a easy maverick to wound, Cherokee decides it's better to let him think he wins the stuff, an' not lacerate him by no gifts direct. Another thing, this yere Ellis tenderfoot is plumb contrary; he's shore contrary to the notch of bein' cap'ble of declinin' alms absoloote.

"To make certain Ellis is got rid of, an' headed homeward happy, Cherokee pulls on a little poker with Ellis; an' he takes in Dan Boggs on the play, makin' her three-handed that a-way for a blind. Dan is informed of the objects of the meetin', an' ain't allowin' to more'n play a dummy hand tharin.

"This yere Ellis makes a tangle at first, wantin' to play faro-bank; but Cherokee,

who can't control no faro game like he can poker, says 'No'; he's dead weary of faro, turnin' it day an' dark; right then he is out for a little stretch at poker as mere relief. Also Dan objects strenyoous.

"'Which I don't have no luck at faro-bank,' says Dan. 'I does nothin' but lose for a month; I'm made sullen by it. The only bet I stands to win at faro, for plumb four weeks, is a hundred dollars which I puts on a case queen, coppered, over in Tucson the other day. An' I lose that. I'm a hoss-thief if, exackly as the queen is comin' my way, that locoed Tucson marshal don't take a slam at a gent with his six-shooter an' miss; an' the bullet, which is dodgin' an' meanderin' down the room, crosses the layout between the dealer an' me, an' takes the top chip off my bet. An' with it goes the copper. Before I can restore them conditions, the queen falls to lose; an' not havin' no copper on my bet, of course, I'm impoverished for that hundred as aforesaid. You knows the rool—every bet goes as it lays. Said statoote is fully in force in Tucson; an' declinin' to allow anythin' for wild shootin' by that fool marshal, them outcasts corrals my chips. "However do I know thar's an accident?" says the dealer, as he rakes in that queen bet, while I'm expoundin' why it should be comin' to me. "Mebby she's an accident, an' mebby ag'in that hom'cide who's bustin' 'round yere with his gun, is in league with you-all, an' shoots that copper off designful, thinkin' the queen's comin' the other way. If accidents is allowed to control in faro-bank, the house would never win a chip." 'So,' concloodes Dan, 'they gets away with my hundred, invokin' strict rools onto me. While I can't say they ain't right, I makes up my mind my luck's too rank for faro, an' registers vows not to put a peso on another layout for a year. As the time limit ain't up, I can't buck faro-bank none; but if you an' Ellis, Cherokee, can tol'rate a little draw, I'm your onmurmurin' dupe.'

"'As I relates prior, the play is to let Ellis win a home-stake an' quit. At last they begins, Ellis seein' thar's no chance for faro-bank. Dan plays but little; usual, he merely picks up his kyards, cusses a lot, an' passes out. Now an' then, when it's his ante, or Cherokee stays out for the looks of the thing, Dan goes to the front an' sweetens Ellis for a handful of chips.

"Little by little, by layin' down good hands, breakin' pa'rs before a draw, an' gen'rally carryin' on tail-first an' scand'lous, Cherokee an' Dan is gettin' a few layers of fat on Ellis' ribs. But they has to lay low to do it. Oh! he'd kick over the table in a second if he even smells the play.

"Now yere's where Providence makes its deboo. It happens while these charities is proceedin', a' avaricious gent—a stranger within our gates, he is—after regyardin' the game awhile, takes to deemin' it easy. The avaricious gent wants in; an' as Ellis, who's a heap elated at his luck an' is already talkin' of the killin' he's makin', says 'Yes,' an' as Dan an' Cherokee can't say 'No' without bein' onp'lite, the avaricious gent butts in. It all disturbs Cherokee, who's a nervous sharp; an' when he sees how greedy the avaricious gent is for what he deems to be a shore thing, he concloodes to drop him plenty hard.

"It's four-hand poker now, an' the game wags on for a dozen hands. Dan is in hard luck; Cherokee on his part gets driven out each hand; an' Ellis an' the avaricious gent is doin' what little winnin's bein' done, between 'em. It's evident by this time, too, the avaricious gent's layin' for Cherokee. This oninstructed person looks on Cherokee as both imbecile an' onlucky to boot.

"The avaricious gent gets action suddener than he thinks. It's a jack pot. She goes by Ellis an' Dan; then Cherokee breaks her for the limit, two bloo chips, the par value whereof is ten dollars.

"'You breaks for ten?' says the avaricious gent, who's on Cherokee's left an' has the last say; 'well, I sees the break an' lifts it the limit.' An' the avaricious gent puts up four bloos. Ellis an' Dan, holdin' nothin' an' gettin' crafty, ducks.

"When the avaricious gent puts up his four bloo beans, Cherokee does somethin' no one ever sees him do before. He gets quer'lous an' complainin', an' begins to fuss a lot over his bad luck.

"'What did you-all come in for?' he says to the avaricious gent, as peevish as a sick infant. 'You sees me settin' yere in the muddiest of luck; can't you a-bear to let me win a pot? You ain't got no hand to come in on, neither, an' I'll bet on it. You jest nacherally stacks in, relyin' on bluffin' me, or outluckin' me on the draw. Well, you can't bluff; I'll see this yere through,' says Cherokee, puttin' up two more sky-coloured beans an' actin' like he's gettin' heated, 'if it takes my last chip. As I do, however, jest to onmask you an' show my friends, as I says, that you ain't got a thing, I'll wager you two on the side, right now, that the pa'r of jacks I breaks

on, is bigger than the hand on which you comes in an' makes that two-button tilt.' As he says this, Cherokee regyards the avaricious gent like he's plumb disgusted.

"It turns out, when Cherokee makes this yere long an' fretful break, the avaricious gent's holdin' a brace of kings. He's delighted with Cherokee's uproar, an' thinks how soft, an' what a case of openwork, he is.

"'You offers two bloos I can't beat a pa'r of jacks?' says the avaricious gent. Which he's plumb wolf, an' out for every drop of blood!

"'That's what I says,' replies Cherokee, some sullen.

"'I goes you,' says the avaricious gent, showin' a pa'r of kings.

"'Thar you be,' snarls Cherokee, with a howl like a sore-head dog, a-chuckin' the avaricious gent a couple of chips; 'thar you go ag'in! I can't beat nothin'; which I couldn't beat a drum!'

"The avaricious gent c'llects them two azure bones; after which he diskyards three, drawin' to his two kings, an' sets back to win the main pot. He shore concloodes it's a red-letter round-up for him.

"'I reckons now that I knows what you has,' says Cherokee, displayin' a ace in a foolish way, 'I upholds this yere ace on the side an' asks for two kyards.'

"The avaricious gent adds a third king to his list an' feels like sunny weather. Cherokee picks up his hand after the draw, an' the avaricious gent, who's viewin' him sharp, notes that he looks a heap morbid.

"All at once Cherokee braces up mighty savage, like he's ugly an' desp'rate about his bad luck.

"'If this yere limit was any size at all, a blooded gent might stand some show. Which I'd bluff you outen your moccasins if I wasn't reepressed by a limit whereof a child should be ashamed. I shore don't know how I mislays my se'f-respect to sech a pitch as to go settin' into these yere paltry plays.'

"'Which you see yere a lot!' says the avaricious gent, shakin' with delight, an' lookin' at them three crowned heads he holds; 'don't howl all night about a wrong what's so easy to rectify. We removes the limits, an' you can spread your pinions an' soar to any altitoode you please.'

"Cherokee looks at him hateful as a murderer; he seems like he's bein' goaded. Then, like he's made up his mind to die right yere, Cherokee turns in without no more words an' bets five hundred dollars. It makes Ellis, who's new an' plumb poor that a-way, sort o' draw a long breath.

"'Which you'll climb some for this pot if you gets it,' says Cherokee, after his money's up; an' his tones is shore resentful.

"The avaricious gent thinks it's a bluff. He deems them three kings good. Cherokee most likely don't better by the draw. If he does, it's nothin' worse than aces up, or a triangle of jacks. That's the way this sordid sport lines up Cherokee's hand.

"'Merely to show you the error of your ways,' he remarks, 'an' to teach you to lead a happier an' a better life, I sees your five hundred an' raises her back the same.' An' the avaricious gent counts off a thousand dollars. 'Thar,' he says when it's up, 'now go as far as you like. Make it a ceilin' play if the sperit moves you.'

"'I sees it an' lifts her for five hundred more,' retorts Cherokee. An' he shoves his dust to the center.

"Cherokee's peevishness is gone, an' his fault-findin' is over. He's turned as confident an' easy as a old shoe.

"It strikes the avaricious gent as alarmin' this quick switch in the way Cherokee feels. It's cl'ar, as one looks in his face, that them trio of kings ain't no sech monstrosities as they was. He ain't half so shore they wins. After lookin' a while he says, an' his tones shows he's plumb doobious:

"'That last raise over-sizes me.'

"'That's it!' groans Cherokee, like his contempt for all mankind is comin' back. 'By the time I gets a decent hand every sport at the table's broke. What show do I have! However, I pinches down to meet your poverty. Put up what stuff you has.'

"The avaricious gent slowly gets up his last peso; he's out on a limb, an' he somehow begins to feel it. When the money's up, Cherokee throws down three aces an' a pa'r of nines, an' rakes the dust.

"'Next time,' says Cherokee, 'don't come fomentin' 'round poker games which is strangers to you complete. Moreover, don't let a gent talk you into fal'cies touchin' his hand. Which I'm the proud proprietor of them three aces when I breaks the pot. You-all lose this time; but if you'll only paste them dogmas I gives you in your sombrero, an' read 'em over from time to time, you'll notice they flows a profit. We three,' concloodes Cherokee, turnin' ag'in to Dan an' Ellis, 'will now resoome our wrong-doin' at the p'int where this yere former plootocrat interrupts. A benign Providence has fixed me plenty strong. Wherefore, if either of you sports should tap me for a handful of hundreds, them veins of mine will stand the drain. Dan, it's your deal.'"

The Thing Called Love

This Cyprian,
She is a thousand changing things,
She brings more pain than any god, she brings
More joy. I cannot judge her. May it be
An hour of mercy when she looks on me.

From *Aeolus* (a lost play). EURIPIDES.

THAT KIND OF GIRL

She had been a girl of that kind which mothers praise as not forward, by way of contrast when disparaging those nobler ones with whom loving is an end and not a means.

THOMAS HARDY.

MANY WITS HAVE HAMMERED OUT DESIGNS

There is no argument of more antiquity and elegancy than in the matter of Love; for it seems to be as old as the world, and to bear date from the first time that man and woman was: therefore in this, as in the finest metal, the freshest wits have in all ages shown their best workmanship. ROBERT WILMOT.

"A gentleman is not always amorous, but he is always grateful."—Don Quixote.

LOVE-IN-IDLENESS

Many fancy they are in love, when in truth they are only idle. Having little to divert attention or diversify thought they find themselves uneasy apart, and conclude they will be happy together. DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

By my troth, I wonder what thou and I did till we loved!—Donne.

NEVER AGAIN!

Who loves a first time is a god,
Though he should be forsaken.
Who hapless loves a second time,
Must for a fool be taken.

And such a fool who loves without
Response of love am I.
Sun, moon and stars they laugh at me,
And I laugh too—and die!

HEINE (BLACK).

THE STIGMATA

Now can you recognize any of these marks as belonging to you? A sweetheart demands of you five talents, insults you, shuts the door in your face, throws cold water over you; then calls you back. Now loose your neck from the shameful yoke; come say, "I am free, yes, free." You cannot; for your soul is troubled by no gentle master, and sharp are the spurs which prick your weary spirit, and on you are driven, though you would fain refuse. HORACE (LONSDALE AND LEE)

WHAT LOVE DOES TO THE HUMAN HEART

A dull, boring fellow, who was accustomed, as other slow-witted seekers after truth were also, to propound questions to William Godwin, and to accept his answers, when they could be extracted, as oracles, inquired one day in Shelley's presence, with all solemnity,

"Pray, William Godwin, what is your opinion of love?" The oracle was silent. After a while, he who came to consult, repeated his question, "Pray, William Godwin, what is your opinion of love?" The oracle was still silent, but Shelley answered for him:

"My opinion of love is, that it acts upon the human heart precisely as a nutmeg-grater acts upon a nutmeg."

The grave inquirer heard the jesting answer with mute contempt; and presently repeated his question a third time. "Pray, William Godwin, what is your opinion of love?"

"My opinion entirely agrees with that of Mr. Shelley." JEFFERSON HOGG.

SIMILES

Thy breast is heaped like mountain snows,
Thy cheek is like the blushing rose,
Thine eyes as black as ripened sloes,
Like diamonds do they glitter.
I do not flatter like a fool.
The diamond is a cutting tool,
The rose is thorny, snow is cool,
And sloes are very bitter!

ANONYMOUS.

THE HAPPINESS OF DYING FOR ZULEIKA

From the towing-path—no more din there now, but great single cries of "Zuleika!"—leapt figures innumerable through rain to river. The arrested boats of the other crews drifted zigzag hither and thither. The dropped oars rocked and clashed, sank and rebounded, as the men plunged across them into the swirling stream.

And over all this confusion and concussion of men and man-made things crashed the vaster discords of the heavens; and the waters of the heavens fell ever denser and denser, as though to the aid of waters that could not in themselves envelop so many hundreds of struggling human forms.

All along the soaked towing-path lay strewn the horns, the rattles, the motor-hooters, that the youths had flung aside before they leapt. Here and there among these relics stood dazed elder men, staring through the storm. There was one of them—a graybeard—who stripped off his blazer, plunged, grabbed at some live man, grappled him, was dragged under. He came up again further along stream, swam choking to the bank, clung to the grasses. He whimpered as he sought foothold in the slime. It was ill to be down in that abominable sink of death.

Abominable, yes, to them who discerned there death only; but sacramental and sweet enough to the men who were dying there for love. Any face that rose was smiling.

MAX BEERBOHM.

The stage is more beholden to love, than the life of man. For as to the stage, love is ever a matter of comedies, and now and then of tragedies; but in life it doth much mischief, sometimes like a siren, sometimes like a fury. SIR FRANCIS BACON.

PURE REASON'S FRUITLESS ARGUMENTS

One lover jeers at others and advises them to propitiate Venus, since they are troubled by a disgraceful passion, and often, poor wretch, gives no thought to his own ills, greatest of all. The black is a brune, the cat-eyed is a miniature Pallas, the stringy and wizened a gazelle; the dumpy and dwarfish is one of the graces, from top to toe all grace; the big and overgrown is awe-inspiring and full of dignity. She is tongue-tied, cannot speak, then she has a lisp; the dumb is bashful; then the fire-spit, the teasing, the gossiping, turns to a shining lamp. One becomes a slim darling then when she cannot live from want of flesh; and she is only spare, who is half dead with cough.—The pug-nosed is a she Silenus and a satyress; the thick-lipped a very kiss. It were tedious to attempt to report other things of the kind. Let her however be of ever so great dignity of appearance; such that the power of Venus goes forth from all her limbs; yet there are others too; yet have we lived without her before; yet does she do, and we know that she does, in all things the same as the ugly woman; and fumigates herself, poor wretch, with nauseous perfumes, her very maids running from her and giggling behind her back. But the lover, when shut out, often in tears covers the threshold with flowers and wreaths, and anoints the haughty doorposts with oil of marjoram, and imprints kisses, poor wretch, on the doors. LUCRETIUS.

The essence of love is kindness; and indeed it may be best defined as passionate kindness: kindness, so to speak, run mad and become importunate and violent.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A POET'S DEFINITION

Thou demandest what is love? It is that powerful attraction towards all that we conceive, or fear, or hope beyond ourselves, when we find within our own thoughts the chasm of an insufficient void, and seek to awaken in all things that are, a community with what we experience within ourselves. If we reason, we would be understood; if we imagine, we would that the airy children of our brain were born anew within another's; if we feel, we would that another's nerves should vibrate to our own, that the beams of their eyes should kindle at once and mix and melt into our own, that lips of motionless ice should not reply to lips quivering and burning with the heart's best blood. This is Love. This is the bond and the sanction which connects not only man with man, but with everything which exists. SHELLEY.

Mr. Spectator——I am a footman in a great family, and am in love with the house-maid. We were all at hot-cockles last night in the hall these holy-days; when I lay down and was blinded, she pulled off her shoe, and hit me with the heel such a rap, as almost broke my head to pieces. Pray, sir, was this love or spite? *The Spectator.* ADDISON.

THE TRANSCENDENTAL VIEW

For it is a fire that, kindling its first embers in the narrow nook of a private bosom, caught from a wandering spark out of another private heart, glows and enlarges until it warms and beams upon multitudes of men and women, upon the universal heart of all, and so lights up the whole world and all nature with its generous flames. EMERSON.

MISS BRIDGET WAS A BORN PRAGMATIST

The captain owed nothing to any of these fop-makers in his dress, nor was his person much more beholden to nature. Both his dress and person were such as, had they appeared in an assembly or a drawing-room, would have been the contempt and ridicule of all the fine ladies there. The former of these was indeed neat, but plain, coarse, ill-fancied, and out of fashion. As for the latter, we have expressly described it above. So far was the skin on his cheeks from being cherry-coloured, that you could not discern what the natural colour of his cheeks was, they being totally overgrown by a black beard, which ascended to his eyes. His shape and limbs were indeed exactly proportioned, but so large that they denoted the strength rather of a ploughman than any other. His shoulders were broad beyond all size, and the calves of his legs larger than those of a common chairman. In short, his whole person wanted all that elegance and beauty which is the very reverse of clumsy strength, and which so agreeably sets off most of our fine gentlemen; being partly owing to the high blood of their ancestors, viz., blood made of rich sauces and generous wines, and partly to an early town education.

Though Miss Bridget was a woman of the greatest delicacy of taste, yet such were the charms of the captain's conversation, that she totally overlooked the defects of his person. She imagined, and perhaps very wisely, that she should enjoy more agreeable minutes with the captain than with a much prettier fellow; and forewent the consideration of pleasing her eyes, in order to procure herself much more solid satisfaction. FIELDING.

A CHARME, OR AN ALLAY FOR LOVE

If so be a Toad be laid
In a Sheeps-skin newly flaid,
And that ty'd to man, 'twill sever
Him and his affections ever. ROBERT HERRICK.

THE ORIENT SPEAKS

Your questioning eyes are sad. They seek to know my meaning as the moon would fathom the sea.

I have bared my life before your eyes from end to end, with nothing hidden or held back. That is why you know me not.

. . . If it were only a moment of pleasure it would flower in an easy smile, and you could see it and read it in a moment.

If it were merely a pain it would melt in limpid tears, reflecting its inmost secret without a word.

But it is love, my beloved.

Its pleasure and pain are boundless, and endless its wants and wealth.

It is as near to you as your life, but you can never wholly know it.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

THE SURE ROAD TO A WOMAN'S HEART

"I have to say, Winifred, that the man does not live and never *has* lived," said I, with suppressed vehemence, "who loved a woman as I love you."

"Oh, sir! oh, Henry!" returned Winifred, trembling, then standing still and whiter than the moon.

"And the reason why no man has ever loved a woman as I love you, Winifred, is because your match, or anything like your match, has never trod the earth before."

"Oh, Henry, my dear Henry! you *must* not say such things to me, your poor Winifred."

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

I was more calm after my declaration—love, known to the person by whom it is inspired, becomes more supportable. JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

A RUSSIAN TEST

A fortnight before the wedding-day—she was only sixteen at the time—she went up to her betrothed, her arms folded and her fingers drumming on her elbows—her favourite position—and suddenly gave him a slap on his rosy cheek with her large powerful hand! He jumped and merely gaped; it must be said he was head over ears in love with her. . . . He asked: "What's that for?" she laughed scornfully and walked off. "I was there in the room," Anna related, "I saw it all, I ran after her and said to her, 'Katia, why did you do that, really?' And she answered me: "If he'd been a real man he would have punished me, but he's no more pluck than a drowned hen! And then he asks, 'What's that for?' If he loves me, and doesn't bear malice, he had better put up with it and not ask, 'What's that for?' I will never be anything to him—never, never!" TURGENIEV.

HOW LONG?

Have you, gentle reader, ever loved at first sight? When you fell in love at first sight, how long, let me ask, did it take you to become ready to fling every other consideration to the winds except that of obtaining possession of the loved one? Or rather, how long would it have taken you if you had had no father or mother, nothing to lose in the way of money, position, friends, professional advancement, or what not, and if the object of your affections was as free from all these *impedimenta* as you were yourself?

If you were a young John Stuart Mill, perhaps it would have taken you some time, but suppose your nature was Quixotic, impulsive, altruistic, guileless; suppose you were a hungry man starving for something to love and lean upon, for one whose burdens you might bear, and who might help you to bear yours. Suppose you were down on your luck, still stunned by a horrible shock, and this bright vista of a happy future floated suddenly before you, how long under these circumstances do you think you would reflect before you would decide on embracing what chance had thrown in your way? SAMUEL BUTLER.

WHAT THE WARRIOR FEARED

Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases
I can march up to a fortress, and summon the place to surrender,
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.
I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,
But of a thundering "No!" point-blank from the mouth of a woman,
That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it!

Courtship of Miles Standish. LONGFELLOW.

Love's Flights Upward

The cab stopped on Rue Jacob in front of a students' lodging-house. Four flights of stairs to ascend; they were long and steep. "Shall I carry you?" he said with a laugh, but in an undertone, because of the sleeping house. She looked him over with a slow, contemptuous, yet tender glance,—the glance of experience, which gauged his strength and said plainly, "Poor little fellow!"

Thereupon, with a fine outburst of energy, characteristic of his age and his southern blood, he seized her and carried her like a child,—for he was a sturdy, strapping youth for all his fair girlish skin,—and he went up the first flight at a breath, exulting in the weight suspended about his neck by two lovely, cool bare arms.

The second flight was longer, less pleasant. The woman hung more heavily as they ascended. Her iron pendants, which at first caressed him with a pleasant tickling sensation, sank slowly and painfully into his flesh.

At the third flight he panted like a piano-mover; his breath almost failed him, while she murmured ecstatically, "Oh! *m'ami*, how nice this is! how comfortable I am!" And the last stairs, which he climbed one by one, seemed to him to belong to a giant staircase, whose walls and rails and narrow windows twisted round and round in an interminable spiral. It was no longer a woman he was carrying, but something heavy, ghastly, which suffocated him, and which he was momentarily tempted to drop, to throw down angrily at the risk of crushing her brutally.

When they reached the narrow landing, "Already!" she exclaimed, and opened her eyes. He thought, "At last!" but could not have said it, for he was very pale, and held both hands to his breast, which seemed as if it would burst.

The ascent of those stairs in the melancholy grayness of the morning was an epitome of their whole history.

Alphonse Daudet.

Any man that understands horses has a pretty considerable fair knowledge of women, for they are jist alike in temper, and require the very identical same treatment. Incourage the timid ones, be gentle and steady with the fractious, but lather the sulky ones like blazes.

"Sam Slick."

The Fullness of Love

"Oh Rosalind! I love you, I worship you; why is there not a word more expressive than that! I have never loved, I have never worshipped any one save you; I prostrate myself, I humble myself before you, and I would fain compel all creation to bend the knee before my idol; you are more to me than the whole of nature, more than myself, more than God,—nay, it seems strange to me that God does not descend from heaven to become your slave. Where you are not, all is desolate, all is dead, all is dark; you alone people the world for me; you are life, sunshine—you are everything. Your smile makes the day, and your sadness the night; the spheres follow the movements of your body, and the celestial harmonies are guided by you, O my cherished queen! O my glorious and real dream! You are clothed with splendour, and swim ceaselessly in radiant effluence. . . .

"Every gesture, every pose of your head, every different aspect of your beauty, are graven with a diamond point upon the mirror of my soul, and nothing in the world could efface the deep impression; I know in what place the shadow was, and in what the light, the flat part glistening beneath the ray, and the spot where the wandering reflection was blended with the more softened tints of neck and cheek. I could draw you in your absence; the idea of you is ever placed before me. . . .

"I beseech you, Rosalind, if you do not yet love me, strive to love me who have loved you in spite of everything, and beneath the veil in which you wrap yourself, no doubt out of pity for us; do not devote the remainder of my life to the most frightful despair and the most gloomy discouragement; think that I have worshipped you ever since the first ray of thought shone into my head, that you were revealed to me beforehand, and that, when I was quite little, you appeared to me in my dreams with a crown of dew-drops, two prismatic wings, and the little blue flower in your hand; that you are the end, the means, and the meaning of life; that without you I am but an empty shadow, and that, if you blow upon the flame you have kindled, nothing will remain within me but a pinch of dust finer and more impalpable than that which besprinkles the very wings of death."

Theophile Gautier.

Child and Marriage

By FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

I HAVE a question for thee alone, my brother: like a sounding-lead, cast I this question into thy soul, that I may know its depth.

Thou art young, and desirest child and marriage. But I ask thee: Art thou a man *entitled* to desire a child?

Art thou the victorious one, the self-conqueror, the ruler of thy passions, the master of thy virtues? Thus do I ask thee.

Or doth the animal speak in thy wish, and necessity? Or isolation? Or discord in thee?

I would have thy victory and freedom long for a child. Living monuments shalt thou build to thy victory and emancipation.

Beyond thyself shalt thou build. But first of all must thou be built thyself, rectangular in body and soul.

Not only onward shalt thou propagate thyself, but upward! For that purpose may the garden of marriage help thee!

A higher body shalt thou create, a first movement, a spontaneously rolling wheel—a creating one shalt thou create.

Marriage: so call I the will of the twain to create the one that is more than those who created it. The reverence for one another, as those exercising such a will, call I marriage.

Let this be the significance and the truth of thy marriage. But that which the many-too-many call marriage, those superfluous ones—ah, what shall I call it?

Ah, the poverty of soul in the twain! Ah, the filth of soul in the twain! Ah, the pitiable self-complacency in the twain!

Marriage they call it all; and they say their marriages are made in heaven.

Well, I do not like it, that heaven of the superfluous! No, I do not like them, those animals tangled in heavenly toils!

Far from me also be the God who limpeth thither to bless what he hath not matched!

Laugh not at such marriages! What child hath not had reason to weep over its parents?

Worthy did this man seem, and ripe for the meaning of the earth: but when I saw his wife, the earth seemed to me a home for madcaps.

Yea, I would that the earth shook with convulsions when a saint and a goose mate with one another.

This one went forth in quest of truth as a hero, and at last got for himself a small decked-up lie: his marriage he calleth it.

That one was reserved in intercourse and chose choicely. But one time he spoilt his company for all time: his marriage he calleth it.

Another sought a handmaid with the virtues of an angel. But all at once he became the handmaid of a woman, and now would he need also to become an angel.

Careful, have I found all buyers, and all of them have astute eyes. But even the astutest of them buyeth his wife in a sack.

Many short follies—that is called love by you. And your marriage putteth an end to many short follies, with one long stupidity.

Your love to woman, and woman's love to man—ah, would that it were sympathy for suffering and veiled deities! But generally two animals light on one another.

But even your best love is only an enraptured simile and a painful ardour. It is a torch to light you to loftier paths.

Beyond yourselves shall ye love some day! Then *learn* first of all to love. And on that account ye had to drink the bitter cup of your love.

Bitterness is in the cup even of the best love; thus doth it cause longing for the Superman; thus doth it cause thirst in thee, the creating one!

Thirst in the creating one, arrow and longing for the Superman: tell me, my brother, is this thy will to marriage?

Holy call I such a will, and such a marriage.—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

The Golden Book

By WALTER PATER

THE two lads were lounging together over a book, half-buried in a heap of dry corn, in an old granary—the quiet corner to which they had climbed out of the way of their noisier companions on one of their blandest holiday afternoons. They looked round: the western sun smote through the broad chinks of the shutters. How like a picture! and it was precisely the scene described in what they were reading, with just that added poetic touch in the book which made it delightful and select, and, in the actual place, the ray of sunlight transforming the rough grain among the cool brown shadows into heaps of gold. What they were intent on was, indeed, the book of books, the "golden" book of that day, a gift to Flavian, as was shown by the purple writing on the handsome yellow wrapper, following the title *Flaviane!*—it said,

Flaviane!	*Flaviane!*	*Flaviane!*
lege	*Vivas!*	*Vivas!*
Feliciter!	*Floreas!*	*Gaudeas!*

It was perfumed with oil of sandal-wood, and decorated with carved and gilt ivory bosses at the ends of the roller.

And the inside was something not less dainty and fine, full of the archaisms and curious felicities in which that generation delighted, quaint terms and images picked fresh from the early dramatists, the lifelike phrases of some lost poet preserved by an old grammarian, racy morsels of the vernacular and studied prettinesses:—all alike, mere playthings for the genuine power and natural eloquence of the erudite artist, unsuppressed by his erudition, which, however, made some people angry, chiefly less well "got-up" people, and especially those who were untidy from indolence.

No! it was certainly not that old-fashioned, unconscious ease of the early literature, which could never come again; which, after all, had had more in common with the "infinite patience" of Apuleius than with the hack-work readiness of his detractors, who might so well have been "self-conscious" of going slip-shod. And at least his success was unmistakable as to the precise literary effect he had intended including a certain tincture of "neology" in expression —*nonnihil interdum elocutione novella parum signatum*—in the language of Cornelius Fronto, the contemporary prince of rhetoricians. What words he had found for conveying, with a single touch, the sense of textures, colours, incidents! "Like jewelers' work! Like a myrrhine vase!"—admirers said of his writing. "The golden fiber in the hair, the gold threadwork in the gown marked her as the mistress" —*aurum in comis et in tunicis, ibi inflexum hic intextum, matronam profecto confitebatur* —he writes, with his "curious felicity," of one of his heroines. *Aurum intextum:* gold fiber:—well! there was something of that kind in his own work. And then, in an age when people, from the emperor Aurelius downwards, prided themselves unwisely on writing in Greek, he had written for Latin people in their own tongue; though still, in truth, with all the care of a learned language. Not less happily inventive were the incidents recorded—story within story—stories with the sudden, unlooked-for changes of dreams. He had his humorous touches also. And what went to the ordinary boyish taste, in those somewhat peculiar readers, what would have charmed boys more purely boyish, was the adventure:—the bear loose in the house at night, the wolves storming the farms in winter, the exploits of the robbers, their charming caves, the delightful thrill one had at the question—"Don't you know that these roads are infested by robbers?"

The scene of the romance was laid in Thessaly, the original land of witchcraft, and took one up and down its mountains, and into its old weird towns, haunts of magic and incantation, where all the more genuine appliances of the black art, left behind her by Medea when she fled through that country, were still in use. In the city of Hypata, indeed, nothing seemed to be its true self.—"You might think that through

the murmuring of some cadaverous spell, all things had been changed into forms not their own; that there was humanity in the hardness of the stones you stumbled on; that the birds you heard singing were feathered men; that the trees around the walls drew their leaves from a like source. The statues seemed about to move, the walls to speak, the dumb cattle to break out in prophecy; nay! the very sky and the sunbeams, as if they might suddenly cry out." Witches are there who can draw down the moon, or at least the lunar *virus*—that white fluid she sheds, to be found, so rarely, "on high, healthy places: which is a poison. A touch of it will drive men mad."

And in one very remote village lives the sorceress Pamphile, who turns her neighbours into various animals. What true humour in the scene where, after mounting the rickety stairs, Lucius, peeping curiously through a chink in the door, is a spectator of the transformation of the old witch herself into a bird, that she may take flight to the object of her affections—into an owl! "First she stripped off every rag she had. Then opening a certain chest she took from it many small boxes, and removing the lid of one of them, rubbed herself over for a long time, from head to foot, with an ointment it contained, and after much low muttering to her lamp, began to jerk at last and shake her limbs. And as her limbs moved to and fro, out burst the soft feathers: stout wings came forth to view: the nose grew hard and hooked: her nails were crooked into claws; and Pamphile was an owl. She uttered a queasy screech; and, leaping little by little from the ground, making trial of herself, fled presently, on full wing, out of doors."

By clumsy imitation of this process, Lucius, the hero of the romance, transforms himself, not as he had intended into a showy winged creature, but into the animal which has given name to the book; for throughout it there runs a vein of racy, homely satire on the love of magic then prevalent, curiosity concerning which had led Lucius to meddle with the old woman's appliances. "Be you my Venus," he said to the pretty maid-servant who has introduced him to the view of Pamphile, "and let me stand by you a winged Cupid!" and, freely applying the magic ointment, sees himself transformed, "not into a bird, but into an ass!"

Well! the proper remedy for his distress is a supper of roses, could such be found, and many are his quaintly picturesque attempts to come by them at that adverse season; as he contrives to do at last, when, the grotesque procession of Isis passing by with a bear and other strange animals in its train, the ass following along with the rest suddenly crunches the chaplet of roses carried in the High-priest's hand.

Meantime, however, he must wait for the spring, with more than the outside of an ass; "though I was not so much a fool, nor so truly an ass," he tells us, when he happens to be left alone with a daintily spread table, "as to neglect this most delicious fare, and feed upon coarse hay." For, in truth, all through the book, there is an unmistakably real feeling for asses, with bold touches like Swift's, and a genuine animal breadth. Lucius was the original ass, who, peeping slily from the window of his hiding-place, forgot all about the big shade he cast just above him, and gave occasion to the joke or proverb about "the peeping ass and his shadow."

But the marvelous, delight in which is one of the really serious elements in most boys, passed at times, those young readers still feeling its fascination, into what French writers call the *macabre*—that species of almost insane preoccupation with the materialities of our mouldering flesh, that luxury of disgust in gazing on corruption, which was connected, in this writer at least, with not a little obvious coarseness. It was a strange notion of the gross lust of the actual world, that Marius took from some of these episodes. "I am told," they read, "that when foreigners are interred, the old witches are in the habit of out-racing the funeral procession, to ravage the corpse"—in order to obtain certain cuttings and remnants from it, with which to injure the living—"especially if the witch has happened to cast her eye upon some goodly young man." And the scene of the night-watching of a dead body lest the witches should come to tear off the flesh with their teeth, is worthy of Théophile Gautier.

But set as one of the episodes in the main narrative, a true gem amid its mockeries, its coarse though genuine humanity, its burlesque horrors, came the tale of Cupid and Psyche, full of brilliant, life-like situations, *speciosa locis*, and abounding in lovely visible imagery (one seemed to see and handle the golden hair, the fresh flowers, the precious works of art in it!) yet full also of a gentle idealism, so that you might take it, if you chose, for an allegory. With

a concentration of all his finer literary gifts, Apuleius had gathered into it the floating star-matter of many a delightful old story.—

The Story of Cupid and Psyche

In a certain city lived a king and queen who had three daughters exceeding fair. But the beauty of the elder sisters, though pleasant to behold, yet passed not the measure of human praise, while such was the loveliness of the youngest that men's speech was too poor to commend it worthily and could express it not at all. Many of the citizens and of strangers, whom the fame of this excellent vision had gathered thither, confounded by that matchless beauty, could but kiss the finger-tips of their right hands at sight of her, as in adoration to the goddess Venus herself. And soon a rumour passed through the country that she whom the blue deep had borne, forbearing her divine dignity, was even then moving among men, or that by some fresh germination from the stars, not the sea now, but the earth, had put forth a new Venus, endued with the flower of virginity.

This belief, with the fame of the maiden's loveliness, went daily further into distant lands, so that many people were drawn together to behold that glorious model of the age. Men sailed no longer to Paphos, to Cnidus or Cythera, to the presence of the goddess Venus: her sacred rites were neglected, her images stood uncrowned, the cold ashes were left to disfigure her forsaken altars. It was to a maiden that men's prayers were offered, to a human countenance they looked, in propitiating so great a godhead: when the girl went forth in the morning they strewed flowers on her way, and the victims proper to that unseen goddess were presented as she passed along. This conveyance of divine worship to a mortal kindled meantime the anger of the true Venus. "Lo! now, the ancient parent of nature," she cried, "the fountain of all elements! Behold me, Venus, benign mother of the world, sharing my honours with a mortal maiden, while my name, built up in heaven, is profaned by the mean things of earth! Shall a perishable woman bear my image about with her? In vain did the shepherd of Ida prefer me! Yet shall she have little joy, whosoever she be, of her usurped and unlawful loveliness!" Thereupon she called to her that winged, bold boy, of evil ways, who wanders armed by night through men's houses, spoiling their marriages; and stirring yet more by her speech his inborn wantonness, she led him to the city, and showed him Psyche as she walked.

"I pray thee," she said, "give thy mother a full revenge. Let this maid become the slave of an unworthy love." Then, embracing him closely, she departed to the shore and took her throne upon the crest of the wave. And lo! at her unuttered will, her ocean-servants are in waiting: the daughters of Nereus are there singing their song, and Portunus, and Salacia, and the tiny charioteer of the dolphin, with a host of Tritons leaping through the billows. And one blows softly through his sounding sea-shell, another spreads a silken web against the sun, a third presents the mirror to the eyes of his mistress, while the others swim side by side below, drawing her chariot. Such was the escort of Venus as she went upon the sea.

Psyche meantime, aware of her loveliness, had no fruit thereof. All people regarded and admired, but none sought her in marriage. It was but as on the finished work of the craftsman that they gazed upon that divine likeness. Her sisters, less fair than she, were happily wedded. She, even as a widow, sitting at home, wept over her desolation, hating in her heart the beauty in which all men were pleased.

And the king, supposing the gods were angry, inquired of the oracle of Apollo, and Apollo answered him thus: "Let the damsel be placed on the top of a certain mountain, adorned as for the bed of marriage and of death. Look not for a son-in-law of mortal birth; but for that evil serpent-thing, by reason of whom even the gods tremble and the shadows of Styx are afraid."

So the king returned home and made known the oracle to his wife. For many days she lamented, but at last the fulfilment of the divine precept is urgent upon her, and the company make ready to conduct the maiden to her deadly bridal. And now the nuptial torch gathers dark smoke and ashes: the pleasant sound of the pipe is changed into a cry: the marriage hymn concludes in a sorrowful wailing: below her yellow wedding-veil the bride shook away her tears; insomuch that the whole city was afflicted together at the ill-luck of the stricken house.

But the mandate of the god impelled the hapless Psyche to her fate, and, these solemnities being ended, the funeral of the living soul goes forth, all the people following. Psyche, bitterly weeping, assists

not at her marriage but at her own obsequies, and while the parents hesitate to accomplish a thing so unholy the daughter cries to them: "Wherefore torment your luckless age by long weeping? This was the prize of my extraordinary beauty! When all people celebrated us with divine honours, and in one voice named the New Venus, it was then ye should have wept for me as one dead. Now at last I understand that that one name of Venus has been my ruin. Lead me and set me upon the appointed place. I am in haste to submit to that well-omened marraige, to behold that goodly spouse. Why delay the coming of him who was born for the destruction of the whole world?"

She was silent, and with firm step went on the way. And they proceeded to the appointed place on a steep mountain, and left there the maiden alone, and took their way homewards dejectedly. The wretched parents, in their close-shut house, yielded themselves to perpetual night; while to Psyche, fearful and trembling and weeping sore upon the mountain-top, comes the gentle Zephyrus. He lifts her mildly, and, with vesture afloat on either side, bears her by his own soft breathing over the windings of the hills, and sets her lightly among the flowers in the bosom of a valley below.

Psyche, in those delicate grassy places, lying sweetly on her dewy bed, rested from the agitation of her soul and arose in peace. And lo! a grove of mighty trees,with a fount of water, clear as glass, in the midst; and hard by the water, a dwelling-place, built not by human hands but by some divine cunning. One recognized, even at the entering, the delightful hostelry of a god. Golden pillars sustained the roof, arched most curiously in cedar-wood and ivory. The walls were hidden under wrought silver:—all tame and woodland creatures leaping forward to the visitor's gaze. Wonderful indeed was the craftsman, divine or half-divine, who by the subtlety of his art had breathed so wild a soul into the silver! The very pavement was distinct with pictures in goodly stones. In the glow of its precious metal the house is its own daylight, having no need of the sun. Well might it seem a place fashioned for the conversation of gods with men!

Psyche, drawn forward by the delight of it, came near, and, her courage growing, stood within the doorway. One by one, she admired the beautiful things she saw; and, most wonderful of all! no lock, no chain, nor living guardian protected that great treasure house. But as she gazed there came a voice—a voice, as it were unclothed of bodily vesture—"Mistress!" it said, "all these things are thine. Lie down, and relieve thy weariness, and rise again for the bath when thou wilt. We thy servants, whose voice thou hearest, will be beforehand with our service, and a royal feast shall be ready."

And Psyche understood that some divine care was providing, and, refreshed with sleep and the bath, sat down to the feast. Still she saw no one: only she heard words falling here and there, and had voices alone to serve her. And the feast being ended, one entered the chamber and sang to her unseen, while another struck the chords of a harp, invisible with him who played on it. Afterwards the sound of a company singing together came to her, but still so that none was present to sight; yet it appeared that a great multitude of singers was there.

And the hour of evening inviting her, she climbed into the bed; and as the night was far advanced, behold, a sound of a certain clemency approaches her. Then, fearing for her maidenhood in so great solitude, she trembled, and more than any evil she knew dreaded that she knew not. And now the husband, that unknown husband, drew near, and ascended the couch, and made her his wife; and lo! before the rise of dawn he had departed hastily. And the attendant voices ministered to the needs of the newly married. And so it happened with her for a long season. And as nature has willed, this new thing, by continual use, became a delight to her; the sound of the voice grew to be her solace in that condition of loneliness and uncertainty.

One night the bridegroom spoke thus to his beloved, "O Psyche, most pleasant bride! Fortune is grown stern with us, and threatens thee with mortal peril. Thy sisters, troubled at the report of thy death and seeking some trace of thee, will come to the mountain's top. But if by chance their cries reach thee, answer not, neither look forth at all, lest thou bring sorrow upon me and destruction upon thyself." Then Psyche promised that she would do according to his will. But the bridegroom was fled away again with the night. And all that day she spent in tears, repeating that she was now dead indeed, shut up in that golden prison, powerless to console her sisters sorrowing after her, or to see their faces; and so went to rest weeping.

And after a while came the bridegroom again, and lay down beside her, and embracing her as she wept, complained, "Was

this thy promise, my Psyche? What have I to hope from thee? Even in the arms of thy husband thou ceasest not from pain. Do now as thou wilt. Indulge thine own desire, though it seeks what will ruin thee. Yet wilt thou remember my warning, repentant too late." Then, protesting that she is like to die, she obtains from him that he suffer her to see her sisters, and present to them moreover what gifts she would of golden ornaments; but therewith he oft-times advised her never at any time, yielding to pernicious counsel, to inquire concerning his bodily form, lest she fall, through unholy curiosity, from so great a height of fortune, nor feel ever his embrace again. "I would die a hundred times," she said, cheerful at last, "rather than be deprived of thy most sweet usage. I love thee as my own soul, beyond comparison even with Love himself. Only bid thy servant Zephyrus bring hither my sisters, as he brought me. My honeycomb! My husband! Thy Psyche's breath of life!" So he promised; and after the embraces of the night, ere the light appeared, vanished from the hands of his bride.

And the sisters, coming to the place where Psyche was abandoned, wept loudly among the rocks, and called upon her by name, so that the sound came down to her, and running out of the palace distraught, she cried, "Wherefore afflict your souls with lamentation? I whom you mourn am here." Then, summoning Zephyrus, she reminded him of her husband's bidding; and he bare them down with a gentle blast. "Enter now," she said, "into my house, and relieve your sorrow in the company of Psyche your sister."

And Psyche displayed to them all the treasures of the golden house, and its great family of ministering voices, nursing in them the malice which was already at their hearts. And at last one of them asks curiously who the lord of that celestial array may be, and what manner of man her husband? And Psyche answered dissemblingly, "A young man, handsome and mannerly, with a goodly beard. For the most part he hunts upon the mountains." And lest the secret should slip from her in the way of further speech, loading her sisters with gold and gems, she commanded Zephyrus to bear them away.

And they returned home, on fire with envy. "See now the injustice of fortune!" cried one. "We, the elder children, are given like servants to be the wives of strangers, while the youngest is possessed of so great riches, who scarcely knows how to use them. You saw, Sister! what a hoard of wealth lies in the house; what glittering gowns; what splendour of precious gems, besides all that gold trodden under foot. If she indeed hath, as she said, a bridegroom so goodly, then no one in all the world is happier. And it may be that this husband, being of divine nature, will make her, too, a goddess. Nay! so in truth it is. It was even thus she bore herself. Already she looks aloft and breathes divinity, who, though but a woman, has voices for her handmaidens, and can command the winds." "Think," answered the other, "how arrogantly she dealt with us, grudging us these trifling gifts out of all that store, and when our company became a burden, causing us to be hissed and driven away from her through the air! But I am no woman if she keep her hold on this great fortune; and if the insult done us has touched thee too, take we counsel together. Meanwhile let us hold our peace, and know nought of her, alive or dead. For they are not truly happy of whose happiness other folk are unaware."

And the bridegroom, whom still she knows not, warns her thus a second time, as he talks with her by night: "Seest thou what peril besets thee? Those cunning wolves have made ready for thee their snares, of which the sum is that they persuade thee to search into the fashion of my countenance, the seeing of which, as I have told thee often, will be the seeing of it no more for ever. But do thou neither listen nor make answer to aught regarding thy husband. Besides, we have sown also the seed of our race. Even now this bosom grows with a child to be born to us, a child if thou but keep our secret, of divine quality; if thou profane it, subject to death." And Psyche was glad at the tidings, rejoicing in that solace of a divine seed, and in the glory of that pledge of love to be, and the dignity of the name of mother. Anxiously she notes the increase of the days, the waning months. And again, as he tarries briefly beside her, the bridegroom repeats his warning: "Even now the sword is drawn with which thy sisters seek thy life. Have pity on thyself, sweet wife, and upon our child, and see not those evil women again." But the sisters make their way into the palace once more, crying to her in wily tones, "O Psyche! and thou too wilt be a mother! How great will be the joy at home! Happy indeed shall we be to have the nursing of the golden child. Truly if he be answerable to

the beauty of his parents, it will be a birth of Cupid himself."

So, little by little, they stole upon the heart of their sister. She, meanwhile, bids the lyre to sound for their delight, and the playing is heard: she bids the pipes to move, the quire to sing, and the music and the singing come invisibly, soothing the mind of the listener with sweetest modulation. Yet not even thereby was their malice put to sleep: once more they seek to know what manner of husband she has, and whence that seed. And Psyche, simple over-much, forgetful of her first story, answers, "My husband comes from a far country, trading for great sums. He is already of middle age, with whitening locks." And therewith she dismisses them again.

And returning home upon the soft breath of Zephyrus one cried to the other, "What shall be said of so ugly a lie? He who was a young man with goodly beard is now in middle life. It must be that she told a false tale: else is she in very truth ignorant what manner of man he is. Howsoever it be, let us destroy her quickly. For if she indeed knows not, be sure that her bridegroom is one of the gods: it is a god she bears in her womb. And let that be far from us! If she be called mother of a god, then will life be more than I can bear."

So, full of rage against her, they returned to Psyche, and said to her craftily, "Thou livest in an ignorant bliss, all incurious of thy real danger. It is a deadly serpent, as we certainly know, that comes to sleep at thy side. Remember the words of the oracle, which declared thee destined to a cruel beast. There are those who have seen it at nightfall, coming back from its feeding. In no long time, they say, it will end its blandishments. It but waits for the babe to be formed in thee, that it may devour thee by so much the richer. If indeed the solitude of this musical place, or it may be the loathsome commerce of a hidden love, delight thee, we at least in sisterly piety have done our part." And at last the unhappy Psyche, simple and frail of soul, carried away by the terror of their words, losing memory of her husband's precepts and her own promise, brought upon herself a great calamity. Trembling and turning pale, she answers them, "And they who tell those things, it may be, speak the truth. For in very deed, never have I seen the face of my husband, nor know I at all what manner of man he is. Always he frights me diligently from the sight of him, threatening some great evil should I too curiously look upon his face. Do ye, if ye can help your sister in her great peril, stand by her now."

Her sisters answered her, "The way of safety we have well considered, and will teach thee. Take a sharp knife, and hide it in that part of the couch where thou art wont to lie: take also a lamp filled with oil, and set it privily behind the curtain. And when he shall have drawn up his coils into the accustomed place, and thou hearest him breathe in sleep, slip then from his side and discover the lamp, and, knife in hand, put forth thy strength, and strike off the serpent's head." And so they departed in haste.

And Psyche left alone (alone but for the furies which beset her) is tossed up and down in her distress, like a wave of the sea; and though her will is firm, yet, in the moment of putting hand to the deed, she falters, and is torn asunder by various apprehension of the great calamity upon her. She hastens and anon delays, now full of distrust, and now of angry courage: under one bodily form she loathes the monster and loves the bridegroom. But twilight ushers in the night; and at length in haste she makes ready for the terrible deed. Darkness came, and the bridegroom; and he first, after some faint essay of love, falls into a deep sleep.

And she, erewhile of no strength, the hard purpose of destiny assisting her, is confirmed in force. With lamp plucked forth, knife in hand, she put by her sex; and lo! as the secrets of the bed became manifest, the sweetest and most gentle of all creatures, Love himself, reclined there, in his own proper loveliness! At sight of him the very flame of the lamp kindled more gladly! But Psyche was afraid at the vision, and, faint of soul, trembled back upon her knees, and would have hidden the steel in her own bosom. But the knife slipped from her hand; and now, undone, yet ofttimes looking upon the beauty of that divine countenance, she lives again. She sees the locks of that golden head, pleasant with the unction of the gods, shed down in graceful entanglement behind and before, about the ruddy cheeks and white throat. The pinions of the winged god, yet fresh with the dew, are spotless upon his shoulders, the delicate plumage wavering over them as they lie at rest. Smooth he was, and, touched with light, worthy of Venus his mother. At the foot of the couch lay his bow and arrows, the instruments of his power, propitious to men.

And Psyche, gazing hungrily thereon, draws an arrow from the quiver, and trying the point upon her thumb, tremulous still, drave in the barb, so that a drop of blood came forth. Thus fell she, by her own act, and unaware, into the love of Love. Falling upon the bridegroom, with indrawn breath, in a hurry of kisses from eager and open lips, she shuddered as she thought how brief that sleep might be. And it chanced that a drop of burning oil fell from the lamp upon the god's shoulder. Ah! maladroit minister of love, thus to wound him from whom all fire comes; though 'twas a lover, I trow, first devised thee, to have the fruit of his desire even in the darkness! At the touch of the fire the god started up, and beholding the overthrow of her faith, quietly took flight from her embraces.

And Psyche, as he rose upon the wing, laid hold on him with her two hands, hanging upon him in his passage through the air, till she sinks to the earth through weariness. And as she lay there, the divine lover, tarrying still, lighted upon a cypress tree which grew near, and, from the top of it, spake thus to her, in great emotion. "Foolish one! unmindful of the command of Venus, my mother, who had devoted thee to one of base degree, I fled to thee in his stead. Now know I that this was vainly done. Into mine own flesh pierced mine arrow, and I made thee my wife, only that I might seem a monster beside thee—that thou shouldst seek to wound the head wherein lay the eyes so full of love to thee! Again and again, I thought to put thee on thy guard concerning these things, and warned thee in love-kindness. Now I would but punish thee by my flight hence." And therewith he winged his way into the deep sky.

Psyche, prostrate upon the earth, and following far as sight might reach the flight of the bridegroom, wept and lamented; and when the breadth of space had parted him wholly from her, cast herself down from the bank of a river which was nigh. But the stream, turning gentle in honour of the god, put her forth again unhurt upon its margin. And as it happened, Pan, the rustic god, was sitting just then by the waterside, embracing, in the body of a reed, the goddess Canna; teaching her to respond to him in all varieties of slender sound. Hard by, his flock of goats browsed at will. And the shaggy god called her, wounded and outworn, kindly to him and said, "I am but a rustic herdsman, pretty maiden, yet wise, by favour of my great age and long experience; and if I guess truly by those faltering steps, by thy sorrowful eyes and continual sighing, thou labourest with excess of love. Listen then to me, and seek not death again, in the stream or otherwise. Put aside thy woe, and turn thy prayers to Cupid. He is in truth a delicate youth: win him by the delicacy of thy service."

So the shepherd-god spoke, and Psyche, answering nothing, but with a reverence to his serviceable deity, went on her way. And while she, in her search after Cupid, wandered through many lands, he was lying in the chamber of his mother, heart-sick. And the white bird which floats over the waves plunged in haste into the sea, and approaching Venus, as she bathed, made known to her that her son lies afflicted with some grievous hurt, doubtful of life. And Venus cried, angrily, "My son, then, has a mistress! And it is Psyche, who witched away my beauty and was the rival of my godhead, whom he loves!"

Therewith she issued from the sea, and returning to her golden chamber, found there the lad, sick, as she had heard, and cried from the doorway, "Well done, truly! to trample thy mother's precepts under foot, to spare my enemy that cross of an unworthy love; nay, unite her to thyself, child as thou art, that I might have a daughter-in-law who hates me! I will make thee repent of thy sport, and the savour of thy marriage bitter. There is one who shall chasten this body of thine, put out thy torch and unstring thy bow. Not till she has plucked forth that hair, into which so oft these hands have smoothed the golden light, and sheared away thy wings, shall I feel the injury done me avenged." And with this she hastened in anger from the doors.

And Ceres and Juno met her, and sought to know the meaning of her troubled countenance. "Ye come in season," she cried; "I pray you, find for me Psyche. It must needs be that ye have heard the disgrace of my house." And they, ignorant of what was done, would have soothed her anger, saying, "What fault, Mistress, hath thy son committed, that thou wouldst destroy the girl he loves? Knowest thou not that he is now of age? Because he wears his years so lightly must he seem to thee ever but a child? Wilt thou for ever thus pry into the pastimes of thy son, always accusing his wantonness, and blaming in him those delicate wiles which are all thine own?" Thus, in secret fear of the boy's bow, did they seek to please him with

their gracious patronage. But Venus, angry at their light taking of her wrongs, turned her back upon them, and with hasty steps made her way once more to the sea.

Meanwhile Psyche, tost in soul, wandering hither and thither, rested not night or day in the pursuit of her husband, desiring, if she might not soothe his anger by the endearments of a wife, at the least to propitiate him with the prayers of a handmaid. And seeing a certain temple on the top of a high mountain, she said, "Who knows whether yonder place be not the abode of my lord?" Thither, therefore, she turned her steps, hastening now the more because desire and hope pressed her on, weary as she was with the labours of the way, and so, painfully measuring out the highest ridges of the mountain, drew near to the sacred couches. She sees ears of wheat, in heaps or twisted into chaplets; ears of barley also, with sickles and all the instruments of harvest, lying there in disorder, thrown at random from the hands of the labourers in the great heat. These she curiously sets apart, one by one, duly ordering them; for she said within herself, "I may not neglect the shrines, nor the holy service, of any god there be, but must rather win by supplication the kindly mercy of them all."

And Ceres found her bending sadly upon her task, and cried aloud, "Alas, Psyche! Venus, in the furiousness of her anger, tracks thy footsteps through the world, seeking for thee to pay her the utmost penalty; and thou, thinking of anything rather than thine own safety, hast taken on thee the care of what belongs to me!" Then Psyche fell down at her feet, and sweeping the floor with her hair, washing the footsteps of the goddess in her tears, besought her mercy, with many prayers:—"By the gladdening rites of harvest, by the lighted lamps and mystic marches of the Marriage and mysterious Invention of thy daughter Proserpine, and by all beside that the holy place of Attica veils in silence, minister, I pray thee, to the sorrowful heart of Psyche! Suffer me to hide myself but for a few days among the heaps of corn, till time have softened the anger of the goddess, and my strength, out-worn in my long travail, be recovered by a little rest."

But Ceres answered her, "Truly thy tears move me, and I would fain help thee; only I dare not incur the ill-will of my kinswoman. Depart hence as quickly as may be." And Psyche, repelled against hope, afflicted now with twofold sorrow, making her way back again, beheld among the half-lighted woods of the valley below a sanctuary builded with cunning art. And that she might lose no way of hope, howsoever doubtful, she drew near to the sacred doors. She sees there gifts of price, and garments fixed upon the door-posts and to the branches of the trees, wrought with letters of gold which told the name of the goddess to whom they were dedicated, with thanksgiving for that she had done. So, with bent knee and hands laid about the glowing altar, she prayed saying, "Sister and spouse of Jupiter! be thou to these my desperate fortunes, Juno the Auspicious! I know that thou dost willingly help those in travail with child; deliver me from the peril that is upon me." And as she prayed thus, Juno in the majesty of her god-head, was straightway present, and answered, "Would that I might incline favourably to thee; but against the will of Venus, whom I have ever loved as a daughter, I may not, for very shame, grant thy prayer."

And Psyche, dismayed by this new shipwreck of her hope, communed thus with herself, "Whither, from the midst of the snares that beset me, shall I take my way once more? In what dark solitude shall I hide me from the all-seeing eye of Venus? What if I put on at length a man's courage, and yielding myself unto her as my mistress, soften by a humility not yet too late the fierceness of her purpose? Who knows but that I may find him also whom my soul seeketh after, in the abode of his mother?"

And Venus, renouncing all earthly aid in her search, prepared to return to heaven. She ordered the chariot to be made ready, wrought for her by Vulcan as a marriage-gift, with a cunning of hand which had left his work so much the richer by the weight of gold it lost under his tool. From the multitude which housed about the bed-chamber of their mistress, white doves came forth, and with joyful motions bent their painted necks beneath the yoke. Behind it, with playful riot, the sparrows sped onward, and other birds sweet of song, making known by their soft notes the approach of the goddess. Eagle and cruel hawk alarmed not the quireful family of Venus. And the clouds broke away, as the uttermost ether opened to receive her, daughter and goddess, with great joy.

And Venus passed straightway to the house of Jupiter to beg from him the service of Mercury, the god of speech. And Jupiter refused not her prayer. And

Venus and Mercury descended from heaven together; and as they went, the former said to the latter, "Thou knowest, my brother of Arcady, that never at any time have I done anything without thy help; for how long time, moreover, I have sought a certain maiden in vain. And now nought remains but that, by thy heraldry, I proclaim a reward for whomsoever shall find her. Do thou my bidding quickly." And therewith she conveyed to him a little scrip, in the which was written the name of Psyche, with other things; and so returned home.

And Mercury failed not in his office; but departing into all lands, proclaimed that whosoever delivered up to Venus the fugitive girl, should receive from herself seven kisses—one thereof full of the inmost honey of her throat. With that the doubt of Psyche was ended. And now, as she came near to the doors of Venus, one of the household, whose name was Use-and-Wont, ran out to her, crying, "Hast thou learned, Wicked Maid! now at last! that thou hast a mistress?" and seizing her roughly by the hair, drew her into the presence of Venus. And when Venus saw her, she cried out, saying, "Thou hast deigned then to make thy salutations to thy mother-in-law. Now will I in turn treat thee as becometh a dutiful daughter-in-law!"

And she took barley and millet and poppy-seed, every kind of grain and seed, and mixed them together, and laughed, and said to her: "Methinks so plain a maiden can earn lovers only by industrious ministry: now will I also make trial of thy service. Sort me this heap of seed, the one kind from the others, grain by grain; and get thy task done before the evening." And Psyche, stunned by the cruelty of her bidding, was silent, and moved not her hand to the inextricable heap. And there came forth a little ant, which had understanding of the difficulty of her task, and took pity upon the consort of the god of Love; and he ran deftly hither and thither, and called together the whole army of his fellows. "Have pity," he cried, "nimble scholars of the Earth, Mother of all things! —have pity upon the wife of Love, and hasten to help her in her perilous effort." Then, one upon the other, the hosts of the insect people hurried together; and they sorted asunder the whole heap of seed, separating every grain after its kind, and so departed quickly out of sight.

And at nightfall Venus returned, and seeing that task finished with so wonderful diligence, she cried, "The work is not thine, thou naughty maid, but his in whose eyes thou hast found favour." And calling her again in the morning, "See now the grove," she said, "beyond yonder torrent. Certain sheep feed there, whose fleeces shine with gold. Fetch me straightway a lock of that precious stuff, having gotten it as thou mayst."

And Psyche went forth willingly, not to obey the command of Venus, but even to seek a rest from her labour in the depths of the river. But from the river, the green reed, lowly mother of music, spake to her: "O Psyche! pollute not these waters by self-destruction, nor approach that terrible flock; for, as the heat groweth, they wax fierce. Lie down under yon plane-tree, till the quiet of the river's breath have soothed them. Thereafter thou mayst shake down the fleecy gold from the trees of the grove, for it holdeth by the leaves."

And Psyche, instructed thus by the simple reed, in the humanity of its heart, filled her bosom with the soft golden stuff, and returned to Venus. But the goddess smiled bitterly, and said to her, "Well know I who was the author of this thing also. I will make further trial of thy discretion, and the boldness of thy heart. Seest thou the utmost peak of yonder steep mountain? The dark stream which flows down thence waters the Stygian fields, and swells the flood of Cocytus. Bring me now, in this little urn, a draught from its innermost source." And therewith she put into her hands a vessel of wrought crystal.

And Psyche set forth in haste on her way to the mountain, looking there at last to find the end of her hapless life. But when she came to the region which borders on the cliff that was showed to her, she understood the deadly nature of her task. From a great rock, steep and slippery, a horrible river of water poured forth, falling straightway by a channel exceeding narrow into the unseen gulf below. And lo! creeping from the rocks on either hand, angry serpents, with their long necks and sleepless eyes. The very waters found a voice and bade her depart, in smothered cries of, *Depart hence!* and *What doest thou here? Look around thee!* and *Destruction is upon thee!* And then sense left her, in the immensity of her peril, as one changed to stone.

Yet not even then did the distress of this innocent soul escape the steady eye of a gentle providence. For the bird of Jupiter spread his wings and took flight to her, and asked her, "Didst thou think, simple one,

even thou! that thou couldst steal one drop of that relentless stream, the holy river of Styx, terrible even to the gods? But give me thine urn." And the bird took the urn, and filled it at the source, and returned to her quickly from among the teeth of the serpents, bringing with him of the waters, all unwilling—nay! warning him to depart away and not molest them.

And she, receiving the urn with great joy, ran back quickly that she might deliver it to Venus, and yet again satisfied not the angry goddess. "My child!" she said, "in this one thing further must thou serve me. Take now this tiny casket, and get thee down even unto hell, and deliver it to Proserpine. Tell her that Venus would have of her beauty so much at least as may suffice for but one day's use, that beauty she possessed erewhile being foreworn and spoiled, through her tendance upon the sick-bed of her son; and be not slow in returning."

And Psyche perceived there the last ebbing of her fortune—that she was now thrust openly upon death, who must go down, of her own motion, to Hades and the Shades. And straightway she climbed to the top of an exceeding high tower, thinking within herself, "I will cast myself down thence: so shall I descend most quickly into the kingdom of the dead." And the tower again, broke forth into speech: "Wretched Maid! Wretched Maid! Wilt thou destroy thyself? If the breath quit thy body, then wilt thou indeed go down into Hades, but by no means return hither. Listen to me. Among the pathless wilds not far from this place lies a certain mountain, and therein one of hell's vent-holes. Through the breach a rough way lies open, following which thou wilt come, by straight course, to the castle of Orcus. And thou must not go empty-handed. Take in each hand a morsel of barley-bread, soaked in hydromel; and in thy mouth two pieces of money. And when thou shalt be now well onward in the way of death, then wilt thou overtake a lame ass laden with wood, and a lame driver, who will pray thee reach him certain cords to fasten the burden which is falling from the ass: but be thou cautious to pass on in silence. And soon as thou comest to the river of the dead, Charon, in that crazy bark he hath, will put thee over upon the further side. There is greed even among the dead: and thou shalt deliver to him, for the ferrying, one of those two pieces of money, in such wise that he take it with his hands from between thy lips. And as thou passest over the stream, a dead old man, rising on the water, will put up to thee his mouldering hands, and pray thee draw him into the ferry-boat. But beware thou yield not to unlawful pity.

"When thou shalt be come over, and art upon the causeway, certain aged women, spinning, will cry to thee to lend thy hand to their work; and beware again that thou take no part therein; for this also is the snare of Venus, whereby she would cause thee to cast away one at least of those cakes thou bearest in thy hands. And think not that a slight matter; for the loss of either one of them will be to thee the losing of the light of day. For a watch-dog exceeding fierce lies ever before the threshold of that lonely house of Proserpine. Close his mouth with one of thy cakes; so shalt thou pass by him and enter straightway into the presence of Proserpine herself. Then do thou deliver thy message, and taking what she shall give thee, return back again; offering to the watch-dog the other cake, and to the ferryman that other piece of money thou hast in thy mouth. After this manner mayst thou return again beneath the stars. But withal, I charge thee, think not to look into, nor open, the casket thou bearest, with that treasure of the beauty of the divine countenance hidden therein."

So spake the stones of the tower; and Psyche delayed not, but proceeding diligently after the manner enjoined, entered into the house of Proserpine, at whose feet she sat down humbly, and would neither the delicate couch nor that divine food the goddess offered her, but did straightway the business of Venus. And Proserpine filled the casket secretly, and shut the lid, and delivered it to Psyche, who fled therewith from Hades with new strength. But coming back into the light of day, even as she hasted now to the ending of her service, she was seized by a rash curiosity. "Lo! now," she said within herself, "my simpleness! who, bearing in my hands the divine loveliness, heed not to touch myself with a particle at least therefrom, that I may please the more, by the favour of it, my fair one, my beloved." Even as she spoke, she lifted the lid; and behold! within, neither beauty, nor anything beside, save sleep only, the sleep of the dead, which took hold upon her, filling all her members with its drowsy vapour, so that she lay down in the way and moved not, as in the slumber of death.

And Cupid being healed of his wound, because he would endure no longer the absence of her he loved, gliding through the narrow window of the chamber wherein he

was holden, his pinions being now repaired by a little rest, fled forth swiftly upon them, and coming to the place where Psyche was, shook that sleep away from her, and set him in his prison again, awaking her with the innocent point of his arrow. "Lo! thine old error again," he said, "which had like once more to have destroyed thee! But do thou now what is lacking of the command of my mother: the rest shall be my care." With these words, the lover rose upon the air; and being consumed inwardly with the greatness of his love, penetrated with vehement wing into the highest place of heaven, to lay his cause before the father of the gods. And the father of gods took his hand in his, and kissed his face, and said to him, "At no time, my son, hast thou regarded me with due honour. Often hast thou vexed my bosom, wherein lies the disposition of the stars, with those busy darts of thine. Nevertheless, because thou hast grown up between these mine hands, I will accomplish thy desire." And straightway he bade Mercury call the gods together; and, the council-chamber being filled, sitting upon a high throne, "Ye gods," he said, "all ye whose names are in the white book of the Muses, ye know yonder lad. It seems good to me that his youthful heats should by some means be restrained. And that all occasion may be taken from him, I would even confine him in the bonds of marriage. He has chosen and embraced a mortal maiden. Let him have fruit of his love, and possess her for ever."

Thereupon he bade Mercury produce Psyche in heaven; and holding out to her his ambrosial cup, "Take it," he said, "and live for ever; nor shall Cupid ever depart from thee." And the gods sat down together to the marriage-feast. On the first couch lay the bridegroom, and Psyche in his bosom. His rustic serving-boy bare the wine to Jupiter; and Bacchus to the rest. The Seasons crimsoned all things with their roses. Apollo sang to the lyre, while a little Pan prattled on his reeds, and Venus danced very sweetly to the soft music. Thus, with due rites, did Psyche pass into the power of Cupid; and from them was born the daughter whom men call Voluptas.

The Scornful Lady—Attributed to Khushal Khan

(*Khushal Khan, chief of the Khatak tribe of Afghans, doubtless adapted this from a poem of the early sixteenth century written by Mir Gwaharam, chief of the Lashari tribe of Balochis, to the lady Gohar who took refuge with Mir Chakur, the chief of the Rind tribe of Balochis. This, incidentally, caused the thirty years' war between the two tribes, of which the hillmen still sing numerous ballads.* ACHMED ABDULLAH.)

I said:
"If I come to you, will your lips kiss mine?"
She said:
"Have you a thousand lips that you should ask me?"

I said:
"Your raven locks are like black cobras."
She said:
"Fool—would you trust a hooded cobra's sting?"

I said:
"How then shall I conquer your love?"
She said:
"Can you cut off a head without a sword?"

I said:
"Like a blind pilgrim, I wander aimlessly."
She said: [yourself?"
"If you are a wise pilgrim, why disgrace

I said:
"Let us be happy together, if only for a moment."
She said: [used to love?"
"What happened to the women whom you

I said:
"You are proud. Consider that Allah sees you."
She said:
"What is it to you? Why talk so loudly?"

I said:
"I am the lover of your wondrous face."
She said:
"Allah! Do not force your love on me!"

I said: [blame."
"If I die on your threshold, yours will be the
She said: [barking."
"Go and die. Then my dogs will stop

I said:
"You cannot understand the love which I bear you."
She said:
"And what do the men of the Khatak tribe know of love?"

Explaining It to the Judge

Among the less-chronicled "works of fancy and imagination," there are few so varied, so fraught with human appeal, as the "real reasons why" related to his Honour the Judge by those under charges of minor infractions of the law.

Mrs. Paula Gibson . . . who drove her automobile into a taxicab and a steam-roller at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street yesterday, was found guilty to-day of driving while under the influence of liquor, and was held without bail by Magistrate McAndrews of the Traffic Court for sentence on Friday. . . .

Mrs. Gibson, on the stand, said that she had returned from Europe recently, where a French physician had prescribed for her medicine which was quite strong and might be mistaken for an alcoholic preparation by any one not knowing French. *New York Sun.*

Hamilton Evelyn, a negro chauffeur, appeared in the Traffic Court to defend a charge that he had failed to stop his automobile at a policeman's signal:

"Your Honour, if I had heard a whistle, I would have stopped; but I thought that little '*peep, peep*' I heard was only a bird in a tree."

(*And the Magistrate, after having the complaining policeman sound his whistle, suspended sentence.*)

Mrs. Margaret Young, before the Judge on the more serious charge of "bigamy"—it being asserted that she had married three husbands with no formalities of divorce or death, exclaimed:

"I loved them all; I couldn't help it."

A negro, arrested for drunkenness, stoutly denied any law-breaking: "Never drunk a drop. Jus' et beans."

Martin Freese was given to exact research, and direct action on results noted. Brought up for speeding his motor-car at the Queensboro Bridge, New York City, he explained:

"Your Honour, I am a student of traffic. I know how heavy traffic is at the approach to the bridge, and I was trying to relieve the congestion by hurrying through the district."

Mrs. Margaret Wilds made her twenty-second appearance on a charge of intoxication, a patrolman having found her doing a "whirling dervish" dance at 3 A.M. on the corner of Second Avenue and 121st Street:

"I was sick, Judge; and I had been drinking castor oil," she explained.

Sentence was suspended in view of her promises. As she left the court-room, she turned:

"No more castor oil, Judge—never again!"

A Master of Nonsense: Edward Lear

[One of the patron saints of nonsense, Edward Lear. In writing about himself, many years ago, in verses to a young woman acquaintance. he began,

"'How pleasant to know Mr. Lear!'
Who has written such volumes of stuff!
Some think him ill-tempered and queer,
But a few think him pleasant enough.

"His mind is concrete and fastidious,
His nose is remarkably big;
His visage is more or less hideous,
His beard it resembles a wig."

But I suspect he did himself a slight injustice. A photograph of him taken at San Remo, Italy, some time in the '70's, shows a heavily built old gentleman, with a full bushy beard, it is true, rather bald as to head, with a corrugated brow and stern eyes, peering directly at you through great spectacles.

Lear was a landscape painter whose first training with the brush came from earnest work as a youth making drawings of zoölogical specimens for scientific purposes. Before he reached middle life he began to write, and certain volumes of travels illustrated by his own pen came to be widely known. In 1846, his first "Book of Nonsense" appeared. Under the patronage of the Earl of Derby this collection of utter absurdities in picture, verse and prose was published. Many have referred to him as the father of the "limerick," but Lear himself admits that form of verse was ancient in his day. The little book had a startling success, although it was hard for a British public to accept it as pure nonsense. Many were certain it contained hidden satire and political lampoon. It was followed by three other volumes: "Nonsense Songs and Stories, etc.," 1871; "More Nonsense Pictures, etc.," 1872; and "Laughable Lyrics," a fresh book of nonsense, 1877. John Ruskin in his "List of the Best Hundred Authors" writes, "Surely the most beneficent and innocent of all books yet produced is the 'Book of Nonsense' with its corollary carols, inimitable and refreshing, and perfect in rhythm. I really don't know any author to whom I am half so grateful for my idle self as Edward Lear. I shall put him first of my hundred authors." If one continued to quote the tributes to Lear from the pens of the great, there would be no stopping. Tennyson addressed a poem to him, paying him warm tribute. The London Saturday Review *in 1888 concluded a long obituary with these words, "A hard-working life, checkered by the odd adventures which happen to the odd and the adventurous and pass over the commonplace; a career brightened by the high appreciation of unimpeachable critics; lightened, till of late, by the pleasant society and good wishes of innumerable friends; saddened by the growing pressure of ill health and solitude; cheered by his constant trust in the love and sympathy of those who knew him best, however far away,—such was the life of Edward Lear."* BURGES JOHNSON.]

THE AKOND OF SWAT

Who, or why, or which, or *what*,
Is the Akond of Swat?

Is he tall or short, or dark or fair?
Does he sit on a stool or a sofa or chair,
Or squat? The Akond of Swat?

Is he wise or foolish, young or old?
Does he drink his soup and his coffee cold,
Or hot, The Akond of Swat?

Does he sing or whistle, jabber or talk,
And when riding abroad does he gallop or walk,
Or trot, The Akond of Swat?

Does he wear a turban, a fez, or a hat?
Does he sleep on a mattress, a bed, or a mat,
Or a cot, The Akond of Swat?

When he writes a copy in round-hand size,
Does he cross his T's and finish his I's
With a dot, The Akond of Swat?

Can he write a letter concisely clear
Without a speck or a smudge or smear
Or blot, The Akond of Swat?

Do his people like him extremely well?
Or do they, whenever they can, rebel,
Or plot, At the Akond of Swat?

If he catches them then, either old or young,
Does he have them chopped in pieces or hung,
Or shot, The Akond of Swat?

Do his people prig in the lanes or park?
Or even at times, when days are dark,
Garotte? O the Akond of Swat!

Does he study the wants of his own dominion?
Or doesn't he care for public opinion
A jot, The Akond of Swat?

To amuse his mind do his people show him
Pictures, or any one's last new poem,
Or what, For the Akond of Swat?

At night if he suddenly screams and wakes,
Do they bring him only a few small cakes,
Or a lot, For the Akond of Swat?

Does he live on turnips, tea, or tripe?
Does he like his shawl to be marked with a stripe,
Or a dot, The Akond of Swat?

Does he like to lie on his back in a boat
Like the lady who lived in that isle remote,
Shalott, The Akond of Swat?

Is he quiet, or always making a fuss?
Is his steward a Swiss or a Swede or a Russ,
Or a Scot, The Akond of Swat?

Does he like to sit by the calm blue wave?
Or to sleep and snore in a dark green cave,
Or a grott, The Akond of Swat?

Does he drink small beer from a silver jug?
Or a bowl? or a glass? or a cup? or a mug?
Or a pot, The Akond of Swat?

Does he beat his wife with a gold-topped pipe,
When she lets the gooseberries grow too ripe,
Or rot, The Akond of Swat?

Does he wear a white tie when he dines with friends,
And tie it neat in a bow with ends,
Or a knot, The Akond of Swat?

Does he like new cream, and hate mince-pies?
When he looks at the sun does he wink his eyes,
Or not, The Akond of Swat?

Does he teach his subjects to roast and bake?
Does he sail about on an inland lake,
In a yacht, The Akond of Swat?

Some one, or nobody, knows I wot
Who or which or why or what
Is the Akond of Swat!

NOTE.—*For the existence of this potentate, see Indian newspapers,* passim. *The proper way to read the verses is to make an immense emphasis on the monosyllabic rhymes, which indeed ought to be shouted out by a chorus.*

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

I

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat:
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy your are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

II

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

III

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

TO MAKE GOSKY PATTIES

Take a pig three or four years of age, and tie him by the off hind-leg to a post. Place 5 pounds of currants, 3 of sugar, 2 pecks of peas, 18 roast chestnuts, a candle, and 6 bushels of turnips, within his reach: if he eats these, constantly provide him with more.

Then procure some cream, some slices of Cheshire cheese, 4 quires of foolscap paper, and a packet of black pins. Work the whole into a paste, and spread it out to dry on a sheet of clean brown waterproof linen.

When the paste is perfectly dry, but not before, proceed to beat the pig violently with the handle of a large broom. If he squeals, beat him again.

Visit the paste and beat the pig alternately for some days, and ascertain if, at the end of that period, the whole is about to turn into Gosky Patties.

If it does not then, it never will; and in that case the pig may be let loose, and the whole process may be considered as finished.

LIMERICKS

There was an Old Man who said, "How
Shall I flee from this horrible Cow?
I will sit on this stile, and continue to smile,
Which may soften the heart of that Cow."

There was an Old Person of Burton,
Whose answers were rather uncertain;
When they said, "How d'ye do?" he replied,
"Who are you?"
That distressing Old Person of Burton.

There was an Old Man with a beard,
Who said, "It is just as I feared!—
Two Owls and a Hen, four Larks and a Wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard."

There was an old man of Thermopylæ,
Who never did anything properly;
But they said, "If you choose to boil eggs in your shoes,
You shall never remain in Thermopylæ."

There was an old person of Dean
Who dined on one pea, and one bean;
For he said, "More than that, would make me too fat,"
That cautious old person of Dean.

From THE JUMBLIES

They went to sea in a sieve, they did;
In a sieve they went to sea:
In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
In a sieve they went to sea.
And when the sieve turned round and round,
And everyone cried, "You'll all be drowned!"
They called aloud, "Our sieve ain't big;
But we don't care a button, we don't care a fig:
In a sieve we'll go to sea!"
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue
And they went to sea in a sieve.

THE DONG WITH A LUMINOUS NOSE

When awful darkness and silence reign
Over the great Gromboolian plain,
Through the long, long wintry nights;
When the angry breakers roar
As they beat on the rocky shore;
When Storm-clouds brood on the towering heights
Of the Hills of the Chankly Bore,—

Then, through the vast and gloomy dark
There moves what seems a fiery spark,—
A lonely spark with silvery rays
Piercing the coal-black night,—
A Meteor strange and bright:
Hither and thither the vision strays,
A single lurid light.

Slowly it wanders, pauses, creeps—
Anon it sparkles, flashes, and leaps;
And ever as onward it gleaming goes
A light on the Bong-tree stems it throws.
And those who watch at that midnight hour
From Hall or Terrace or lofty Tower,
Cry, as the wild light passes along,—
"The Dong! the Dong!
The wandering Dong through the forest goes!
The Dong! the Dong!
The Dong with a luminous Nose!"

Long years ago
The Dong was happy and gay,
Till he fell in love with a Jumbly Girl
Who came to those shores one day.

For the Jumblies came in a sieve, they did,—
Landing at eve near the Zemmery Fidd
Where the Oblong Oysters grow,
And the rocks are smooth and gray.
And all the woods and the valleys rang
With the Chorus they daily and nightly sang,—
"Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve."

Happily, happily passed those days!
While the cheerful Jumblies stayed;
They danced in circlets all night long,
To the plaintive pipe of the lively Dong,
In moonlight, shine, or shade.
For day and night he was always there
By the side of the Jumbly Girl so fair,
With her sky-blue hands and her sea-green hair;
Till the morning came of that hateful day
When the Jumblies sailed in their sieve away,
And the Dong was left on the cruel shore
Gazing, gazing for evermore,—
Ever keeping his weary eyes on
That pea-green sail on the far horizon,—
Singing the Jumbly Chorus still
As he sate all day on the grassy hill,—
"Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve."

But when the sun was low in the West,
The Dong arose and said,—
"What little sense I once possessed
Has quite gone out of my head!"
And since that day he wanders still
By lake and forest, marsh and hill,
Singing, "O somewhere, in valley or plain,
Might I find my Jumbly Girl again!
For ever I'll seek by lake and shore
Till I find my Jumbly Girl once more!"

Playing a pipe with silvery squeaks,
Since then his Jumbly Girl he seeks;
And because by night he could not see,
He gathered the bark of the Twangum Tree
On the flowery plain that grows.
And he wove him a wondrous Nose,—
A Nose as strange as a Nose could be!
Of vast proportions and painted red,
And tied with cords to the back of his head.
In a hollow rounded space it ended
With a luminous Lamp within suspended,
All fenced about
With a bandage stout
To prevent the wind from blowing it out;
And with holes all round to send the light
In gleaming rays on the dismal night.

And now each night, and all night long,
Over those plains still roams the Dong;
And above the wail of the Chimp and Snipe
You may hear the squeak of his plaintive pipe,
While ever he seeks, but seeks in vain,
To meet with his Jumbly Girl again;
Lonely and wild, all night he goes,—
The Dong with a luminous Nose!
And all who watch at the midnight hour,
From Hall or Terrace or lofty Tower,
Cry, as they trace the Meteor bright,
Moving along through the dreary night,—
"This is the hour when forth he goes,
The Dong with a luminous Nose!
Yonder, over the plain he goes,—
He goes!
He goes,—
The Dong with a luminous Nose!"

From THE POBBLE WHO HAS NO TOES

I

The Pobble who has no toes
Had once as many as we;
When they said, "Some day you may lose them all,"
He replied, "Fish fiddle de-dee!"
And his Aunt Jobiska made him drink
Lavender water tinged with pink;
For she said, "The World in general knows
There's nothing so good for a Pobble's toes!"

II

The Pobble who has no toes,
Swam across the Bristol Channel;
But before he set out he wrapped his nose
In a piece of scarlet flannel.
For his Aunt Jobiska said, "No harm
Can come to his toes if his nose is warm;
And it's perfectly known that a Pobble's toes
Are safe—provided he minds his nose."

Remembered from the Play

"Ned McCobb's Daughter"

First Federal Man—Seems like you're makin' a heap of fuss over raisin' them kids of yourn!

Carrie—When you git old enough t' git some sense in you, you'll mebbe learn that raisin' kids is jest 'bout the only thing on earth wuth makin' a fuss over! Not hevin' 'em, mind, but raisin' 'em right, once you've hed 'em!

Babe (*of New York's East Side*)—Dey's t'ree kinds a people in dis woild, see? One kind 'ud like t' be honest, only dey know it don't pay, so dey starts out to be crooks. An' de second kind wouldn't mind bein' crooks only *dey* know *dat* don't pay, so dey starts out to be honest. An' dere's a t'oid kind dat's just got cold feet, an', whichever way *dey* starts out, dey lose de old noive an' go de opposite way. An' dem's de washouts.

By Sidney Howard, New York, 1926.

Another Gilbert and Sullivan Revival: "The Pirates of Penzance"

Major-General Stanley—

I am the very pattern of a modern major-general;
I've information vegetable, animal, and mineral;
I know the kings of England, and I quote the fights historical
From Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical;
I'm very well acquainted, too, with matters mathematical;
I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical;
About binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot of news—
(*Bothered for next rhyme*)
Lot o' news—lot o' news—
(*Struck with an idea*)
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse;
(*Joyfully*)
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse!
I am very good at integral and differential calculus;
I know the scientific names of beings animalculous;
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral
I am the very model of a modern major-gineral!
I know our mythic history, King Arthur's and Sir Caradoc's;
I answer hard acrostics; I've a pretty taste for paradox—
I quote in elegiacs all the crimes of Heliogabalus;
In conics I can floor peculiarities parabolous;

I can tell undoubted Raphaels from Gerard Dows and Zoffanies;
I know the croaking chorus from the "Frogs" of Aristophanes;
Then I can hum a fugue of which I've heard the music's din afore—
(*Bothered for next rhyme*)
Din afore? Din afore? din afore?—
(*Struck with an idea*)
And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense, "Pinafore"
(*Joyously*)
And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense, "Pinafore"!
Then I can write a washing-bill in Babylonic cuneiform,
And tell you every detail of Caractacus's uniform.
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral
I am the very model of a modern major-gineral!

In fact, when I know what is meant by "mamelon" and "ravelin"—
When I can tell at sight a chassepot rifle from a javelin—
When such affairs as sorties and surprises I'm more wary at,
And when I know precisely what is meant by "commissariat"—
When I have learnt what progress has been made in modern gunnery—
When I know of more tactics than a novice in a nunnery,—
In short, when I've a smattering of elemental strategy—
(*Bothered for the next rhyme*)
Strategy! Strategy!
(*Struck with an idea, joyously*)
You'll say a better major-general has never sat agee.
For my military knowledge, though I'm plucky and adventury,
Has only been brought down to the beginning of the century;
But still, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern major-gineral!

By W. S. Gilbert (music by Arthur Sullivan), London, 1880; Revived, New York, 1926.

"The Constant Wife"

Constance—It's only if a man's a gentleman that he won't hesitate to do an ungentlemanly thing. Mortimer is on the boundary line, and it makes him careful.

Constance—A man thinks it quite natural that he should fall out of love with a woman, but it never strikes him for a moment that a woman can do anything so unnatural as to fall out of love with him.

John—Women are funny. When they're tired of you they tell you so without a moment's hesitation, and if you don't like it you can lump it. But if you're tired of them you're a brute and a beast, and boiling oil's too good for you.

John—If a man's unfaithful to his wife she's an object of sympathy, whereas if a woman's unfaithful to her husband he's merely an object of ridicule.

John—I have my dignity to think of.
Constance—One often preserves that best by putting it in one's pocket.

By W. Somerset Maugham, New York, 1926.

Arkadina—There is nothing left to do for people with no talent and mighty pretensions but to criticize those who are really gifted.

Treplieff—How easy it is, doctor, to be a philosopher on paper—and how difficult in real life!

Treplieff—The conviction is gradually forcing itself upon me that good literature is not a question of forms new and old, but of ideas that must pour freely from the author's heart, without his bothering his head about any forms whatsoever.

The Sea-Gull. *By Anton Chekhov, Moscow, 1898; New York, 1923.*

Trilby

By GEORGE DU MAURIER

Illustrated by the Author

PART FIFTH

AN INTERLUDE

WHEN Taffy and the Laird went back to the studio in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, and resumed their ordinary life there, it was with a sense of desolation and dull bereavement beyond anything they could have imagined; and this did not seem to lessen as the time wore on.

They realized for the first time how keen and penetrating and unintermittent had been the charm of those two central figures —Trilby and Little Billee—and how hard it was to live without them, after such intimacy as had been theirs.

"Oh, it *has* been a jolly time, though it didn't last long!" So Trilby had written in her farewell letter to Taffy; and these words were true for Taffy and the Laird as well as for her.

And that is the worst of those dear people who have charm: they are so terrible to do without, when once you have got accustomed to them and all their ways.

And when, besides being charming, they are simple, clever, affectionate, constant, and sincere, like Trilby and Little Billee! Then the lamentable hole their disappearance makes is not to be filled up! And when they are full of genius, like Little Billee—and like Trilby, funny without being vulgar! For so she always seemed to the Laird and Taffy, even in French (in spite of her Gallic audacities of thought, speech, and gesture).

All seemed to have suffered change. The very boxing and fencing were gone through perfunctorily, for mere health's sake; and a thin layer of adipose deposit began to soften the outlines of the hills and dales on Taffy's mighty forearm.

Dodor and l'Zouzou no longer came so often, now that the charming Little Billee and his charming mother and still more charming sister had gone away—nor Carnegie, nor Sibley, nor Lorrimer, nor Vincent, nor the Greek. Gecko never came at all. Even Svengali was missed, little as he had been liked. It is a dismal and sulky looking piece of furniture, a grand-piano that nobody ever plays—with all its sound and its souvenirs locked up inside —a kind of mausoleum!—a lop-sided coffin —trestles and all!

So it went back to London by the "little quickness," just as it had come!

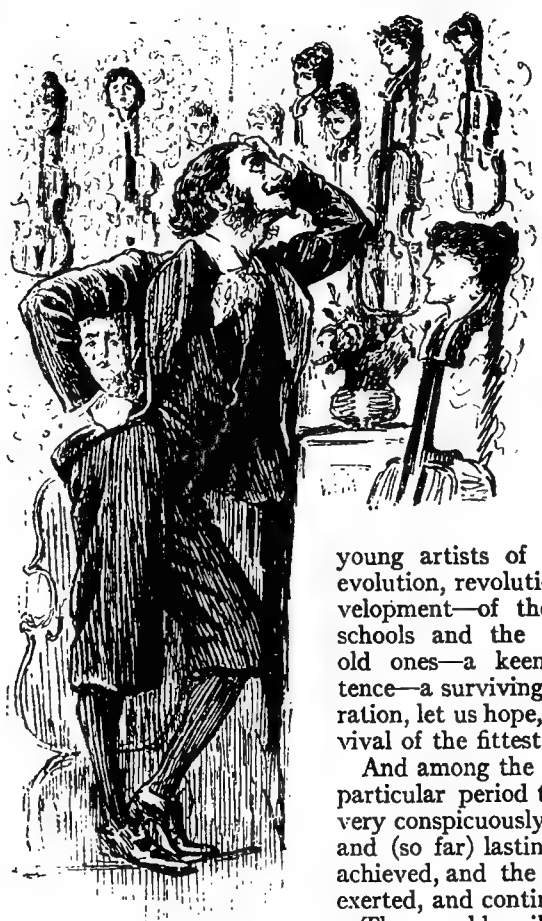
Thus Taffy and the Laird grew quite sad and mopy, and lunched at the Café de l'Odeón every day—till the goodness of the omelets palled, and the redness of the wine there got on their nerves and into their heads and faces, and made them sleepy till dinner-time. And then, waking up, they dressed respectably, and dined expensively, "like gentlemen," in the Palais Royal, or the Passage Choiseul, or the Passage des Panoramas—for three francs, three francs fifty, or even five francs a head, and half a franc to the waiter!—and went to the theatre almost every night, on that side of the water—and more often than not they took a cab home, each smoking a Panatellas, which costs twenty-five centimes—five sous—2½*d*.

Then they feebly drifted into quite decent society—like Lorrimer and Carnegie —with dress-coats and white ties on, and their hair parted in the middle and down the back of the head, and brought over

the ears in a bunch at each side, as was the English fashion in those days; and subscribed to *Galignani's Messenger*, and had themselves proposed and seconded for the Cercle Anglais in the Rue Sainte-n'y touche, a circle of British philistines of the very deepest dye; and went to hear divine service on Sunday mornings in the Rue Marbœuf!

Indeed, by the end of the summer they had sunk into such depths of demoralization that they felt they must really have a change; and decided on giving up the studio in the Place St.-Antole des Arts, and leaving Paris for good; and going to settle for the winter in Düsseldorf, which is a very pleasant place for English painters who do not wish to overwork themselves—as the Laird well knew, having spent a year there.

It ended in Taffy's going to Antwerp for the Kermesse, to paint the Flemish drunkard of our time just as he really is; and the Laird's going to Spain, so that he might study toreadors from the life.



PLATONIC LOVE

I may as well state here that the Laird's toreador pictures, which had had quite a vogue in Scotland as long as he had been content to paint them in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, quite ceased to please (or sell) after he had been to Seville and Madrid; so he took to painting Roman cardinals and Neapolitan pifferari from the depths of his consciousness—and was so successful that he made up his mind he would never spoil his market by going to Italy!

So he went and painted his cardinals and his pifferari in Algiers, and Taffy joined him there, and painted Algerian Jews—just as they really are (and didn't sell them); and then they spent a year in Munich, and then a year in Düsseldorf, and a winter in Cairo, and so on.

And all this time, Taffy, who took everything *au grand sérieux*—especially the claims and obligations of friendship—corresponded regularly with Little Billee; who wrote him long and amusing letters back again, and had plenty to say about his life in London—which was a series of triumphs, artistic and social—and you would have thought from his letters, modest though they were, that no happier young man, or more elate, was to be found anywhere in the world.

It was a good time in England, just then, for young artists of promise; a time of evolution, revolution, change, and development—of the founding of new schools and the crumbling away of old ones—a keen struggle for existence—a surviving of the fit—a preparation, let us hope, for the ultimate survival of the fittest.

And among the many glories of this particular period two names stand out very conspicuously—for the immediate and (so far) lasting fame their bearers achieved, and the wide influence they exerted, and continue to exert still.

The world will not easily forget Frederic Walker and William Bagot, those two singularly gifted boys, whom it soon became the fashion to bracket together, to compare and to contrast, as one compares and contrasts Thackeray and Dickens, Carlyle and Macaulay, Tennyson and Browning—a futile though pleasant practice, of which the temptations seem irresistible.

Yet why compare the lily and the rose?

These two young masters had the genius and the luck to be the progenitors of much of the best art-work that has been done in

England during the last thirty years, in oils, in water-color, in black and white.

They were both essentially English and of their own time; both absolutely original, receiving their impressions straight from nature itself; uninfluenced by any school, ancient or modern, they founded schools instead of following any, and each was a law unto himself, and a law-giver unto many others.

Both were equally great in whatever they attempted—landscape, figures, birds, beasts or fishes. Who does not remember the fishmonger's shop by F. Walker, or W. Bagot's little piebald piglings, and their venerable black mother, and their immense fat wallowing pink papa? An ineffable charm of poetry and refinement, of pathos and sympathy and delicate humour combined, an incomparable ease and grace and felicity of workmanship belong to each; and yet in their work are they not as wide apart as the poles; each complete in himself and yet a complement to the other?

And, oddly enough, they were both singularly alike in aspect—both small and slight, though beautifully made, with tiny hands and feet; always arrayed as the lilies of the field, for all they toiled and spun so arduously; both had regularly featured faces of a noble cast and most winning character; both had the best and simplest manners in the world, and a way of getting themselves much and quickly and permanently liked. . . .

Que la terre leur soit légère!

And who can say that the fame of one is greater than the other's!

Their pinnacles are twin, I venture to believe—of just an equal height and width and thickness, like their bodies in this life; but unlike their frail bodies in one respect: no taller pinnacles are to be seen, methinks, in all the garden of the deathless dead painters of our time, and none more built to last!

But it is not with the art of Little Billee, nor with his fame as a painter, that we are chiefly concerned in this unpretending little tale, except in so far as they have some bearing on his character and his fate.

"I should like to know the detailed history of the Englishman's first love, and how he lost his innocence!"

"Ask him!"

"Ask him yourself!"

Thus Papelard and Bouchardy, on the morning of Little Billee's first appearance at Carrel's studio, in the Rue des Potirons St.-Michel.

And that is the question the present scribe is doing his little best to answer.

A good-looking, famous, well-bred, and well-dressed youth finds that London Society opens its doors very readily; he hasn't long to knock; and it would be difficult to find a youth more fortunately situated, handsomer, more famous, better dressed or better bred, more seemingly happy and successful, with more attractive qualities and more condonable faults, than Little Billee, as Taffy and the Laird found him when they came to London after their four

FRED WALKER

or five years in foreign parts—their Wanderjahr.

He had a fine studio and a handsome suite of rooms in Fitzroy Square. Beautiful specimens of his unfinished work, endless studies, hung on his studio walls. Everything else was as nice as it could be—the furniture, the bibelots, and bric-à-brac, the artistic foreign and Eastern knick-knacks and draperies and hangings and curtains and rugs—the semi-grand piano by Collard & Collard.

That immortal canvas, the "Moon-Dial" (just begun, and already commissioned by Moses Lyon, the famous picture-dealer), lay on his easel.

No men worked harder and with teeth more clinched than Little Billee when he was at work—none rested or played more discreetly when it was time to rest or play.

The glass on his mantel-piece was full of cards of invitations, reminders, pretty mauve and pink and lilac-scented notes; nor were coronets wanting on many of these hospitable little missives. He had quite overcome his fancied aversion for bloated dukes and lords and the rest (we all do sooner or later, if things go well with

us); especially for their wives and sisters and daughters and female cousins; even their mothers and aunts. In point of fact, and in spite of his tender years, he was in some danger (for his art) of developing into that type so adored by sympathetic women who haven't got much to do; the friend the tame cat, the platonic lover (with many loves)—the squire of dames, the trusty one of whom husbands and brothers have no fear!—the delicate, harmless dilettante of Eros—the dainty shepherd who dwells "dans le pays du tendre!"—and stops there!

The woman flatters and the man confides—and there is no danger whatever, I'm told—and I am glad!

One man loves his fiddle (or, alas! his neighbour's sometimes) for all the melodies he can wake from it—it is but a selfish love!

Another, who is no fiddler, may love a fiddle too; for its symmetry, its neatness, its colour—its delicate grainings, the lovely lines and curves of its back and front—for its own sake, so to speak. He may have a whole galleryful of fiddles to love in this innocent way—a harem!—and yet not know a single note of music, or ever care to hear one. He will dust them and stroke them, and take them down and try to put them in tune—pizzicato!—and put them back again, and call them ever such sweet little pet names: viol, viola, viola d'amore, viol di gamba, violino mio! and breathe his little troubles into them, and they will give back inaudible little murmurs in sympathetic response, like a damp Æolian harp; but he will never draw a bow across the strings, nor wake a single chord—or discord!

And who shall say he is not wise in his generation? It is but an old-fashioned philistine notion that fiddles were only made to be played on—the fiddles themselves are beginning to resent it; and rightly, I wot!

In this harmless fashion Little Billee was friends with more than one fine lady *de par le monde.*

Indeed, he had been reproached by his more bohemian brothers of the brush for being something of a tuft-hunter—most unjustly. But nothing gives such keen offence to our unsuccessful brother, bohemian or bourgeois, as our sudden intimacy with the so-called great, the little lords and ladies of this little world! Not even our fame and success, and all the joy and pride they bring us, are so hard to condone—so embittering, so humiliating, to the jealous fraternal heart.

Alas! poor humanity—that the mere countenance of our betters (if they *are* our betters!) should be thought so priceless a boon, so consummate an achievement, so crowning a glory, as all that!

> "A dirty bit of orange-peel,
> The stump of a cigar—
> Once trod on by a princely heel,
> How beautiful they are!"

Little Billee was no tuft-hunter—he was the tuft-hunted, or had been. No one of

DEMORALIZATION

"THE MOON-DIAL"

his kind was ever more persistently, resolutely, hospitably harried than this young "hare with many friends" by people of rank and fashion.

And at first he thought them most charming; as they so often are, these graceful, gracious, gay, good-natured stoics and barbarians, whose manners are as easy and simple as their morals—but how much better!—and who, at least, have this charm, that they can wallow in untold gold (when they happen to possess it) without ever seeming to stink of the same: yes, they bear wealth gracefully—and the want of it more gracefully still! and these are pretty accomplishments that have yet to be learned by our new aristocracy of the shop and counting-house, Jew or gentile, which is everywhere elbowing its irresistible way to the top and front of everything, both here and abroad.

Then he discovered that, much as you might be with them, you could never be *of* them, unless perchance you managed to hook on by marrying one of their ugly ducklings—their failures—their remnants! and even then life isn't all beer and skittles for a rank outsider, I'm told! Then he discovered that he didn't want to be of them in the least; especially at such a cost as that! and that to be very much with them was apt to pall, like everything else.

Also, he found that they were very mixed; good, bad, and indifferent—and not always very dainty or select in their predilections, since they took unto their bosoms such queer outsiders (just for the sake of being amused a little while) that their capricious favor ceased to be an honour and a glory—if it ever was! And then, their fickleness!

Indeed, he found, or thought he found, that they could be just as clever, as liberal, as polite or refined—as narrow, insolent, swaggering, coarse, and vulgar—as handsome, as ugly—as graceful, as ungainly—as modest or conceited, as any other upper class of the community—and indeed some lower ones!

Beautiful young women, who had been taught how to paint pretty little landscapes (with an ivy-mantled ruin in the middle distance), talked technically of painting to him, *de pair à pair*, as though they were quite on the same artistic level, and didn't mind admitting it, in spite of the social gulf between.

Hideous old frumps (osseous or obese, yet with unduly bared necks and shoulders that made him sick) patronized him and gave him good advice, and told him to emulate Mr. Buckner both in his genius and his manners —since Mr. Buckner was the only "gentleman" who ever painted for hire; and they promised him, in time, an equal success!

Here and there some sweet old darling specially enslaved him by her kindness, grace, knowledge of life, and tender womanly sympathy, like the dowager Lady Chiselhurst—or some sweet young one, like the lovely Duchess of Towers, by her beauty, wit, good-humour, and sisterly interest in all he did, and who in some vague, distant manner constantly reminded him of Trilby, although she was such a great and fashionable lady!

But just such darlings, old or young, were to be found, with still higher ideals,

in less exalted spheres; and were easier of access, with no impassable gulf between—spheres where there was no patronizing, nothing but deference and warm appreciation and delicate flattery, from men and women alike—and where the aged Venuses, whose prime was of the days of Waterloo, went with their historical remains duly shrouded, like ivy-mantled ruins (and in the middle distance).

So he actually grew tired of the great before they had time to tire of him—incredible as it may seem, and against nature; and this saved him many a heart-burning; and he ceased to be seen at fashionable drums or gatherings of any kind, except in one or two houses where he was especially liked and made welcome for his own sake; such as Lord Chiselhurst's in Piccadilly, where the "Moon-Dial" found a home for a few years, before going to its last home and final resting-place in the National Gallery (R. I. P.); or Baron Stoppenheim's in Cavendish Square, where many lovely little water-colours signed W. B. occupied places of honour on gorgeously gilded walls; or the gorgeously gilded bachelor rooms of Mr. Moses Lyon, the picture-dealer in Upper Conduit Street—for Little Billee (I much grieve to say it of a hero of romance) was an excellent man of business. That infinitesimal dose of the good old Oriental blood kept him straight, and not only made him stick to his last through thick and thin, but also to those whose foot his last was found to match (for he couldn't or wouldn't alter his last).

He loved to make as much money as he could, that he might spend it royally in pretty gifts to his mother and sister, whom it was his pleasure to load in this way, and whose circumstances had been very much altered by his quick success. There was never a more generous son or brother than Little Billee of the clouded heart, that couldn't love any longer!

As a set-off to all these splendours, it was also his pleasure now and again to study London life at its lower end—the eastest end of all. Whitechapel, the Minories, the Docks, Ratcliffe Highway, Rotherhithe, soon got to know him well, and he found much to interest him and much to like among their denizens, and made as many friends there among ship-carpenters, excise-men, longshoremen, jack-tars, and what not, as in Bayswater and Belgravia (or Bloomsbury).

He was especially fond of frequenting sing-songs, or "free-and-easy," where good, hard-working fellows met of an evening to relax and smoke and drink and sing—round a table well loaded with steaming tumblers and pewter pots, at one end of which sits Mr. Chairman in all his glory, and at the other "Mr. Vice." They are open to any one who can afford a pipe, a

"DARLINGS, OLD OR YOUNG"

THE CHAIRMAN

screw of tobacco, and a pint of beer, and who is willing to do his best and sing a song.

No introduction is needed; as soon as any one has seated himself and made himself comfortable, Mr. Chairman taps the table with his long clay pipe, begs for silence, and says to his vis-à-vis: "Mr. Vice, it strikes me as the gen'l'man as is just come in 'as got a singing face. Per'aps, Mr. Vice, you'll be so very kind as juster harsk the aforesaid gen'l'man to oblige us with a 'armony."

Mr. Vice then puts it to the new-comer, who, thus appealed to, simulates a modest surprize, and finally professes his willingness, like Mr. Barkis; then, clearing his throat a good many times, looks up to the ceiling, and after one or two unsuccessful starts in different keys, bravely sings "Kathleen Mauvourneen," let us say—perhaps in a touchingly sweet tenor voice:

"Kathleen Mavourneen, the gry dawn is brykin',
The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill." . . .

And Little Billee didn't mind the dropping of all these aitches if the voice was sympathetic and well in tune, and the sentiment simple, tender, and sincere.

Or else, with a good rolling jingo bass, it was,

"'Earts o' hoak are our ships; 'earts o' hoak are our men;
And we'll fight and we'll conkwer agen and agen!"

And no imperfection of accent, in Little Billee's estimation, subtracted one jot from the manly British pluck that found expression in these noble sentiments—nor added one tittle to their swaggering, blatant, and idiotically aggressive vulgarity!

Well, the song finishes with general applause all round. Then the chairman says, "Your 'ealth and song, sir!" And drinks, and all do the same.

Then Mr. Vice asks, "What shall we 'ave the pleasure of saying, sir, after that very nice 'armony?"

And the blushing vocalist, if he knows the ropes, replies, "A roast leg o' mutton in Newgate, and nobody to eat it!" Or else, "May 'im as is going up the 'ill o' prosperity never meet a friend coming down!" Or else, "'Ere's to 'er as shares our sorrers and doubles our joys!" Or else, "'Ere's to 'er as shares our joys and doubles our expenses!" and so forth.

More drink, more applause, and many 'ear, 'ears. And Mr. Vice says to the singer: "Your call, sir. Will you be so good as to call on some other gen'l'man for a 'armony?" And so the evening goes on.

And nobody was more quickly popular at such gatherings, or sang better songs, or proposed more touching sentiments, or filled either chair or vice-chair with more grace and dignity than Little Billee. Not even Dodor or l'Zouzou could have beaten him at that.

And he was as happy, as genial, and polite, as much at his ease, in these humble gatherings as in the gilded saloons of the great, where grand-pianos are, and hired

accompanists, and highly-paid singers, and a good deal of talk while they sing.

So his powers of quick, wide, universal sympathy grew and grew, and made up to him a little for his lost power of being specially fond of special individuals. For he made no close friends among men, and ruthlessly snubbed all attempts at intimacy —all advances towards an affection which he felt he could not return; and more than one enthusiastic admirer of his talent and his charm was forced to acknowledge that, with all his gifts, he seemed heartless and capricious; as ready to drop you as he had been to take you up.

He loved to be wherever he could meet his kind, high or low; and felt as happy on a penny steamer as on the yacht of a millionaire—on the crowded knife-board of an omnibus as on the box-seat of a nobleman's drag—happier; he liked to feel the warm contact of his fellow-man at either shoulder and at his back, and didn't object to a little honest grime! And I think all this genial caressing love of his kind, this depth and breadth of human sympathy, are patent in all his work.

On the whole, however, he came to prefer for society that of the best and cleverest of his own class—those who live and prevail by the professional exercise of their own specially trained and highly educated wits, the skilled workmen of the brain—from the Lord Chief-Justice of England downward—the salt of the earth, in his opinion: and stuck to them.

There is no class so genial and sympathetic as *our own*, in the long-run—even if it be but the criminal class! none where the welcome is likely to be so genuine and sincere, so easy to win, so difficult to outstay, if we be but decently pleasant and successful; none where the memory of us will be kept so green (if we leave any memory at all!).

So Little Billee found it expedient, when he wanted rest and play, to seek them at the houses of those whose rest and play were like his own—little halts in a seeming happy life-journey, full of toil and strain and endeavour; oases of sweet water and cooling shade, where the food was good and plentiful, though the tents might not be of cloth of gold; where the talk was of something more to his taste than court or sport or narrow party politics; the new beauty; the coming match of the season; the coming ducal conversion to Rome; the last elopement in high life—the next! and where the music was that of the greatest music-makers that can be, who found rest and play in making better music for love than they ever made for hire—and were listened to as they should be, with understanding and religious silence, and all the fervent gratitude they deserved.

There were several such houses in London then—and are still—thank Heaven! And Little Billee had his little billet there—and there he was wont to drown himself in waves of lovely sound, or streams of clever talk, or rivers of sweet feminine adulation, seas! oceans!—a somewhat relaxing bath!—and forget for a while his everlasting chronic plague of heart-insensibility, which no doctor could explain or cure, and to which he was becoming gradually resigned —as one does to deafness or blindness or locomotor ataxia—for it had lasted nearly five years! But now and again, during sleep, and in a blissful dream, the lost power of loving—of loving mother, sister, friend—would be restored to him; just as with a blind man who sometimes dreams he has recovered his sight; and the joy of it would wake him to the sad reality: till he got to know, even in his dream, that he was only dreaming, after all, whenever that priceless boon seemed to be his own once more—and did his utmost not to wake. And these were nights to be marked with a white stone, and remembered!

And nowhere was he happier than at the houses of the great surgeons and physicians who interested themselves in his strange disease. When the Little Billees of this world fall ill, the great surgeons and physicians (like the great singers and musicians) do better for them, out of mere love and kindness, than for the princes of the earth, who pay them thousand-guinea fees and load them with honours.

And of all these notable London houses none was pleasanter than that of Cornelys the great sculptor, and Little Billee was such a favourite in that house that he was able to take his friends Taffy and the Laird there the very day they came to London.

First of all they dined together at a delightful little Franco-Italian pothouse near Leicester Square, where they had Bouillabaisse (imagine the Laird's delight), and spaghetti, and a poulet rôti, which is *such* a different affair from a roast fowl! and salad, which Taffy was allowed to make and mix himself; and they all smoked just where they sat, the moment they had swallowed their food—as had been their way in the good old Paris days.

A HAPPY DINNER

That dinner was a happy one for Taffy and the Laird, with their Little Billee apparently unchanged—as demonstrative, as genial, and caressing as ever, and with no swagger to speak of;. and with so many things to talk about that were new to them, and of such delightful interest! They also had much to say—but they didn't say very much about Paris, for fear of waking up Heaven knows what sleeping dogs!

And every now and again, in the midst of all this pleasant foregathering and communion of long-parted friends, the pangs of Little Billee's miserable mind-malady would shoot through him like poisoned arrows.

He would catch himself thinking how fat and fussy and serious about trifles Taffy had become; and what a shiftless, feckless, futile duffer was the Laird; and how greedy they both were, and how red and coarse their ears and gills and cheeks grew as they fed, and how shiny their faces; and how little he would care, try as he might, if they both fell down dead under the table! And this would make him behave more caressingly to them, more genially and demonstratively than ever—for he knew it was all a grewsome physical ailment of his own, which he could no more help than a cataract in his eye!

Then, catching sight of his own face and form in a mirror, he would curse himself for a puny, misbegotten shrimp, an imp—an abortion—no bigger, by the side of the herculean Taffy or the burly Laird of Cockpen, than six-pennorth o' halfpence: a wretched little overrated follower of a poor trivial craft—a mere light amuser! For what did pictures matter, or whether they were good or bad, except to the trifers who painted them, the dealers who sold them, the idle, uneducated, purse-proud fools who bought them and stuck them up on their walls because they were told!

And he felt that if a dynamite shell were beneath the table where they sat, and its fuse were smoking under their very noses, he would neither wish to warn his friends nor move himself. He didn't care a d——!

And all this made him so lively and brilliant in his talk, so fascinating and droll and witty, that Taffy and the Laird wondered at the improvement success and the experience of life had wrought in him, and marvelled at the happiness of his lot, and almost found it in their warm affectionate hearts to feel a touch of envy!

Oddly enough, in a brief flash of silence, "entre la poiret et le fromage," they heard a foreigner at an adjoining table (one of a very noisy group) exclaim: "Mais quand je vous dis que j' l'ai entendue, moi, la Svengali! et même qu'elle a chanté l'Impromptu de Chopin absolument comme si c'était un piano qu'on jouait! voyons! . . ."

"Farceur! la bonne blague!" said another —and then the conversation became so noisily general it was no good listening any more.

"Svengali! how funny that name should

turn up! I wonder what's become of *our* Svengali, by-the-way?" observed Taffy.

"I remember *his* playing Chopin's Impromptu," said Little Billee; "what a singular coincidence!"

There were to be more coincidences that night; it never rains them but it pours!

So our three friends finished their coffee and liquered up, and went to Cornelys's, three in a hansom—

"Like Mars,
A-smokin' their poipes and cigyars."

Sir Louis Cornelys, as everybody knows, lives in a palace on Campden Hill, a house of many windows; and whichever window he looks out of, he sees his own garden and very little else. In spite of his eighty years, he works as hard as ever, and his hand has lost but little of its cunning. But he no longer gives those splendid parties that made him almost as famous a host as he was an artist.

When his beautiful wife died he shut himself up from the world; and now he never stirs out of his house and grounds except to fulfil his duties at the Royal Academy and dine once a year with the Queen.

It was very different in the early sixties. There was no pleasanter or more festive house than his in London, winter or summer—no lordlier host than he—no more irresistible hostesses than Lady Cornelys and her lovely daughters; and if ever music had a right to call itself divine, it was there you heard it—on late Saturday nights during the London season—when the foreign birds of song come over to reap their harvest in London Town.

It was on one of the most brilliant of these Saturday nights that Taffy and the Laird, chaperoned by Little Billee, made their début at Mechelen Lodge, and were received at the door of the immense music-room by a tall powerful man with splendid eyes and a gray beard, and a small velvet cap on his head—and by a Greek matron so beautiful and stately and magnificently attired that they felt inclined to sink them on their bended knees as in the presence of some overwhelming European royalty—and were only prevented from doing so, perhaps, by the simple, sweet, and cordial graciousness of her welcome.

And whom should they be shaking hands with next but Sibley, Lorrimer, and the Greek—with each a beard and mustache of nearly five years' growth!

But they had no time for much exuberant greeting, for there was a sudden piano crash—and then an immediate silence, as though for pins to drop—and Signor Guiglini and the wondrous maiden Adelina Patti sang the Miserere out of Signor Verdi's most famous opera—to the delight of all but a few very superior ones who had just read Mendelssohn's letters (or misread them) and despised Italian music; and thought cheaply of "mere virtuosity," either vocal or instrumental.

When this was over, Little Billee pointed out all the lions to his friends—from the Prime Minister down to the present scribe—who was right glad to meet them again and talk of auld lang syne, and present them to the daughters of the house and other charming ladies.

Then Roucouly, the great French barytone, sang Durien's favourite song,

"Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment;
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie. . . ."

with quite a little drawing-room voice—but quite as divinely as he had sung "Noël, noël," at the Madeleine in full blast one certain Christmas eve our three friends remembered well.

Then there was a violin solo by young Joachim, then as now the greatest violinist of his time; and a solo on the piano-forte by Madame Schumann, his only peeress! and these came as a wholesome check to the levity of those for whom all music is but an agreeable pastime, a mere emotional delight, in which the intellect has no part; and also as a well-deserved humiliation to all virtuosi who play so charmingly that they make their listeners forget the master who invented the music in the lesser master who interprets it!

For these two—man and woman—the highest of their kind, never let you forget it was Sebastian Bach they were playing—playing in absolute perfection, in absolute forgetfulness of themselves—so that if you weren't up to Bach, you didn't have a very good time!

But if you were (or wished it to be understood or thought you were), you seized your opportunity and you scored; and by the earnestness of your rapt and tranced immobility, and the stony, gorgon-like intensity of your gaze, you rebuked the frivolous—as you had rebuked them before by the listlessness and carelessness of your bored resignation to the Signorina Patti's trills and fioritures, or M. Roucouly's pretty little French mannerisms.

And what added so much to the charm of

this delightful concert was that the guests were not packed together sardine-wise, as they are at most concerts; they were comparatively few and well chosen, and could get up and walk about and talk to their friends between the pieces, and wander off into other rooms and look at endless beautiful things, and stroll in the lovely grounds, by moon or star or Chinese-lantern light.

And there the frivolous could sit and chat and laugh and flirt when Bach was being played inside; and the earnest wander up and down together in soul-communion, through darkened walks and groves and

"A-SMOKIN' THEIR POIPES AND CIGYARS"

alleys where the sound of French or Italian warblings could not reach them, and talk in earnest tones of the great Zola, or Guy de Maupassant and Pierre Loti, and exult in beautiful English over the inferiority of English literature, English art, English music, English everything else.

For these high-minded ones who can only bear the sight of classical pictures and the sound of classical music do not necessarily read classical books in any language—no Shakespeares or Dantes or Molières or Goethes for *them*. They know a trick worth two of that!

And the mere fact that these three immortal French writers of light books I have just named had never been heard of at this particular period doesn't very much matter; they had cognate predecessors whose names I happen to forget. Any stick will do to beat a dog with, and history is always repeating itself.

Feydeau, or Flaubert, let us say—or for those who don't know French and cultivate an innocent mind, Miss Austen (for to be dead and buried is almost as good as to be French and immoral!)—and Sebastian Bach, and Sandro Botticelli—that all the arts should be represented. These names are rather discrepant, but they made very good sticks for dog-beating; and with a thorough knowledge and appreciation of these (or the semblance thereof), you were well equipped in those days to hold your own among the elect of intellectual London circles, and snub the philistine to rights.

Then, very late, a tall, good-looking, swarthy foreigner came in, with a roll of music in his hands, and his entrance made quite a stir; you heard all round, "Here's Glorioli," or "Ecco Glorioli," or "Voici Glorioli," till Glorioli got on your nerves. And beautiful ladies, ambassadresses, female celebrities of all kinds, fluttered up to him and cajoled and fawned;—as Svengali would have said, "Prinzessen, Comtessen, Serene English Altessen!"—and they soon forgot their Highness and their Serenity!

For with very little pressing Glorioli stood up on the platform, with his accom-

panist by his side at the piano, and in his hands a sheet of music, at which he never looked. He looked at the beautiful ladies, and ogled and smiled; and from his scarcely parted, moist, thick, bearded lips, which he always licked before singing, there issued the most ravishing sounds that had ever been heard from throat of man or woman or boy! He could sing both high and low and soft and loud, and the frivolous were bewitched, as was only to be expected; but even the earnestest of all, caught, surprised, rapt, astounded, shaken, tickled, teased, harrowed, tortured, tantalized, aggravated, seduced, demoralized, corrupted into naturalness, forgot to dissemble their delight.

And Sebastian Bach (the especially adored of all really great musicians, and also, alas! of many priggish outsiders who don't know a single note and can't remember a single tune) was well forgotten for the night; and who were more enthusiastic than the two great players who had been playing Bach that evening? For these, at all events, were broad and catholic and sincere, and knew what was beautiful, whatever its kind.

It was but a simple little song that Glorioli sang, as light and pretty as it could well be, almost worthy of the words it was written to, and the words are De Musset's; and I love them so much I can not resist the temptation of setting them down here, for the mere sensuous delight of writing them, as though I had just composed them myself:

"Bonjour, Suzon, ma fleur des bois!
Es-tu toujours la plus jolie?
Je reviens, tel que tu me vois,
D'un grand voyage en Italie!
Du paradis j'ai fait le tour—
J'ai fait des vers—j'ai fait l'amour. . . .
Mais que t'importe!
Mais que t'importe!
Je passe devant ta maison:
Ouvre ta porte!
Ouvre ta porte!
Bonjour, Suzon!

"Je t'ai vue au temps des lilas.
Ton cœur joyeux venait d'éclore,
Et tu disais: 'je ne veux pas,
Je ne veux pas qu'on m'aime encore.'
Qu'as-tu fait depuis mon départ?
Qui part trop tôt revient trop tard.
Mais que m'importe?
Mais que m'importe?
Je passe devant ta maison:
Ouvre ta porte!
Ouvre ta porte!
Bonjour, Suzon!"

And when it began, and while it lasted, and after it was over, one felt really sorry for all the other singers. And nobody sang any more that night; for Glorioli was tired, and wouldn't sing again, and none were bold enough or disinterested enough to sing after him.

Some of my readers may remember that meteoric bird of song, who, though a mere amateur, would condescend to sing for a hundred guineas in the saloons of the great (as Monsieur Jourdain sold cloth); who would sing still better for love and glory in the studios of his friends.

For Glorioli—the biggest, handsomest, and most distinguished-looking Jew that ever was—one of the Sephardim (one of the Seraphim!)—hailed from Spain, where he was junior partner in the great firm of Moralés, Peralés, Gonzalés, & Glorioli, wine-merchants, Malaga. He travelled for his own firm; his wine was good, and he sold much of it in England. But his voice would bring him far more gold in the month he spent here; for his wines have been equalled—even surpassed—but there was no voice like his anywhere in the world, and no more finished singer.

Anyhow, his voice got into Little Billee's head more than any wine, and the boy could talk of nothing else for days and weeks; and was so exuberant in his expressions of delight and gratitude that the great singer took a real fancy to him (especially when he was told that this fervent boyish admirer was one of the greatest English painters); and as a mark of his esteem, privately confided to him after supper that every century two human nightingales were born—only two! a male and a female; and that he, Glorioli, was the representative "male rossignol of this soi-disant dix-neuvième siècle."

"I can well believe that! And the female, your mate that should be—*la rossignolle*, if there is such a word?" inquired Little Billee.

"Ah! mon ami . . . it was Alboni, till la petite Adelina Patti came out a year or two ago; and now it is *la Svengali*."

"La Svengali?"

"Oui, mon fy! You will hear her some day—et vous m'en direz des nouvelles!"

"Why, you don't mean to say that she's got a better voice than Madame Alboni?"

"Mon ami, an apple is an excellent thing—until you have tried a peach! Her voice to that of Alboni is as a peach to an apple—I give you my word of honour! but bah! the voice is a detail. It's what she does with it—it's incredible! it gives one cold all down the back! it drives you mad! it makes

"BONJOUR, SUZON!"

you weep hot tears by the spoonful! Ah! the tear, mon fy! tenez! I can draw everything but *that!* Ça n'est pas dans mes cordes! *I* can only madden with *love!* But la Svengali! . . . And then, in the middle of it all, prrrout! . . . she makes you laugh! Ah! le beau rire! faire rire avec des larmes plein les yeux—voilà qui me passe! . . . Mon ami, when I heard her it made me swear that even *I* would never try to sing any more—it seemed *too* absurd! and I kept my word for a month at least—and you know, je sais ce que je vaux, moi!"

"You are talking of la Svengali, I bet," said Sgnor Spartia.

"Oui, parbleu! You have heard her?"

"Yes—at Vienna last winter," rejoined the greatest singing-master in the world. "J'en suis fou! hélas! I thought *I* could teach a woman how to sing, till I heard that blackguard Svengali's pupil. He has married her, they say!"

"That *blackguard* Svengali!" exclaimed Little Billee . . . "why, that must be a Svengali I knew in Paris—a famous pianist! a friend of mine!"

"That's the man! also une fameuse crapule (sauf vot' respect); his real name is Adler; his mother was a Polish singer; and he was a pupil at the Leipzic Conservatorio. But he's an immense artist, and a great singing-master, to teach a woman like that! and such a woman! belle comme un ange—mais bête comme un pot. I tried to talk to her—all she can say is 'ja wohl,' or 'doch,' or 'nein,' or 'soh'! not a word of English or French or Italian, though she sings them, oh! but *divinely!* It is '*il bel canto*' come back to the world after a hundred years. . . ."

"But what voice is it?" asked Little Billee.

"Every voice a mortal woman can have—three octaves—four! and of such a quality that people who can't tell one tune from another cry with pleasure at the mere sound of it directly they hear her; just like anybody else. Everything that Paganini could do with his violin, she does with her voice—only better—and what a voice! un vrai baume!"

"Now I don't mind petting zat you are schbeaking of la Sfencali," said Herr Kreutzer, the famous composer, joining in. "Quelle merfeille, hein? I heard her in St. Betersburg, at ze Vinter Balace. Ze vomen all vent mat, and pulled off zeir bearls and tiamonts and kave zem to her—vent town on zeir knees and gried and gissed her hants. She tit not say vun vort! She tit not efen schmile! Ze men schnifelled in ze gorners, and looked at ze bictures, and tissempled—efen I, Johann Kreutzer! efen ze Emperor!"

"You're joking," said Little Billee.

"My vrent, I neffer choke ven I talk apout zinging. You will hear her zum tay yourzellof, and you will acree viz me zat zere are two classes of beoble who zing. In ze vun class, la Sfencali; in ze ozzer, all ze ozzer zingers!"

"And does she sing good music?"

"I ton't know. *All* music is koot ven *she* zings it. I forket ze zong; I can only sink of ze zinger. Any koot zinger can zing a peautiful zong and kif bleasure, I zubboce! But I voot zooner hear la Sfencali zing a scale zan anypotty else zing ze most peautiful zong in ze vorldt—efen vun of my own! Zat is berhaps how zung ze crate Italian zingers of ze last century. It vas a lost art, and she has found it; and she must haf pecun to zing pefore she pecan to schpeak—or else she voot not haf hat ze time to learn all zat she knows, for she is not yet zirty. She zings in Paris in Ogdoper, Gott sei dank! and gums here after Christmas to zing at Trury Lane. Chullien kifs her ten sousand bounts!"

"I wonder, now! Why, that must be the woman I heard at Warsaw two years ago—or three," said young Lord Witlow. "It was at Count Siloszech's. He'd heard her sing in the streets, with a tall black-bearded ruffian, who accompanied her on a guitar, and a little fiddling gypsy fellow. She was a handsome woman, with hair down to her knees, but stupid as an owl. She sang at Siloszech's, and all the fellows went mad and gave her their watches and diamond studs and gold scarf-pins. By gad! I never heard or saw anything like it. I don't know much about music myself—couldn't tell 'God Save the Queen' from 'Pop Goes the Weasel,' if the people didn't get up and stand and take their hats off; but I was as mad as the rest—why, I gave her a little German silver vinaigrette I'd just bought for my wife; hanged if I didn't—and I was only just married, you know! It's the peculiar twang of her voice, I suppose!"

And hearing all this, Little Billee made up his mind that life had still something in store for him, since he would some day hear la Svengali. Anyhow, he wouldn't shoot himself till then!

Thus the night wore itself away. The Prinzessen, Comtessen, and Serene English

Altessen (and other ladies of less exalted rank) departed home in cabs and carriages; and hostess and daughters went to bed. Late sitters of the ruder sex supped again, and smoked and chatted and listened to comic songs and recitations by celebrated actors. Noble dukes hobnobbed with low comedians; world-famous painters and sculptors sat at the feet of Hebrew capitalists and aitchless millionaires. Judges, cabinet ministers, eminent physicians, and warriors and philosophers saw Sunday morning steal over Campden Hill and through the many windows of Mechelen Lodge, and listened to the pipe of half-awakened birds, and smelt the freshness of the dark summer dawn. And as Taffy and the Laird walked home to the Old Hummums by daylight, they felt that last night was ages ago, and that since then they had foregathered with "much there was of the best in London." And then they reflected that "much there was of the best in London" were still strangers to them—except by reputation—for there had not been time for many introductions: and this had made them feel a little out of it; and they found they hadn't had such a very good time after all. And there were no cabs. And they were tired, and their boots were tight.

And the last they had seen of Little Billee before leaving was a glimpse of their old friend in a corner of Lady Cornelys's boudoir, gravely playing cup-and-ball with Fred Walker for sixpences—both so rapt in the game that they were unconscious of anything else, and both playing so well (with either hand) that they might have been professional champions!

And the Rabelaisian Macey Sparks (now, most respectable of Royal Academicians) who sometimes, in his lucid intervals after supper and champagne, was given to thoughtful, acute, and sympathetic observation of his fellow-men, had remarked in a hoarse, smoky, hiccuppy whisper to the Laird: "Rather an enviable pair! Their united ages amount to forty-eight or so, their united weights to about fifteen stone, and they couldn't carry you or me between them. But if you were to roll all the other brains that have been under this roof to-night into one, you wouldn't reach the sum of their united genius. . . . I wonder which of the two is the most unhappy!"

And for once the Rabelaisian Macey Sparks wasn't joking. . . .

The season over, the song-birds flown, summer on the wane, his picture, the "Moon-Dial," sent to Moses Lyon's (the picture-dealer in Conduit Street), Little Billee felt the time had come to go and see his mother and sister in Devonshire, and make the sun shine twice as brightly for them during a month or so, and the dew fall softer!

So one fine August morning found him at the Great Western Station—the nicest station in all London, I think—except the stations that book you to France and far away.

It always seems so pleasant to be going west! Little Billee loved that station, and often went there for a mere stroll, to watch the people starting on their westward way, following the sun towards Heaven knows what joys or sorrows, and envy them their sorrows or their joys—any sorrows or joys that were not merely physical, like a choco-

A HUMAN NIGHTINGALE

late drop or a pretty tune, a bad smell or a toothache.

And as he took a seat in a second-class carriage (it would be third in these democratic days), south corner, back to the engine, with *Silas Marner*, and Darwin's *Origin of Species* (which he was reading for the third time), and *Punch*, and other literature of a lighter kind, to beguile him on his journey, he felt rather bitterly how happy he could be if the little spot, or knot, or blot, or clot which paralyzed that convolution of his brain where he kept his affections could but be conjured away!

The dearest mother, the dearest sister in the world, in the dearest little sea-side village (or town) that ever was! and other dear people—especially Alice, sweet Alice with hair so brown, his sister's friend, the simple, pure, and pious maiden of his boyish dreams: and himself, but for that wretched little kill-joy cerebral occlusion, as sound, as healthy, as full of life and energy, as he had ever been!

And when he wasn't reading *Silas Marner*, or looking out of window at the flying landscape, and watching it revolve round its middle distance (as it always seems to do), he was sympathetically taking stock of his fellow-passengers, and mildly envying them, one after another, indiscriminately!

A fat, old, wheezy philistine, with a bulbous nose and only one eye, who had a plain, sickly daughter, to whom he seemed devoted, body and soul; an old lady, who still wept furtively at recollections of the parting with her grandchildren, which had taken place at the station (they had borne up wonderfully, as grandchildren do); a consumptive curate, on the opposite corner seat by the window, whose tender, anxious wife (sitting by his side) seemed to have no thoughts in the whole world but for him; and her patient eyes were his stars of consolation, since he turned to look into them almost every minute, and always seemed a little happier for doing so. There is no better star-gazing than that!

So Little Billee gave her up *his* corner seat, that the poor sufferer might have those stars where he could look into them comfortably without turning his head.

Indeed (as was his wont with everybody), Little Billee made himself useful and pleasant to his fellow-travellers in many ways—so many that long before they had reached their respective journeys' ends they had almost grown to love him as an old friend, and longed to know who this singularly attractive and brilliant youth, this genial, dainty, benevolent little princekin could possibly be, who was dressed so fashionably, and yet went second class, and took such kind thoughts of others; and they wondered at the happiness that must be his at merely being alive, and told him more of their troubles in six hours than they told many an old friend in a year.

But he told them nothing about himself—that self he was so sick of—and left them to wonder.

And at his own journey's end, the farthest end of all, he found his mother and sister waiting for him, in a beautiful little pony-carriage—his last gift—and with them sweet Alice, and in her eyes, for one brief moment, that unconscious look of love surprised which is not to be forgotten for years and years and years—which can only be seen by the eyes that meet it, and which, for the time it lasts (just a flash), makes all women's eyes look exactly the same (I'm told): and it seemed to Little Billee that, for the twentieth part of a second, Alice had looked at him with Trilby's eyes; or his mother's, when that he was a little tiny boy.

It all but gave him the thrill he thirsted for! Another twentieth part of a second, perhaps, and his brain-trouble would have melted away; and Little Billee would have come into his own again—the kingdom of love!

A beautiful human eye! *Any* beautiful eye—a dog's, a deer's, a donkey's, an owl's even! To think of all that it can look, and all that it can see! all that it can even *seem*, sometimes! What a prince among gems! what a star!

But a beautiful eye that lets the broad white light of infinite space (so bewildering and garish and diffused) into one pure virgin heart, to be filtered there! and lets it out again, duly warmed, softened, concentrated, sublimated, focussed to a point as in a precious stone, that it may shed itself (a love-laden effulgence) into some stray fellow-heart close by—through pupil and iris, *entre quatre-z-yeux*—the very elixir of life!

Alas! that such a crown-jewel should ever lose its lustre and go blind!

Not so blind or dim, however, but it can still see well enough to look before and after, and inward and upward, and drown itself in tears, and yet not die! And that's the dreadful pity of it. And this is a quite uncalled-for digression; and I can't think why I should have gone out of my way (at considerable pains) to invent it! In fact—

"Of this here song, should I be axed
the reason for to show,
I don't exactly know, I don't exactly
know!
*But all my fancy dwells upon
Nancy.*" . . .

. . . . . .

"How pretty Alice has grown, mother! quite lovely, I think! and so nice; but she was always as nice as she could be!"

So observed Little Billee to his mother that evening as they sat in the garden and watched the crescent moon sink to the Atlantic.

"Ah! my darling Willie! If you *could* only guess how happy you would make your poor old mammy by growing fond of Alice. . . . And Blanche, too! what a joy for *her!*"

"Good heavens! mother. . . . Alice is not for the likes of *me!* She's for some splendid young Devon squire, six foot high, and acred and whiskered within an inch of his life! . . ."

"Ah, my darling Willie! you are not of those who ask for love in vain. . . . If you only *knew* how she believes in you! She almost beats your poor old mammy at *that!*"

CUP AND BALL

And that night he dreamed of Alice—that he loved her as a sweet good woman should be loved; and knew, even in his dream, that it was but a dream; but, oh! it was good! and he managed not to wake; and it was a night to be marked with a white stone! And (still in his dream) she had kissed him, and healed him of his brain-trouble forever. But when he woke next morning, alas! his brain-trouble was with him still, and he felt that no dream kiss would ever cure it—nothing but a real kiss from Alice's own pure lips!

And he rose thinking of Alice, and dressed and breakfasted thinking of her—and how fair she was, and how innocent, and how well and carefully trained up the way she should go—the beau ideal of a wife. . . . Could she possibly care for a shrimp like himself?

For in his love of outward form he could not understand that any woman who had eyes to see should ever quite condone the signs of physical weakness in man, in favour of any mental gifts or graces whatsoever.

Little Greek that he was, he worshipped the athlete, and opined that all women without exception—all English women especially—must see with the same eyes as himself.

He had once been vain and weak enough to believe in Trilby's love (with a Taffy standing by—a careless, unsusceptible Taffy, who was like unto the gods of Olympus!)—and Trilby had given him up at a word, a hint—for all his frantic clinging.

She would not have given up Taffy, *pour si peu*, had Taffy but lifted a little finger! It is always "just whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad!" with the likes of Taffy . . . but Taffy hadn't even whistled! Yet still he kept thinking of Alice—and he felt he couldn't think of her well enough till he went out for a stroll by himself on a sheep-trimmed down. So he took his pipe and his Darwin, and out he strolled into the early sunshine—up the green Red Lane, past the pretty church, Alice's father's church—and there, at the gate, patiently waiting for his mistress, sat Alice's dog—an old friend of his, whose welcome was a very warm one.

Little Billee thought of Thackeray's lovely poem in *Pendennis:*

"She comes—she's here—she's past!
May heaven go with her! . . ."

Then he and the dog went on together to a little bench on the edge of the cliff—within sight of Alice's bedroom window. It was called "the Honeymooners' Bench."

"That look—that look—that look! Ah—but Trilby had looked like that, too! And there are many Taffys in Devon!"

He sat himself down and smoked and gazed at the sea below, which the sun (still in the east) had not yet filled with glare and robbed of the lovely sapphire-blue, shot with purple and dark green, that comes over it now and again of a morning on that most beautiful coast.

There was a fresh breeze from the west, and the long, slow billows broke into creamier foam than ever, which reflected itself as a tender white gleam in the blue concavities of their shining shoreward curves as they came rolling in. The sky was all of turquoise but for the smoke of a distant steamer—a long thin horizontal streak of dun—and there were little brown or white sails here and there, dotting; and the stately ships went on. . . .

Little Billee tried hard to feel all this beauty with his heart as well as his brain—as he had so often done when a boy—and cursed his insensibility out loud for at least the thousand and first time.

Why couldn't these waves of air and water be turned into equivalent waves of sound, that he might feel them through the only channel that reached his emotions! That one joy was still left to him—but, alas! alas! he was only a painter of pictures—and not a maker of music!

He recited "Break, break, break," to Alice's dog, who loved him, and looked up into his face with sapient, affectionate eyes—and whose name, like that of so many dogs in fiction and so few in fact, was simply Tray. For Little Billee was much given to monologues out loud, and profuse quotations from his favourite bards.

Everybody quoted that particular poem either mentally or aloud when they sat on that particular bench—except a few old-fashioned people, who still said,

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!"

or people of the very highest culture, who only quoted the nascent (and crescent) Robert Browning; or people of no culture at all, who simply held their tongues—and only felt the more!

Tray listened silently.

"Ah, Tray, the best thing but one to do with the sea is to paint it. The next best thing to that is to bathe in it. The best of all is to lie asleep at the bottom. How would *you* like that?

"'And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And in they heart the scrawl shall play. . . .'"

Tray's tail became as a wagging point of interrogation, and he turned his head first on one side and then on the other—his eyes fixed on Little Billee's, his face irresistible in its genial doggy wistfulness.

"Tray, what a singularly good listener you are—and therefore what singularly good manners you've got! I suppose all dogs have!" said Little Billee; and then, in a very tender voice, he exclaimed,

"Alice, Alice, Alice!"

And Tray uttered a soft, cooing, nasal croon in his head register, though he was a barytone dog by nature, with portentous, warlike chest-notes of the jingo order.

"Tray, your mistress is a parson's daughter, and therefore twice as much of a mystery as any other woman in this puzzling world!

"Tray, if my heart weren't stopped with wax, like the ears of the companions of Ulysses when they rowed past the sirens—you've heard of Ulysses, Tray? he loved a dog—if my heart weren't stopped with wax, I should be deeply in love with your mistress; perhaps she would marry me if I asked her—there's no accounting for tastes!—and I know enough of myself to know that I should make her a good husband—that I should make her happy—and I should make two other women happy besides.

"As for myself personally, Tray, it doesn't very much matter. One good woman would do as well as another, if she's equally good-looking. You doubt it? Wait till you get a pimple inside your bump of—your bump of—wherever you keep your fondnesses, Tray.

"For that's what's the matter with me—a pimple—just a little clot of blood at the root of a nerve, and no bigger than a pin's point!

"That's a small thing to cause such a lot of wretchedness, and wreck a fellow's life, isn't it? Oh, curse it, curse it, curse it—every day and all day long!

"And just as small a thing will take it away, I'm told!

"Ah! grains of sand are small things—and so are diamonds! But diamond or grain of sand, only Alice has got that small thing! Alice alone, in all the world, has got the

healing touch for me now; the hands, the lips, the eyes! I know it—I feel it! I dreamed it last night! She looked me well in the face, and took my hand—both hands—and kissed me, eyes and mouth, and told me how she loved me. Ah! what a dream it was! And my little clot melted away like a snowflake on the lips, and I was my old self again, after many years—and all through that kiss of a pure woman.

"I've never been kissed by a pure woman in my life—never! except by my dear mother and sister; and mothers and sisters don't count, when it comes to kissing.

"Ah! sweet physician that she is, and better than all! It will all come back again with a rush, just as I dreamed, and we will have a good time together, we three! . . .

"But your mistress is a parson's daughter, and believes everything she's been taught from a child, just as you do—at least, I hope so. And I like her for it—and you too.

"She has believed her father—will she ever believe me, who thinks so differently? And if she does, will it be good for her?—and then, where will her father come in?

SWEET ALICE

"Oh! it's a bad thing to live, and no longer believe and trust in your father, Tray! to doubt either his honesty or his intelligence. For he (with your mother to help) has taught you all the best he knows, if he has been a good father—till some one else comes and teaches you better—or worse!

"And then, what are you to believe of what good still remains of all that early teaching—and how are you to sift the wheat from the chaff? . . .

"Kneel undisturbed, fair saint! I, for one, will never seek to undermine thy faith in any father, on earth or above it!

"Yes, there she kneels in her father's church, her pretty head bowed over her clasped hands, her cloak and skirts falling in happy folds about her: I see it all!

"And underneath, that poor, sweet, soft, pathetic thing of flesh and blood, the eternal woman—great heart and slender brain—forever enslaved or enslaving, never self-sufficing, never free . . . that dear, weak, delicate shape, so cherishable, so perishable, that I've had to paint so often, and know so well by heart! and love . . . ah, how I love it! Only painter-fellows and sculptor-fellows can ever quite know the fulness of that pure love.

"There she kneels and pours forth her praise or plaint, meekly and duly. Perhaps it's for me she's praying!

"'Leave thou thy sister when she prays.'"

"She believes her poor little prayer will be heard and answered somewhere up aloft. The impossible will be done. She wants what she wants so badly, and prays for it so hard.

"She believes—she believes—what *doesn't* she believe, Tray?

"The world was made in six days. It is just six thousand years old. Once it all lay smothered under rain-water for many weeks, miles deep, because there were so many wicked people about somewhere down in Judee, where they didn't know everything! A costly kind of clearance! And then there was Noah, who *wasn't* wicked, and his most respectable family, and his ark—and Jonah and his whale—and Joshua and the sun, and what not. I remember it all, you see, and, oh! such wonderful things that have happened since! And there's everlasting agony for those who don't believe as she does; and yet she is happy; and good, and very kind; for the mere thought of any live creature in pain makes her wretched!

"After all, if she believes in me, she'll believe in anything; let her!

"Indeed, I'm not sure that it's not rather ungainly for a pretty woman *not* to believe in all these good old cosmic taradiddles, as it is for a pretty child not to believe in Little Red Riding-hood, and Jack and the Beanstalk, and Morgiana and the Forty Thieves; we learn them at our mother's knee, and how nice they are! Let us go on believing them as long as we can, till the child grows up and the woman dies and it's all found out.

"Yes, Tray, I will be dishonest for her dear sake. I will kneel by her side, if ever I have the happy chance, and ever after, night and morning, and all day long on Sundays if she wants me to! What will I *not* do for that one pretty woman who believes in *me?* I will respect even *that* belief, and do my little best to keep it alive

forever. It is much too precious an earthly boon for *me* to play ducks and drakes with. . . .

"So much for Alice, Tray—your sweet mistress and mine.

"But then, there's Alice's papa—and that's another pair of sleeves, as we say in France.

"Ought one ever to play at make-believe with a full-grown man for any consideration whatever—even though he be a parson, and a possible father-in-law? *There's* a case of conscience for you!

"When I ask him for his daughter, as I must, and he asks me for my profession of faith, as he will, what can I tell him? The truth?

"But then, what will *he* say? What allowances will *he* make for a poor little weak-kneed, well-meaning waif of a painter-fellow like me, whose only choice lay between Mr. Darwin and the Pope of Rome, and who has chosen once and forever—and that long ago—before he'd ever even heard of Mr. Darwin's name.

"Besides, why should he make allowances for me? I don't for him. I think no more of a parson than he does of a painter-fellow—and that's precious little, I'm afraid.

"What will he think of a man who says:

"'Look here! the God of your belief isn't mine and never will be—but I love your daughter, and she loves me, and I'm the only man to make her happy!'

"He's no Jephthah; he's made of flesh and blood, although he's a parson—and loves his daughter as much as Shylock loved his.

"Tell me, Tray—thou that livest among parsons—what man, not being a parson himself, can guess how a parson would think, an average parson, confronted by such a poser as that?

"Does he, dare he, *can* he ever think straight or simply on any subject as any other man thinks, hedged in as he is by so many limitations?

"He is as shrewd, vain, worldly, self-seeking, ambitious, jealous, censorious, and all the rest, as you or I, Tray—for all his Christian profession—and just as fond of his kith and kin!

"He is considered a gentleman—which perhaps you and I are not—unless we happen to behave as such; it is a condition of his noble calling. Perhaps it's in order to become a gentleman that he's become a parson! It's about as short a royal road as any to that enviable distinction—as short almost as her Majesty's commission, and much safer, and much less expensive—within reach of the sons of most fairly successful butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers.

"While still a boy he has bound himself irrevocably to certain beliefs, which he will be paid to preserve and preach and enforce through life, and act up to through thick and thin—at all events in the eyes of others—even his nearest and dearest—even the wife of his bosom.

"They are his bread and butter, these beliefs—and a man mustn't quarrel with his bread and butter. But a parson must quarrel with those who don't believe as he tells them!

"Yet a few years' thinking and reading and experience of life, one would suppose, might possibly just shake his faith a little (just as though, instead of being parson, he had been tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, gentleman, apothecary, ploughboy, thief), and teach him that many of these beliefs are simply childish—and some of them very wicked indeed—and most immoral.

"It is very wicked and most immoral to believe, or affect to believe, and tell others to believe, that the unseen, unspeakable, unthinkable Immensity we're all part and parcel of, source of eternal, infinite, indestructible life and light and might, is a kind of wrathful, glorified, and self-glorifying ogre in human shape, with human passions, and most inhuman hates—who suddenly made us out of nothing, one fine day—just for a freak—and made us so badly that we fell the next—and turned us adrift the day after—damned us from the very beginning—*ab ovo—ab ovo usque ad malum*—ha, ha!—and ever since! never gave us a chance!

"All-merciful Father, indeed! Why, the Prince of Darkness was an angel in comparison (and a gentleman into the bargain).

"Just think of it, Tray—a finger in every little paltry pie—an eye and an ear at every key-hole, even that of the larder, to catch us tripping, and find out if we're praising loud enough, or grovelling low enough, or fasting hard enough—poor god-forsaken worms!

"And if we're naughty and disobedient, everlasting torment for us; torture of so hideous a kind that *we* wouldn't inflict it on the basest criminal, not for one single moment!

"Or else, if we're good and do as we are bid, an eternity of bliss so futile, so idle, and so tame that we couldn't stand it for a week, but for thinking of its one horrible alternative, and of our poor brother for ever and ever roasting away, and howling for the drop of water he never gets.

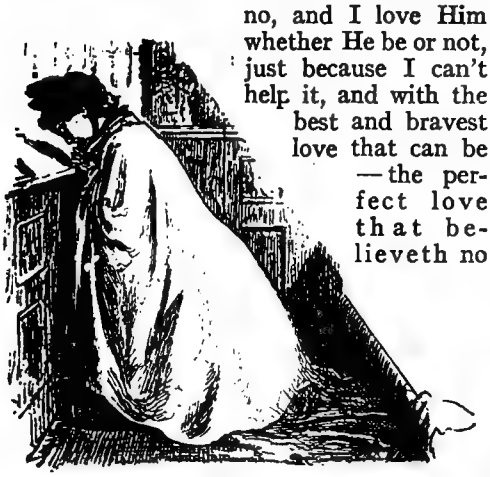
"Everlasting flame, or everlasting dishonour—nothing between!

"Isn't it ludicrous as well as pitiful—a thing to make one snigger through one's tears? Isn't it a grievous sin to believe in such things as these, and go about teaching and preaching them, and being paid for it—a sin to be heavily chastised, and a shame? What a legacy!

"They were shocking bad artists, those conceited, narrow-minded Jews, those poor old doting monks and priests and bigots of the grewsome, dark age of faith! They couldn't draw a bit—no perspective, no chiaro-oscuro; and it's a woful image they managed to evolve for us out of the depths of their fathomless ignorance, in their zeal to keep us off all the forbidden fruit we're all so fond of, because we were built like that! And by whom? By our Maker, I suppose (who also made the forbidden fruit, and made it very nice—and put it so conveniently for you and me to see and smell and reach, Tray—and sometimes even pick, alas!)

"And even at that it's a failure. Only the very foolish little birds are frightened into good behaviour. The naughty ones laugh and wink at each other, and pull out the scarecrow's hair and beard when nobody's looking, and build their nests out of the straw it's stuffed with (the naughty little birds in black, especially), and pick up what they want under its very nose, and thrive uncommonly well; and the good ones fly away out of sight; and some day, perhaps, find a home in some happy, useful father-land far away, where the Father isn't a bit like this. Who knows?

"And I'm one of the good little birds, Tray—at least, I hope so. And that unknown Father lives in me whether I will or no, and I love Him whether He be or not, just because I can't help it, and with the best and bravest love that can be—the perfect love that believeth no evil, and seeketh no reward, and casteth out fear. For I'm His father as much as He's mine, since I've conceived the thought of Him after my own fashion!



"MAY HEAVEN GO WITH HER!"

"And He lives in you too, Tray—you and all your kind. Yes, good dog, you king of beasts, I see it in your eyes. . . .

"Ah, bon Dieu Père, le Dieu des bonnes gens! Oh! if we only knew for *certain*, Tray! what martyrdom would we not endure, you and I, with a happy smile and a grateful heart—for sheer *love* of such a father! How little should *we* care for the things of this earth!

"But the poor parson?

"He must willy-nilly go on believing, or affecting to believe, just as he is told, *word for word*, or else good-bye to his wife and children's bread and butter, his own preferment, perhaps even his very gentility—that gentility of which his Master thought so little, and he and his are apt to think so much—with possibly the Archbishopric of Canterbury at the end of it, the bâton de maréchal that lies in every clerical knapsack.

"What a temptation! one is but human!

"So how can he be honest without believing certain things, to believe which (without shame) one must be as simple as a little child; as, by-the-way, he is so cleverly told to be in these matters, and so cleverly tells us—and so seldom is himself on any other matter whatever—his own interests, other people's affairs, the world, the flesh, and the devil! And that's clever of him too. . . .

"And if he chooses to be as simple as a little child, why shouldn't I treat him as a little child, for his own good, and fool him to the top of his little bent for his dear daughter's sake, that I may make her happy, and thereby him too?

"And if he's *not* quite so simple as all that, and makes artful little compromises with his conscience—for a good purpose, of course—why shouldn't I make artful little compromises with mine, and for a better purpose still, and try to get what I want in the way *he* does? I want to marry his daughter far worse than he can ever want to live in a palace, and ride in a carriage and pair with a mitre on the panels.

"If he *cheats*, why shouldn't I cheat too?

"If *he* cheats, he cheats everybody all round—the wide, wide world, and something wider and higher still that can't be measured, something in himself. *I* only cheat *him!*

"*If* he cheats, he cheats for the sake of very worldly things indeed—tithes, honours, influence, power, authority, social considera-

"SO MUCH FOR ALICE, TRAY"

tion, and respect—not to speak of bread and butter! *I* only cheat for the love of a lady fair—and cheating for cheating, I like my cheating best.

"So, whether he cheats or not, I'll——

"Confound it! what would old Taffy do in such a case, I wonder? . . .

"Oh, bother! it's no good wondering what old Taffy would do.

"Taffy never wants to marry *anybody's* daughter; he doesn't even want to paint her! He only wants to paint his beastly ragamuffins and thieves and drunkards, and be left alone.

"Besides, Taffy's as simple as a little child himself, and couldn't fool any one, and wouldn't if he could—not even a parson. But if any one tries to fool *him*, my eyes! don't he cut up rough, and call names, and kick up a shindy, and even knock people down! That's the worst of fellows like Taffy. They're too good for this world and too solemn. They're impossible, and lack all sense of humour. In point of fact, Taffy's a *gentleman*—poor fellow! *et puis voilà!*

"I'm not simple—worse luck; and I can't knock people down—I only wish I could! I can only paint them! and not even *that* 'as they really are!' . . . Good old Taffy! . . .

"Faint heart never won fair lady!

"Oh, happy, happy thought—I'll be brave and win!

"I can't knock people down, or do doughty deeds, but I'll be brave in my own little way—the only way I can. . . .

"I'll simply lie through thick and thin—I must—I will—nobody need ever be a bit the wiser! I can do more good by lying than by telling the truth, and make more deserving people happy, including myself and the sweetest girl alive—the end shall justify the means: that's my excuse, my only excuse! and this lie of mine is on so stupendous a scale that it will have to last me for life. It's my only one, but its name is *Lion!* and I'll never tell another as long as I live.

"And now that I know what temptation really is, I'll never think any harm of any parson any more . . . never, never, never!"

So the little man went on, as if he knew all about it, had found it all out for himself, and nobody else had ever found it out before! and I am not responsible for his ways of thinking (which are not necessarily my own).

It must be remembered, in extenuation, that he was very young, and not very wise: no philosopher, no scholar—just a painter of lovely pictures; only that and nothing more. Also, that he was reading Mr. Darwin's immortal book for the third time, and it was a little too strong for him; also, that all this happened in the early sixties, long ere Religion had made up her mind to meet Science half-way, and hobnob and kiss and be friends. Alas! before such a lying down of the lion and the lamb can ever come to pass, Religion will have to perform a larger share of the journey than half, I fear!

Then, still carried away by the flood of his own eloquence (for he had never had such an innings as this, nor such a listener), he again apostrophized the dog Tray, who had been growing somewhat inattentive (like the reader, perhaps), in language more beautiful than ever:

"Oh, to be like you, Tray—and secrete love and good-will from morn till night, from night till morning—like saliva, without effort! with never a moment's cessation of flow, even in disgrace and humiliation! How much better to love than to be loved—to love as you do, my Tray—so warmly, so easily, so unremittingly—to forgive all wrongs and neglect and injustice so quickly and so well—and forget a kindness never! Lucky dog that you are!

"'Oh! could I feel as I have felt, or be as I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanished scene,
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish tho' they be,
So 'midst this withered waste of life those tears would flow to me!'

"What do you think of those lines, Tray? I *love* them, because my mother taught them to me when I was about your age—six years old, or seven! and before the bard who wrote them had fallen; like Lucifer, son of the morning! Have you ever heard of Lord Byron, Tray? He too, like Ulysses, loved a dog, and many people think that's about the best there is to be said of him nowadays! Poor Humpty Dumpty! Such a swell as he once was! Not all the king's horses, nor all the——"

Here Tray jumped up suddenly and bolted—he saw some one else he was fond of, and ran to meet him. It was the vicar, coming out of his vicarage.

A very nice-looking vicar—fresh, clean, alert, well tanned by sun and wind and weather—a youngish vicar still; tall, stout, gentlemanlike, shrewd, kindly, worldly, a trifle pompous, and authoritative more than a trifle; not much given to abstract speculation, and thinking fifty times more of any sporting and orthodox young country squire, well-inched and well-acred (and well-whiskered), than of all the painters in Christendom.

"'When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war,'" thought Little Billee; and he felt a little uncomfortable. Alice's father had never loomed so big and impressive before, or so distressingly nice to look at.

"Welcome, my Apelles, to your ain countree, which is growing quite proud of you, I declare! Young Lord Archie Waring was saying only last night that he wished he had half your talent! He's *crazed* about painting, you know, and actually wants to be a painter himself! The poor dear old marquis is quite sore about it!"

With this happy exordium the parson stopped and shook hands; and they both stood for a while, looking seaward. The parson said the usual things about the sea—its blueness; its grayness; its greenness; its beauty; its sadness; its treachery.

"'Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable sea!'"

"Who indeed!" answered Little Billee, quite agreeing. "I vote *we* don't, at all events." So they turned inland.

The parson said the usual things about the land (from the country-gentleman's point of view), and the talk began to flow quite pleasantly, with quoting of the usual poets, and capping of quotations in the usual way—for they had known each other many years—both here and in London. Indeed, the vicar had once been Little Billee's tutor.

And thus, amicably, they entered a small wooded hollow. Then the vicar, turning of a sudden his full blue gaze on the painter, asked, sternly:

"What book's that you've got in your hand, Willie?"

"A—a—it's the *Origin of Species*, by Charles Darwin. I'm very f-f-fond of it. I'm reading it for the third time. . . . It's very g-g-good. It *accounts* for things, you know."

Then, after a pause, and still more sternly:

"What place of worship do you most

"YOU'RE A *THIEF*, SIR!"

attend in London—especially of an evening, William?"

Then stammered Little Billee, all self-control forsaking him:

"I d-d-don't attend any place of worship at all, morning, afternoon, or evening. I've long given up going to church altogether. I can only be frank with you; I'll tell you why. . . . "

And as they walked along the talk drifted on to very momentous subjects indeed, and led, unfortunately, to a serious falling out—for which probably both were to blame—and closed in a distressful way at the other end of the little wooded hollow—a way most sudden and unexpected, and quite grievous to relate. When they emerged into the open, the parson was quite white, and the painter crimson.

"Sir," said the parson, squaring himself up to more than his full height and breadth and dignity, his face big with righteous wrath, his voice full of strong menace—"sir, you're—you're a—you're a *thief*, sir, a *thief!* You're trying to *rob me of my Saviour!* Never you dare to darken *my* doorstep again!"

"Sir," said Little Billee, with a bow, "if it comes to calling names, you're—you're a—no; you're Alice's father; and whatever else you are besides, I'm another for trying to be honest with a parson; so good-morning to you."

And each walked off in an opposite direction, stiff as pokers; and Tray stood between, looking first at one receding figure, then at the other, disconsolate.

And thus Little Billee found out that he could no more lie than he could fly. And so he did not marry sweet Alice after all, and no doubt it was ordered for her good and his. But there was tribulation for many days in the house of Bagot, and for many months in one tender, pure, and pious bosom.

And the best and the worst of it all is that, not very many years after, the good vicar—more fortunate than most clergymen who dabble in stocks and shares—grew suddenly very rich through a lucky speculation in Irish beer, and suddenly, also, took to thinking seriously about things (as a man of business should)—more seriously than he had ever thought before. So at least the story goes in North Devon, and it is not so new as to be incredible. Little doubts grew into big ones—big doubts resolved themselves into downright negations. He quarrelled with his bishop; he quarrelled with his dean; he even quarrelled with his "poor dear old marquis," who died before there was time to make it up again. And finally he felt it his duty, in conscience, to secede from a Church which had become too narrow to hold him, and took himself and his belongings to London, where at least he could breathe. But there he fell into a great disquiet, for the long habit of feeling himself always *en évidence*—of being looked up to and listened to without contradiction; of exercising influence and authority in spiritual matters (and even temporal); of impressing women, especially, with his commanding presence, his fine sonorous voice, his lofty brow, so serious and smooth, his soft, big, waving hands, which soon lost their country tan—all this had grown as a second nature to him, the breath of his nostrils, a necessity of his life. So he rose to be the most popular Unitarian preacher of his day, and pretty broad at that.

But his dear daughter Alice, she stuck to the old faith, and married a venerable High-Church archdeacon, who very cleverly clutched at and caught her and saved her for himself just as she stood shivering on the very brink of Rome; and they were neither happy nor unhappy together—*un ménage bourgeois, ni beau ni laid, ni bon ni mauvais.* And thus, alas! the bond of religious sympathy that counts for so much in united families, no longer existed between father and daughter, and the heart's division divided them. *Ce que c'est que de nous!* . . . The pity of it!

And so no more of sweet Alice with hair so brown.

(*To be continued.*)

Interpretation

By LUIS MUÑOZ MARÍN

THESE are singing things:
The stars,
The sea,
Lovers. . . .

These are silent things:
The night,
The sands,
Love. . . .

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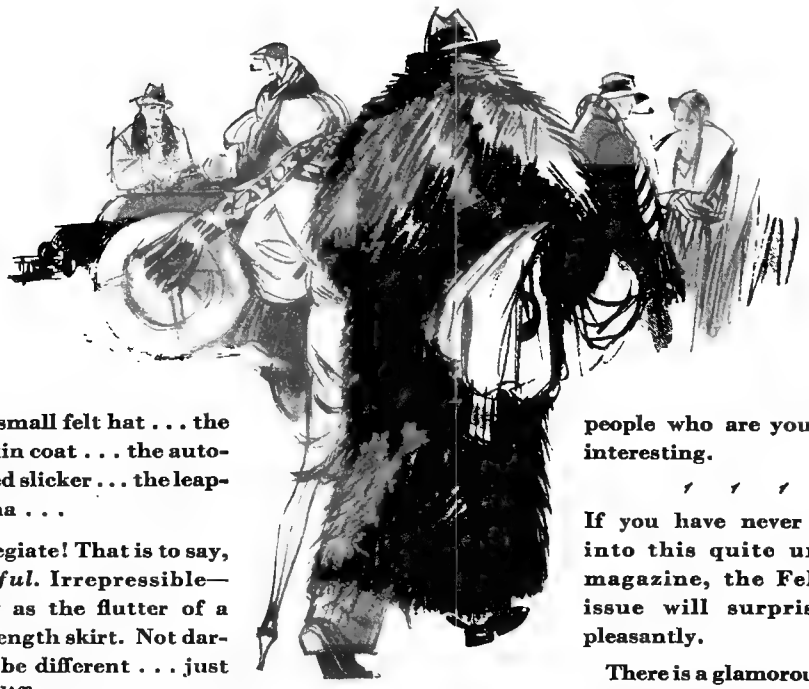

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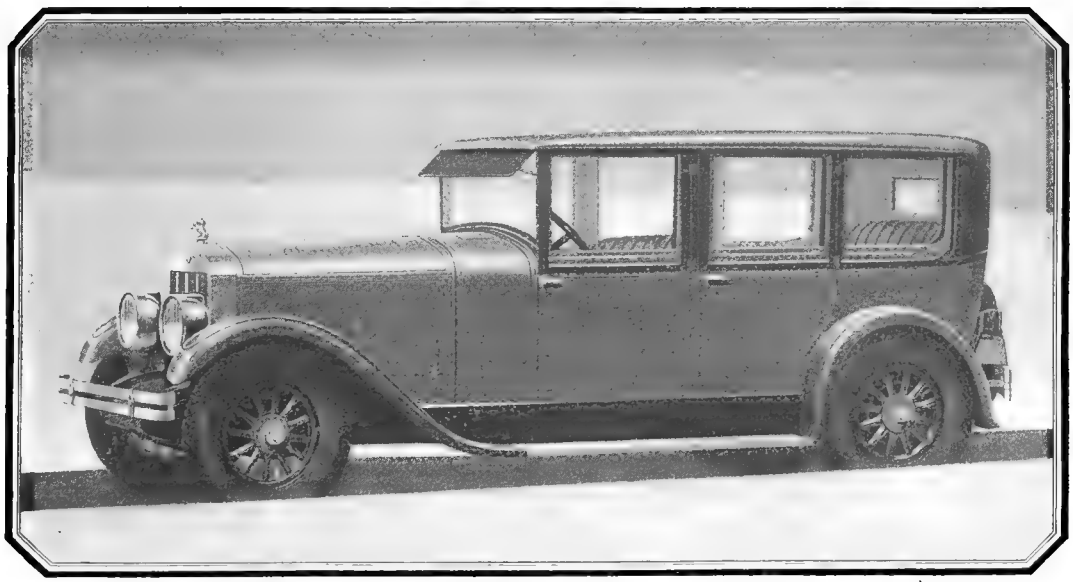

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THE GOLDEN BOOK FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

THE INVESTMENT BUREAU

A department offering its services without charge to readers of THE GOLDEN BOOK. All letters to the Bureau are treated as personal and confidential and are answered in full by mail. Below appear a few extracts from recent correspondence relating to subjects of general interest. Address Investment Bureau, THE GOLDEN BOOK, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

THE GOLDEN BOOK reserves the following pages for announcements of reputable banking houses, trust companies, savings banks brokers, and other financial institutions. Inquiry is made concerning the institutions advertising under this heading and none is accepted that is found to be of questionable character. When writing to these institutions please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK.

Investment Questions and Answers

$50,000 Investment Will you please give me some information about the American Telephone and Telegraph stock? I am considering investing about $50,000 in this stock.

Replying to your inquiry concerning American Tel. & Tel. stock, we would state that this ecurity measures up to a high investment standard. In addition to the cash dividends, the company has issued valuable rights from time to time to its stockholders to purchase new stock at a price well below its market value.

While we regard the stock very favorably, we feel that for as large an amount as you propose to invest it would be well to distribute the funds in several issues. We would therefore suggest that you consider distributing the investment over the following additional stocks:

	Recent Price	*Annual Div.*
Pacific Gas & Electric, common	130	$8.00
Detroit Edison	140	8.00
Edison Electric Illuminating Co. of Boston	220	12.00

The Pacific Gas & Electric Company earned $10.25 a share on the stock in 1923; $9.95 in 1924; $10.12 in 1925. In addition to cash dividends, the company has paid a number of stock dividends in the past. The latest ones were 2 per cent. in each of the three years, 1921, 1922, and 1923.

The Detroit Edison Company earned $13.21 a share on the common stock in 1923; $11.98 in 1924; and $11.92 a share in 1925. The stockholders, in May, 1924, received the right to subscribe for new stock at par, in amounts equal to 25 per cent. of their holdings. In September, 1925, stockholders received the right to subscribe for new stock at par in amounts equal to 10 per cent. of their holdings.

The Edison Electric Illuminating Company earned $16.08 a share on its stock in 1923; $16.86 a share in 1924; and $14.35 a share in 1925. In November, 1923, stockholders received the right to subscribe for new stock at $140 per share in amounts equal to 20 per cent. of their holdings. In November, 1924, stockholders were offered the right to subscribe for new stock at $155 a share in amounts equal to 20 per cent. of their holdings.

By distributing your funds over the four stocks, you would have better balanced investment than if you placed the entire fund in a single stock.

Common Stock for a Young Man's Investment I have $2,000 which I wish to invest within the next few months. Besides this sum, which is now in various savings banks, I own the following bonds:

$1,000 St. Louis & San Francisco P. L. 5s, Ser. B. 1950.
$1,000 Armour & Co. of Del., 5½s, Ser. A. 1943.
$1,000 Beth. Steel, SF 6s, 1948.

As a young business man, I have been considering the advisability of placing this $2,000 in common stocks. Is this preferable as compared to investing it in bonds or preferred stock? Can you suggest a suitable list?

Will you also give me your opinion as to the safety and future possibilities of New England Investment Trust Collateral Trust shares?

Since you already have $3,000 invested in good grade bonds, and since you are a young man engaged in business from which you apparently are receiving more than a living income, we believe that you would be fully justified in placing the $2,000 now available in good stocks. The better grade investment stocks combine a good grade of safety of income and principal, with a chance for considerable appreciation in value. We would suggest that you distribute the money among three or four good issues and we would recommend the following:

Union Carbide & Carbon, common, paying a 6 per cent dividend and selling at 94½.
American Tel. & Tel., common, paying 9 per cent, and selling at 150.
M. K. & T., preferred, paying 6 per cent., and selling at 96.

The Union Carbide & Carbon Company has shown a strong increasing trend in its earnings in the last few years. The earnings on the common stock in the last four years have been as follows:

1925	$7.52
1924	6.30
1923	6.09
1922	4.40

For the first six months of this year, earnings amounted to $3.77 a share, as compared to $2.83 a share for the first six months in 1925.

The American Tel. & Tel. Company has shown consistent growth over a long period of years. Earnings have shown great steadiness, having ranged between $11.10 and $11.79 a share in the six-year period, 1920-25. The $11.79 a share was earned last year. For the first six months of this year, earnings amounted to $6.05 a share, as compared to $5.80 for the corresponding period last year.

(*Continued on page 48*)

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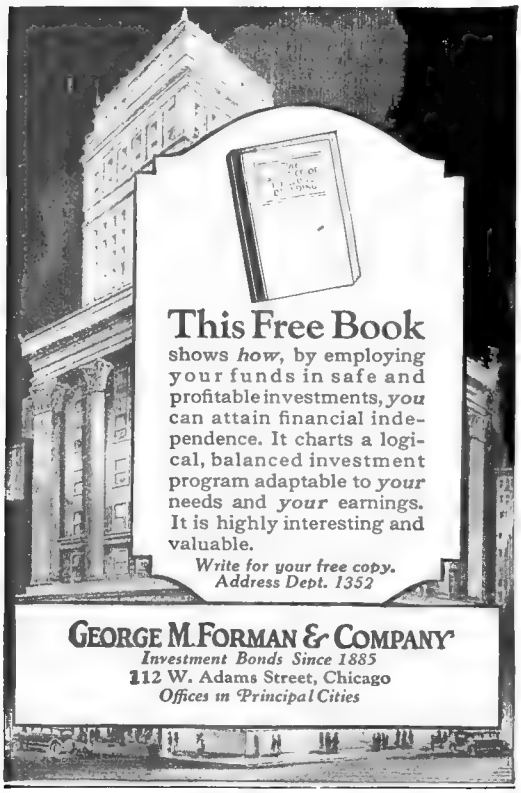
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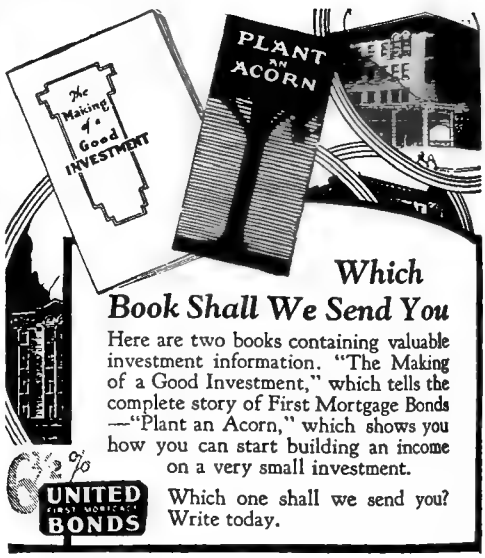
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(*Continued from page 46*)

The Missouri, Kansas & Texas Company has shown a steady improving trend since its reorganization. In 1924, the company earned $22.70 a share on the preferred, and in 1925, $23.60 a share. For the first nine months of this year, the net earnings were a little lower than for the corresponding period last year, but this was due to the fact that the company put back a larger amount of the earnings into maintenance of properties. The company operates in a territory which is growing, so traffic on the lines should increase in future years.

The preferred is now on a 6 per cent. dividend basis, but it will become cumulative at 7 per cent. January 1, 1928. On the basis of earnings in the last two or three years, the company should have no difficulty in paying the full 7 per cent. dividend, and whenever the dividend rate is increased, the value of the stock will undoubtedly show a considerable increase.

Installment Bond Buying I understand that there is a system of buying bonds and paying for them on installment or part payment plan. That is, that one acquires the bond upon full payment but that interest on the bond is discounted from first payment. Could you give me some information on this and perhaps suggest some reliable bonds for such an investment.

Most of the better class real estate bond houses sell their securities on the installment plan. You will find a number of firms of this class advertised on the pages of THE GOLDEN BOOK.

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Adair Guaranteed-Insurable Bonds, yielding 6% to 6½%, are fundamentally safe because of the sound, conservative and time-tried judgment that goes into negotiations for the basic loan — a thorough-going knowledge gained during 61 years active experience in the real estate and mortgage investment field, a period during which every dollar of principal and interest on Adair First Mortgages has been paid promptly to investors on the due date.

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Submit any individual investment question to our Investment Editor, who will promptly reply. The Golden Book Magazine Investment Service is an impartial service under the management, direction and supervision of The Review of Reviews Corporation, and free of charge to the 350,000 and more readers of The Golden Book and The Review of Reviews.

For twenty years The Review of Reviews Magazine has served thousands and thousands of men and women in the handling of their funds for investment. *It has been one of the outstanding services of the magazine and has built tremendous good will for us with readers.*

In addition to this individual investment service there is a supplementary service by which our readers may secure information of vital interest in the matter of investment. Below you will see booklets issued by financial houses. Choose by number those that you wish to see, write us, and we will send you, without cost or obligation on your part, the literature that you desire. Unless otherwise stated the literature will be sent you direct from the financial houses publishing the same.

If the literature of more than one company is desired, kindly enclose ten cents for postage.

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1. Why Your Real Estate Mortgage Bonds Should Be Guaranteed—Adair Realty & Trust Co.
2. Public Utility Securities as Investments—A. C. Allyn and Company.
3. Arnold 6½% Certificates—Arnold & Co.
4. Investing by Mail—Caldwell & Co.
5. The New Year Book—Commonwealth Edison Co.
6. The Way to Wealth—William R. Compton Company.
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9. 8% and Safety—Filer-Cleveland Co.
10. How to Select Safe Bonds—George M. Forman & Co.
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13. The Story of Security Bonds and an Unconditional Guarantee—J. A. W. Iglehart & Co.
14. Insured First Mortgage "Sixes"—Mortgage Insurance Corp.
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February, 1927

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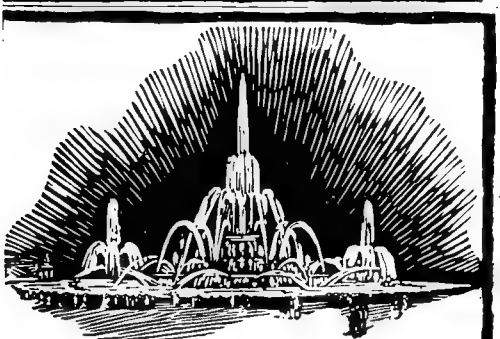

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is adding to its park system a memorial fountain with 73 jets of water, reaching a height of 90 feet and rivaling in beauty the fountains of Versailles. It will be magnificently illuminated, of course—and all power furnished by this company.

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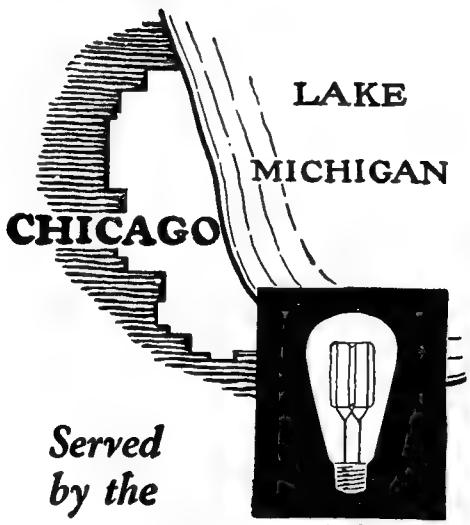

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In February, 1927, this Company pays its 149th consecutive quarterly dividend.

We represent this and other public utility companies operating in 20 states. Write for list of investment suggestions.

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A well-known Financial Editor said recently:

"The solid basis of every investment program is a Savings Bank account. It forms a cash reserve. It is quickly available when needed, as many very good investments are not, and prevents loss in the hurried selling of securities which were intended, and rightly, to be held for the term of investment. A cash reserve in a good Savings Bank makes for contentment."

A deposit account in The Williamsburgh Savings Bank fulfills all the conditions of such a "Solid Basis." It is one of New York State's oldest and soundest Savings Banks—founded in 1851, it has assets of $185,000,000, and 133,000 depositors.

Investors everywhere may have the advantages of this Savings Bank. Write for "Banking By Mail" which gives much additional information and tells how to open an account.

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INVESTMENT QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

(See page 46)

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A TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF RADIO

IT was on December 12th, 1901, that the first transatlantic wireless telegraph message was announced—the forerunner of round the world wireless and of the marvelous radio of today.

Guglielmo Marconi, who made all arrangements, received the message on a cliff overlooking the harbor of St. Johns, Newfoundland, from Poldhu, in Cornwall, England, seventeen hundred miles from Newfoundland.

Up to that time Marconi's experiments had been conducted with considerable secrecy, although it was generally known he was dreaming of some sort of apparatus by which he could establish wireless communication. In a small way he had already achieved this in experiments between shore stations and Italian and French warships. But forty-two miles was the extreme distance covered by these messages.

It was a most amazing thing to the world then when it became convinced beyond all doubt that these 1,700-mile transatlantic messages had actually been achieved.

Marconi had come from Cornwall to Signal Hill at the harbor entrance of St. Johns to establish his experimental station. The station in Cornwall was equipped with apparatus capable of sending a Hertzian wave length one hundred times greater in force than that generated by the ordinary stations. And he instructed his chief electrician there that he would be notified when to begin his efforts to send a wave across the Atlantic.

On December 9th, 1901, Marconi cabled to begin sending the prearranged signals that afternoon and to continue at regular intervals for three hours.

At the very first moment agreed upon the message sped through the air to the elated inventor. It continued to be received the next three hours, but to make absolutely sure of no possible error, Marconi continued his experiments for three more days before announcing the facts.

The receiving apparatus used was primitive. A kite to which was attached a long wire was elevated and the signals were received by this and thence down to the telephone equipment at the ears of the inventor.

* * * *

It was from such beginnings as this that radio of the present day gradually became an accomplished fact.

Into the years that have gone between has gone an endless amount of experimenting, inventing, improving, and perfecting by many minds to make possible for us the radio receiver of today.

The science, art, and business of public broadcasting has also grown by leaps and bounds. It has in fact grown well nigh out of bounds and its proper regulation is now the subject of much discussion.

For radio within a comparatively recent period has shown such possibilities in the way of service to the public that its proper guidance is a matter of national concern.

Great at home or on the open seas - this *double purpose* Radiola

ting under the palms—touring sunny states—sailing the seas :wo sides of the equator . . . . along a portable Radiola. Or where the snows are thick and bob sleds fly—where the ice glassy and the skaters call for sic . . . . take along a portable liola. One of those cleverly ined and remarkably capable er-heterodynes fitted into the ittest portable case. Pick it up arry it off—take your music ı you!

out-o'-doors, Radiola 26 leaves regular batteries at home in r walnut cabinet. Just neat—

Smartly attractive at home—completely portable out-o'-doors—always a fine performer

Radiola 26 is a double-purpose six-tube super-heterodyne. Completely portable. But with a walnut battery box, for home use, with space for larger batteries, and an antenna coupler for hooking up an extra antenna, if you wish it. Or loop may be fastened on the back. With 6 Radiotrons, . . $225

complete—compact—it hides its loudspeaker inside—its loop in the cover—and smaller portable batteries inside the back. Then, home again after a gay trip, it slips inconspicuously back into place in the smartest corner of the living room—attractive in its finely grained walnut cabinet—pleasing to look at—great to listen to!

It is not just a portable radio set, but a real six-tube super-heterodyne with the fine tone and the *proved* quality for which the Radiola is famous. And it adds to its desirability the compactness of a portable, too!

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THE MUSIC FIELD

Our Growth in Music

The Pianoforte a Vital Factor

WE are known as a musical nation and this generation has been called the most musical that ever lived.

Viewed in a broad way this is perhaps true. The country is certainly alive with things musical and never as in recent years has Music reached out in one form or another to capture so many millions of new devotees.

Men are taking a much greater interest in music—one of the most stimulating symptoms of our present musical growth. No longer need any boy hesitate to confess to a love for music in the fear of being thought effeminate. Now many of our foremost men in business proclaim the inspirational benefits they have received from the study of music. A list of notable Americans who are also fine musicians would probably amaze the average reader. They are to be found in cities and towns all over the country.

"Enlightened business men cannot ignore Music." That is the judgment of Mr. George Eastman, one of the notable figures in American business who has performed extraordinary service for musical education in this country. And the opinions of such men, based on their own experience and wide observations, are having a practical and far-reaching effect on their fellow men—great numbers of whom have found that music in some ways is more necessary to them in undergoing the modern business strain than it is to women.

Parents are taking a much greater interest in music and are more impressed than ever before with the great cultural and mind-training benefits that the study of music alone can give. In organized bodies they are urging upon school authorities wherever necessary that the study of music along practical lines be made a part of their children's early training.

Music is in fact becoming recognized as one of the great forces in education. This is a matter of such importance not only to the individual but to the community and to the nation that it is receiving the support of progressive men and women everywhere. No less an educator than the late Doctor Charles Eliot maintained throughout many years that Music, rightly taught, is the best mind trainer on the list and that we should have more of it in our schools the country over. And it was Woodrow Wilson who declared, "The man who disparages music as a luxury and non-essential is doing the nation an injury."

The Lauter Small Grand is a quality piano in every detail, and is shown by better dealers everywhere. A paper floor plan and illustrated catalogue will be sent upon request.

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BEFORE being admitted to the financial department of THE GOLDEN BOOK, every advertiser is very carefully and thoroughly investigated. This rule has obtained for a great many years. The advertisements you see on pages 47 to 52 are those of reliable concerns. The offerings they make you are good offerings—real worthwhile investment opportunities. These advertisers are spending money to do you a service. Their suggestions and advice may prove invaluable. Write them for investment information. Send for their literature. Get acquainted. These people are good to know.

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CHILDREN beginning piano study must first learn to acquire correct touch. Your child will make better progress when his practice begins on a piano containing the Wessell, Nickel & Gross piano action. This action's perfect balance and delicate responsiveness aid little fingers in establishing correct habits of touch and of tone production. Children love the crisp, easy feel of the keys on a piano Wessell, Nickel & Gross equipped.

Moreover, your insistence on a Wessell, Nickel & Gross equipped piano assures you a *quality instrument*. This famous product—the *world's highest-priced piano action*—is found only in pianos and players of established excellence.

WESSELL, NICKEL & GROSS
Established 1874 New York City

When you Buy an Upright, Grand, Player or Reproducing Piano—Insist on the Wessell, Nickel & Gross Piano Action.

The more recent awakening of the general public to the possibilities and the power of Music and to its need in our daily lives has been brought about in various ways.

The phonograph, the player-piano, the radio, have each been of great value in increasing musical knowledge, musical appreciation and musical receptiveness. Possibly our advance along these lines has been more notable than has our progress in the art itself. For Music, in order to develop, must depend upon the *trained* intelligence of listeners. To get the highest value out of music one must actually give it some study.

It is fortunate therefore that in creating distinct places for themselves in public favor, the phonograph, player-piano, and radio have been serving to bring about wider realization of the basic importance of the pianoforte.

> *"Music is fundamental — one of the great sources of life, health, strength and happiness."*
>
> —Luther Burbank.

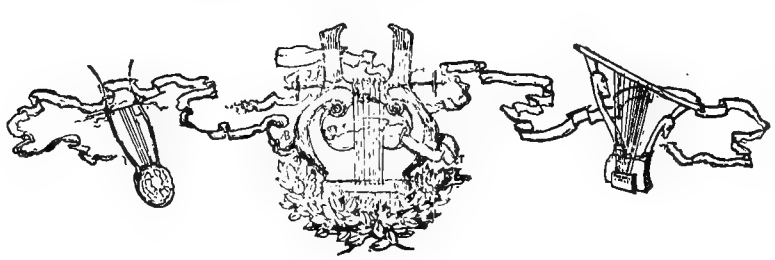
For the pianoforte, or piano as it is now generally called, like the illustrious pipe organ, is one of the really fundamental musical instruments. It is the only one on which the three elements of music —rhythm, melody and harmony—can be produced simultaneously and completely. It is the one instrument above all others that will most readily and richly repay its study and actual use.

It was Owen Wister, an accomplished musician as well as one of our greatest authors, who wrote: "Music, as an Art, may be best approached through the pianoforte. That is, unless some one is preparing to make a specialty of some other instrument it is perhaps a mistake to inaugurate a musical education with another instrument. There is nothing in the literature of music that cannot be explained through the piano.

"It is for this reason I feel very strongly that everyone who desires to study music, whether the design is professional or amateur, should at first strive to gain a certain pianistic facility. The piano is easily the most practical instrument for this purpose and the average student gets more from it."

Because of this generally accepted view, and because so much of the musical history and progress of the past century has been written around this single instrument, one of the earlier purposes of the music talks to appear in this magazine will be to tell the story of the piano from its early beginnings and throughout its stages of development to the splendid instruments of the present day.

The talks on this and other subjects will aim to be of interest to every one interested in music and of as much practical value as possible in the way of helpful information and occasional suggestions.



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Reproduction from a painting made on the Piping Rock Club, Locust Valley, Long Island, New York by Frank Swift Chase

Your trees may be starving under semi-artificial lawn conditions

STARVING trees? Yes, countless numbers of shade trees are actually starving to death under semi-artificial lawn conditions. The roots are covered by heavy sod and all the leaves and grass raked up and taken away. Thus nature has no means of replenishing the exhaustible food elements that are being constantly pumped out of the soil by growing trees. The inevitable consequence is steadily increasing starvation and steadily decreasing vitality.

Out in the native woods, nature takes care of the food problem for trees by means of the decaying leaves and grass and other vegetation—even the great trunks of trees fall down and decay and return to earth the same elements that came from the earth. Most trees under natural conditions show excellent vitality—most trees under lawn conditions show varying evidence of starvation.

Do any of your trees look sick? Are they dying back at the top? Are there numerous small dead branches? Are the leaves yellowish and sickly looking? Is the foliage sparse? Such a tree is far gone and in desperate need of quick action. Don't wait until they look that bad.

If a tree is starving, it will show it by shorter annual twig growth. Last year's growth is less than the year before. The growth of the year before is less than that of the preceding year, and so on. A tree either grows or it dies. When it ceases to grow, the end has come.

Many starving trees have been brought back to vigorous health and active growth by proven Davey methods of feeding. Davey Tree Food is scientifically right, as are the methods of feeding. These methods are the outgrowth of John Davey's half-century of marvelous experience and the highly successful record of the Davey organization for more than 25 years.

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H A V E A

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Camel has become the most popular smoke of all time because of quality. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos that nature grows. Then these superb tobaccos are given a blending that can be found in no other cigarette. The largest tobacco organization in the world puts its all and its best into Camels. You could smoke, end to end, a mile of Camels—they never tire the taste, nor leave a cigaretty after-taste.

We invite you now to introduce yourself to the finest made.

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"*Have a Camel!*"

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The nice thing about Listerine used this way is that the cost compared to most astringents amounts to almost nothing. The saving is really remarkable.

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Simply douse it on your face full strength. Results will delight you.

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Have yourself fitted with Shur-ons and you get not only the right styles for *you* and your activities, but superfine lenses, specially tempered metal that holds its shape, the work of the most expert craftsmen in the industry.

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All types of SPECTACLES *and*

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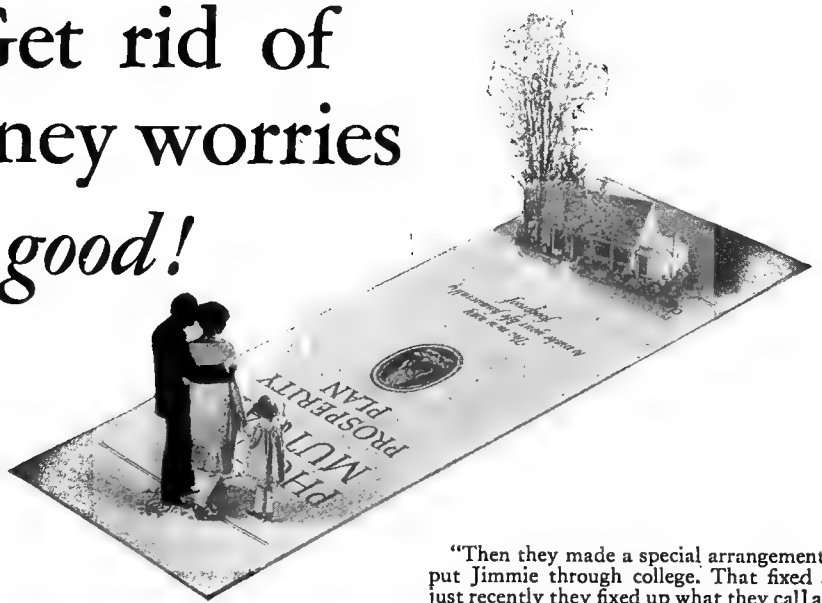
Get rid of money worries *for good!*



TWO MEN were talking in a club-house reading room. "Everything's going pretty well with me—*now*," said one of them. "I make enough money to pay the bills, enough even to take a vacation now and then. But I sometimes wonder how it would be if anything happened to me. I know perfectly well the house might be sold, my son taken out of school . . ."

The other man smiled.

"That's just the way I was fixed," he said. "And then a funny thing happened. I answered an advertisement and got hold of a copy of the Phoenix Mutual 'Prosperity Plan.' Maybe you've heard of it. I filled it out.

"I was paying 6% interest on our mortgage at the time. The Phoenix people showed me how, by paying only about 1¼% more, I could fix it so the bank would hand the home over to my wife clear of debt. That was the end of that worry.

"Then they made a special arrangement that will put Jimmie through college. That fixed *that*. And just recently they fixed up what they call an 'income agreement'—and now the family will have an income of $100 a month after I'm gone.

"So the only things I had been worrying about are taken care of—and all because I filled out that little piece of paper!"

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2 REALLY own your home.
3 SEND your children to college.
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5 MAKE sure your income will go on even though you become totally disabled.
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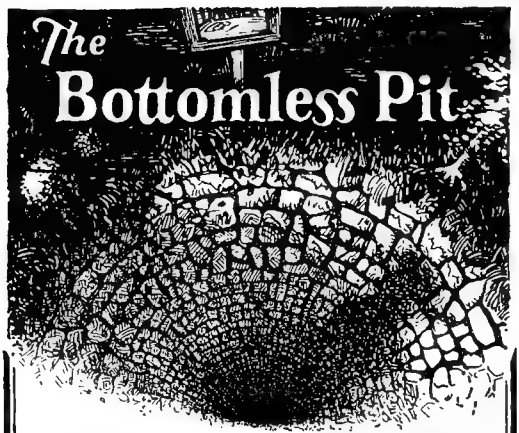

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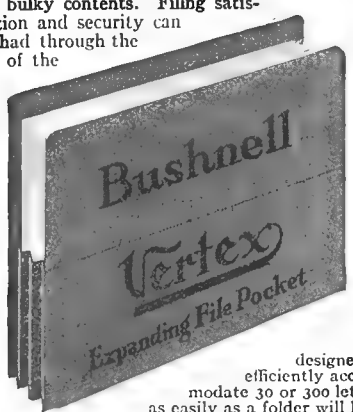

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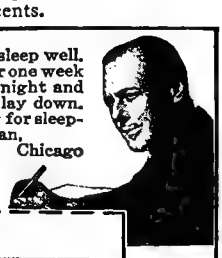
I had not been able to sleep well. After taking Ovaltine for one week I could sleep the whole night and fall asleep as soon as I lay down. Ovaltine is the best thing for sleeplessness. Sol Ellman, Chicago



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Golden Ways To Golden Places

The Traveler's Pandora's Box—The Orient

THE inescapable necessity of a travel place of greatest attraction is *strangeness, mystery.*

Where, then, resides the greatest travel lure of strangeness? The world almost unanimously replies the East, the Orient. Everybody has the desire to "peer from the golden window of the east" as Shakespeare has it. The "Isles of the China sea"; the "Indian sea by isles of balm," the "ancient masks and mystery-keeping eyes" of the Orient, the peoples who are at the opposite poles to us in tradition and philosophy, habit and habiliment—these are now the lodestones which fascinate us most.

We want evermore that satisfaction which can only come from the little known, the unknown. The great Oriental poet Rabindranath Tagore, has himself expressed it:

> I am restless, I am athirst for faraway things,
> My soul goes out in longing to touch the skirt
> of the dim distance.

Fortunately Americans need not lament, as he does "I forget, I ever forget that I have no wings to fly, that I am bound to this spot evermore." Americans have the same thirst to seek the faraway, but they have the means also to go to it. Travel to the Orient has greatly increased in recent years, and were it not for the unsettled conditions in parts of China, they would be still more.

As it is, travel to the Orient is to-day safer, more interesting and more simply managed than at any time since the great empires of the East became travelable. Round the world tours have become greatly desired, mainly because of the lure of the Orient, and globe-encircling tours are now amazingly frequent and convenient, including a regular schedule of stop-overs permitting any length of stay at various parts. The other day a well-to-do American sailed on a round the world journey, with his stateroom fitted with furnishings from his own home. He will be able to lounge in his favorite chair whether he is in Shanghai or in Calcutta or Egypt.

The magic carpet of the Orient may begin in New York, sailing to Havana, Cuba; then through the Panama Canal to Los Angeles and San Francisco, stopping at the Hawaiian Islands. Or it may begin with an overland railway journey to the Coast, boarding your ship at the San Francisco water-front, alive with romance living in the pages of Jack London, Frank Norris and Robert Louis Stevenson.

The "Land of the Rising Sun"—Japan—will probably be your first Oriental port of call, or the Philippines—and you will be a strange soul if you do not respond to the clatter of wooden gaeta, gay-coloured kimonas, infinitesimal tea houses, gardens abloom with cherry blossoms, iris, wisteria and chrysanthemums.

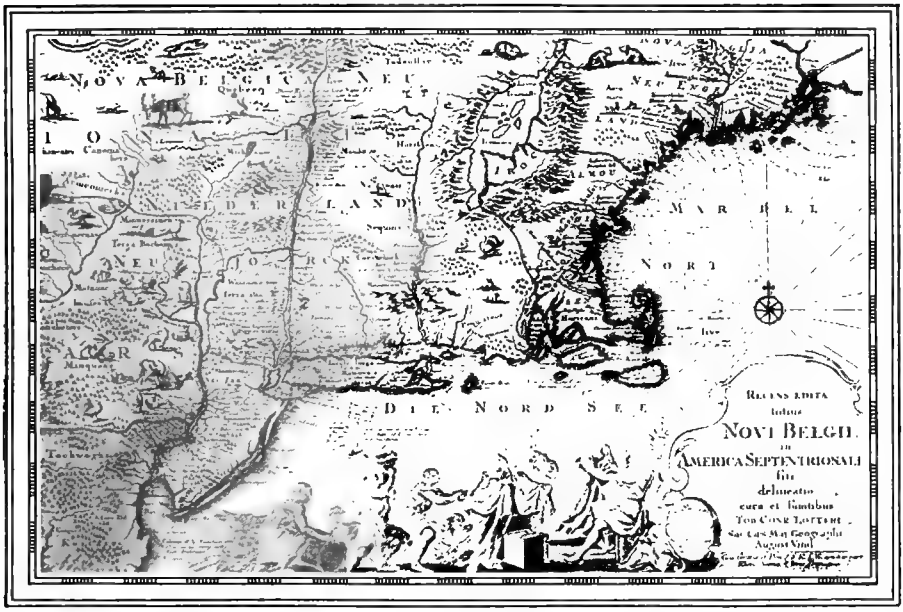
At Yokohama, where your ship will probably land, there are unforgettable excursions to Tokyo; a trip to Kamakura to view the great Buddha and Temple Balboa.

The Village of Nikko leads to the giant cryptomeria groves, in which are early Shogun tombs. Nara is the first capital of Japan and here ancient art recalls the days when Korean priests advocated Buddhist culture. Kyoto displays silks, embroideries, cloisonne and porcelain to delight the traveler who likes to buy. One can only hint at Japan's richness of colour—a sacred island in the Island Sea for instance; A huge crimson edifice facing the shrine of Itsukushima, at high tide both appearing to be floating on the water; pagoda and a "Hall of a Thousand Mats" at Miyakima; and image carvers and fisher-folk and toy vendors to complete the quaint picture.

The Paris of the East is Shanghai, but as an antidote for modernity there are rickshaw trips to old Chinese cities and walks through tiny streets to the Bird Market, Mandarin Gardens and Temples. The island in the estuary of the Pearl River is Hongkong—the outpost of British possessions in the Far East.

Then Java!—strange, haunting, delicately artistic; with her lowlands, mountains, tropical fruits and flowers. Singapore—the key to the Orient where the English are planning a great naval station—a medley of

Continued on page 76



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as seen by an ambitious prince

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It was easy enough in those days. Existing maps were collected and compared and the various renderings adapted to the maker's fancy.

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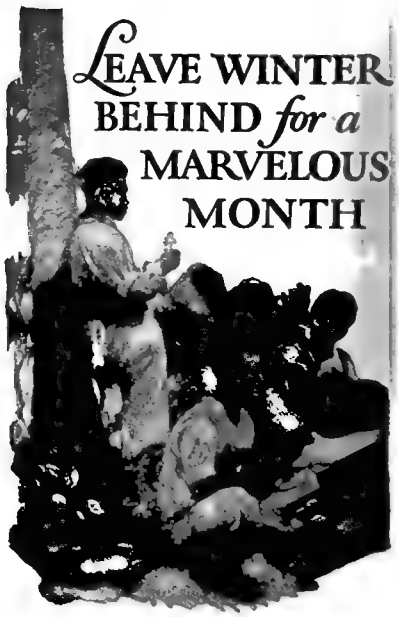

NOW, in the dead of winter, brown-skinned boys are climbing trees for cocoanuts, bananas, breadfruit—flying-fish soar between blue sky and bluer waves—ginger-flowers scent the dusk as you sit on your hotel *lanai*—the lilt of a soft Hawaiian song drifts over the hibiscus hedge. *You're in Hawaii!*

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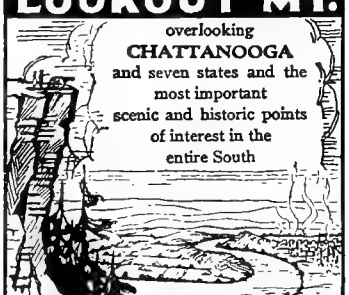

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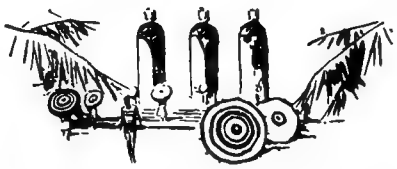

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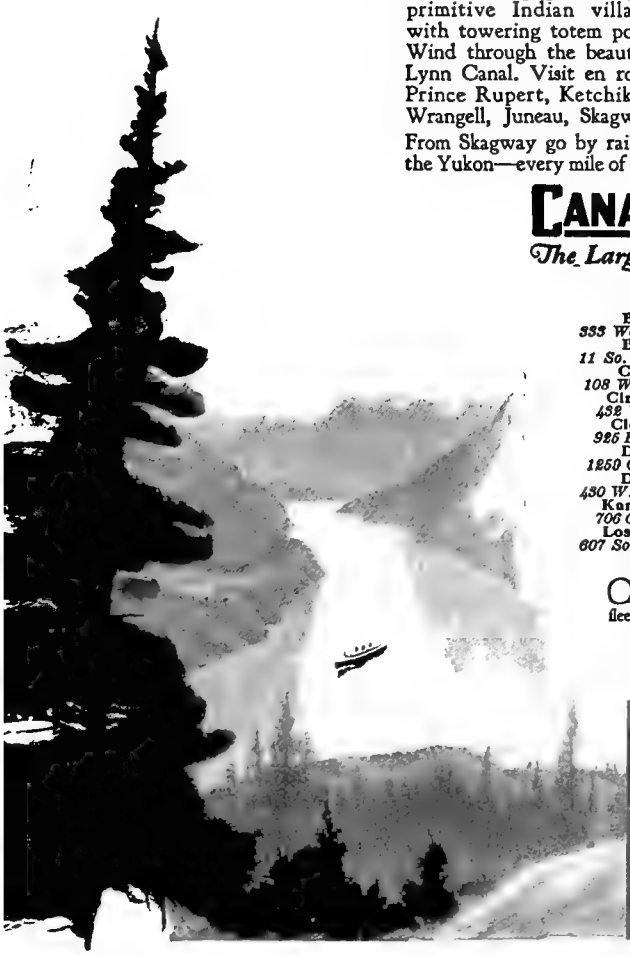

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"The Sunshine Belt to the Orient"

Continued from page 66

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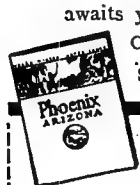

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